

A DELL COMIC •
DELL
A DELL COMIC •

DEC.



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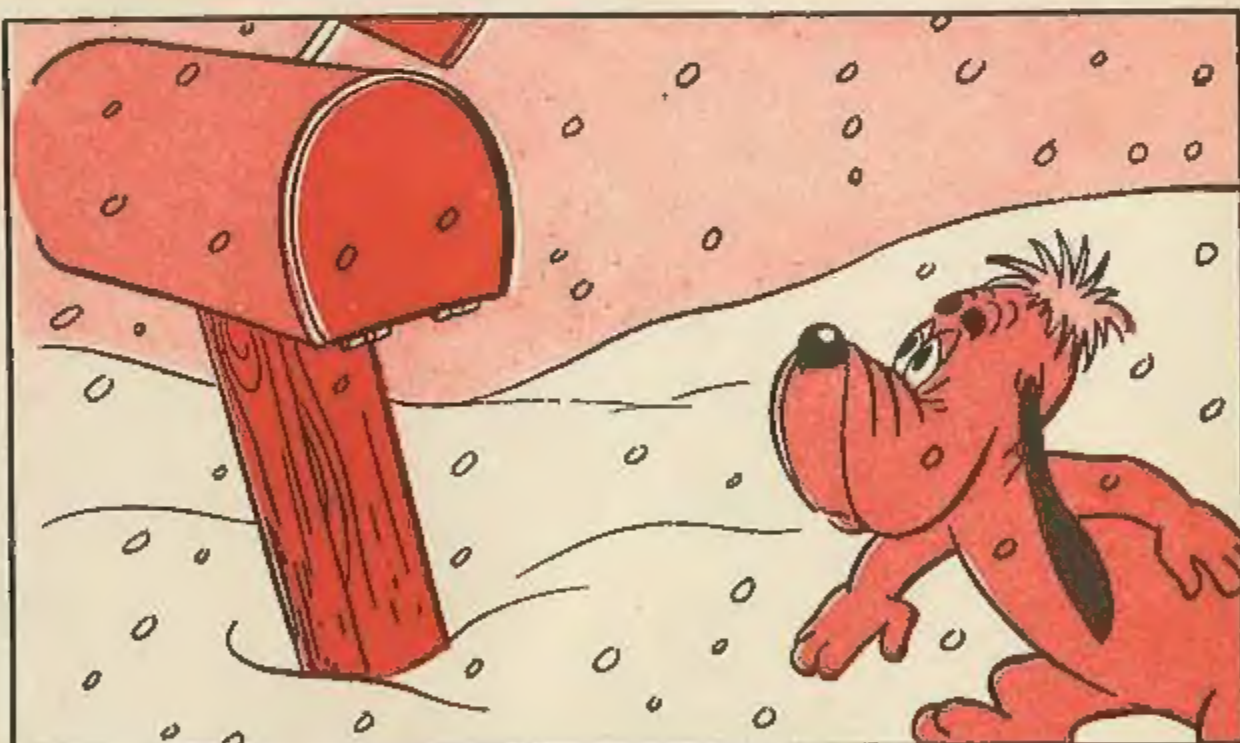
TOM & Jerry COMICS



52 pages

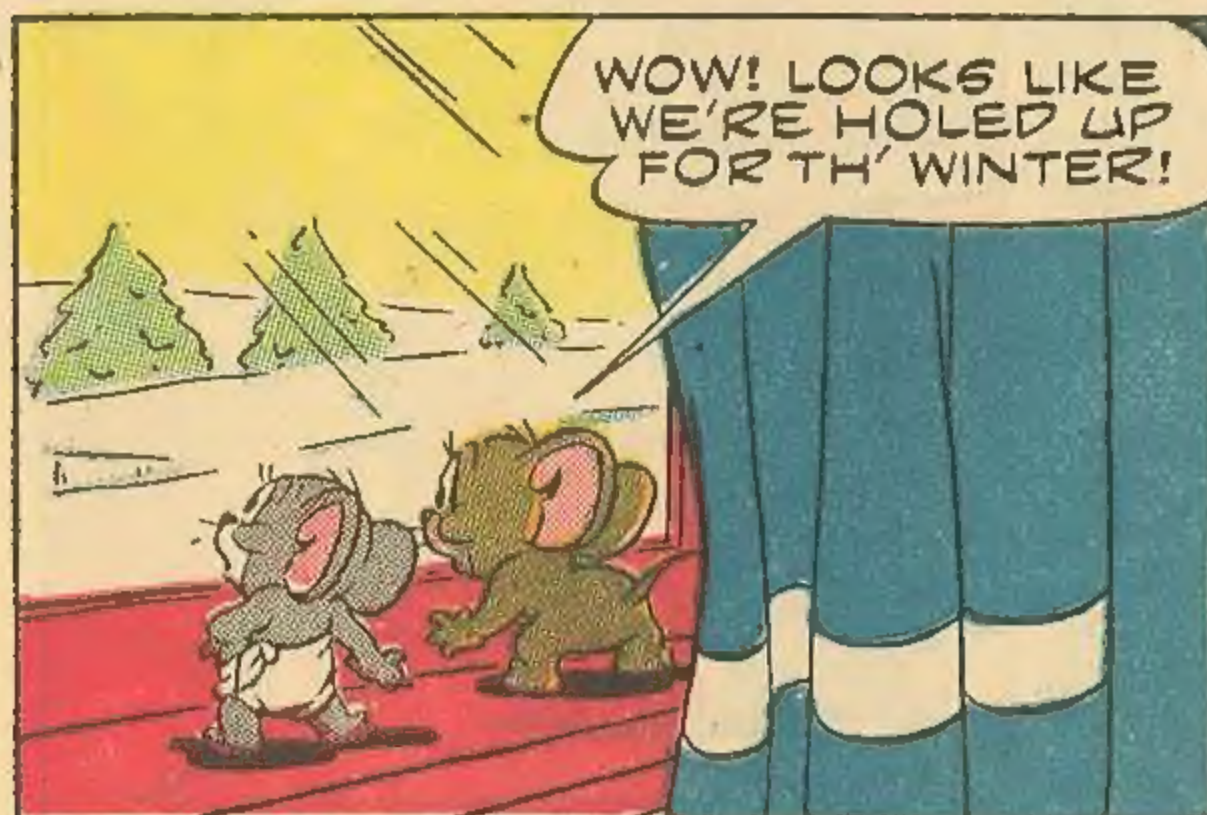
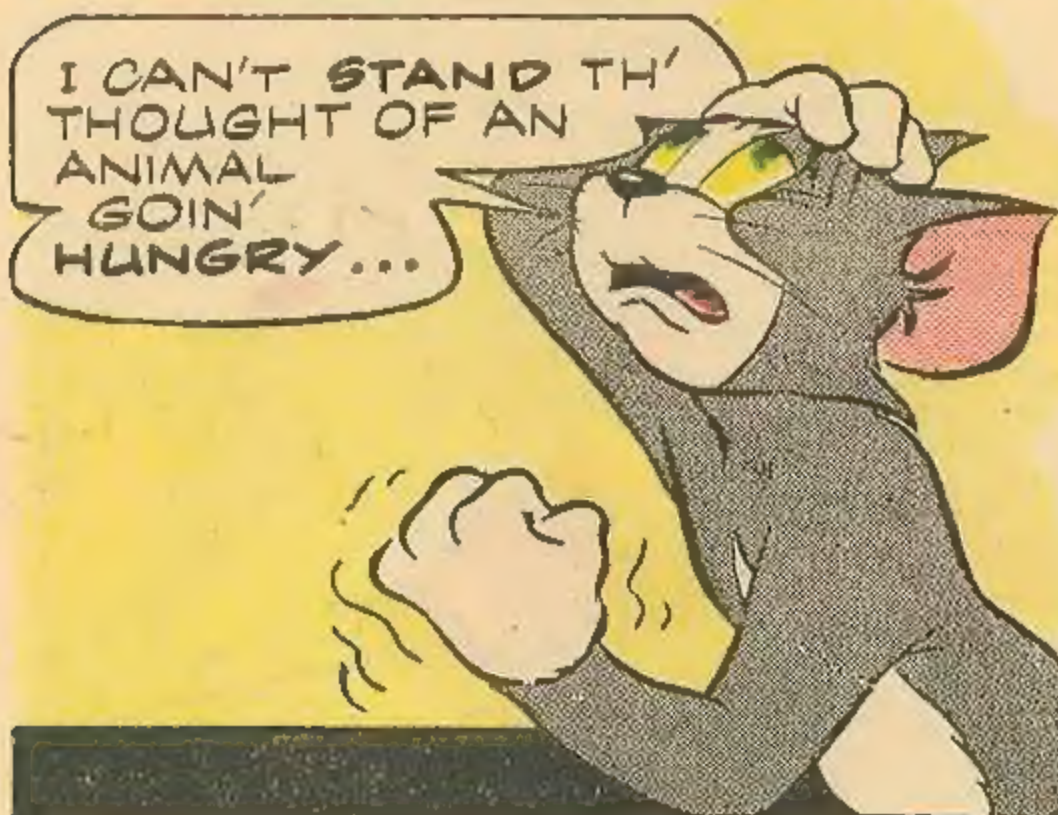
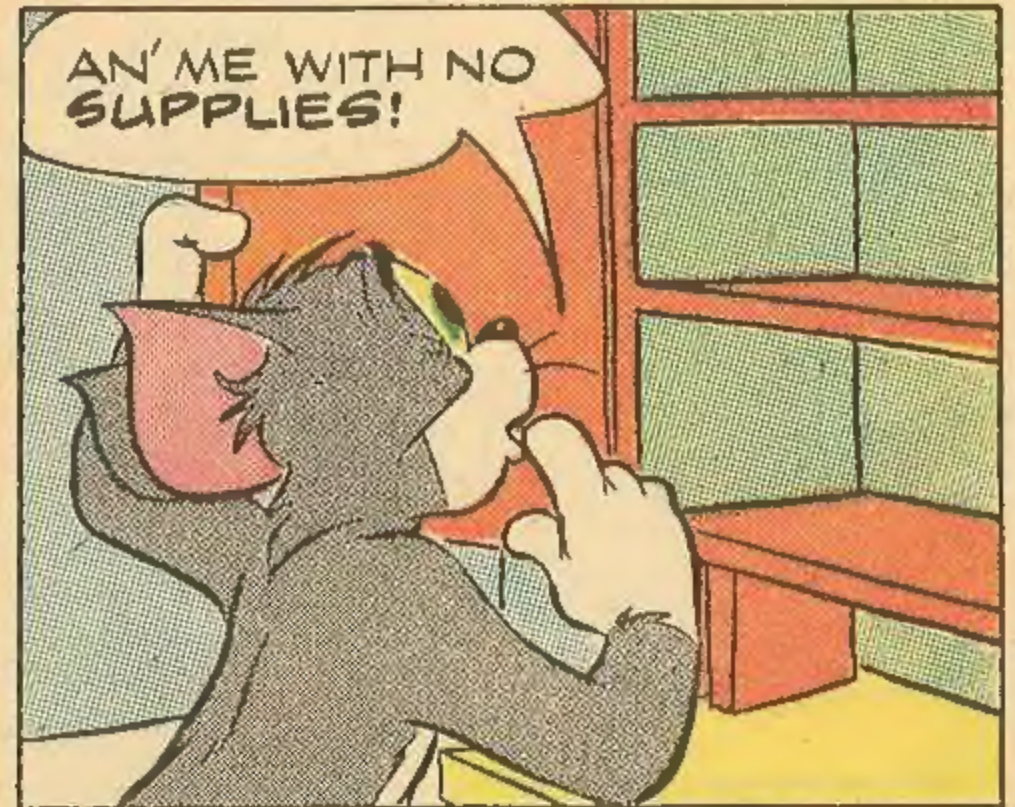
ALL COMICS!

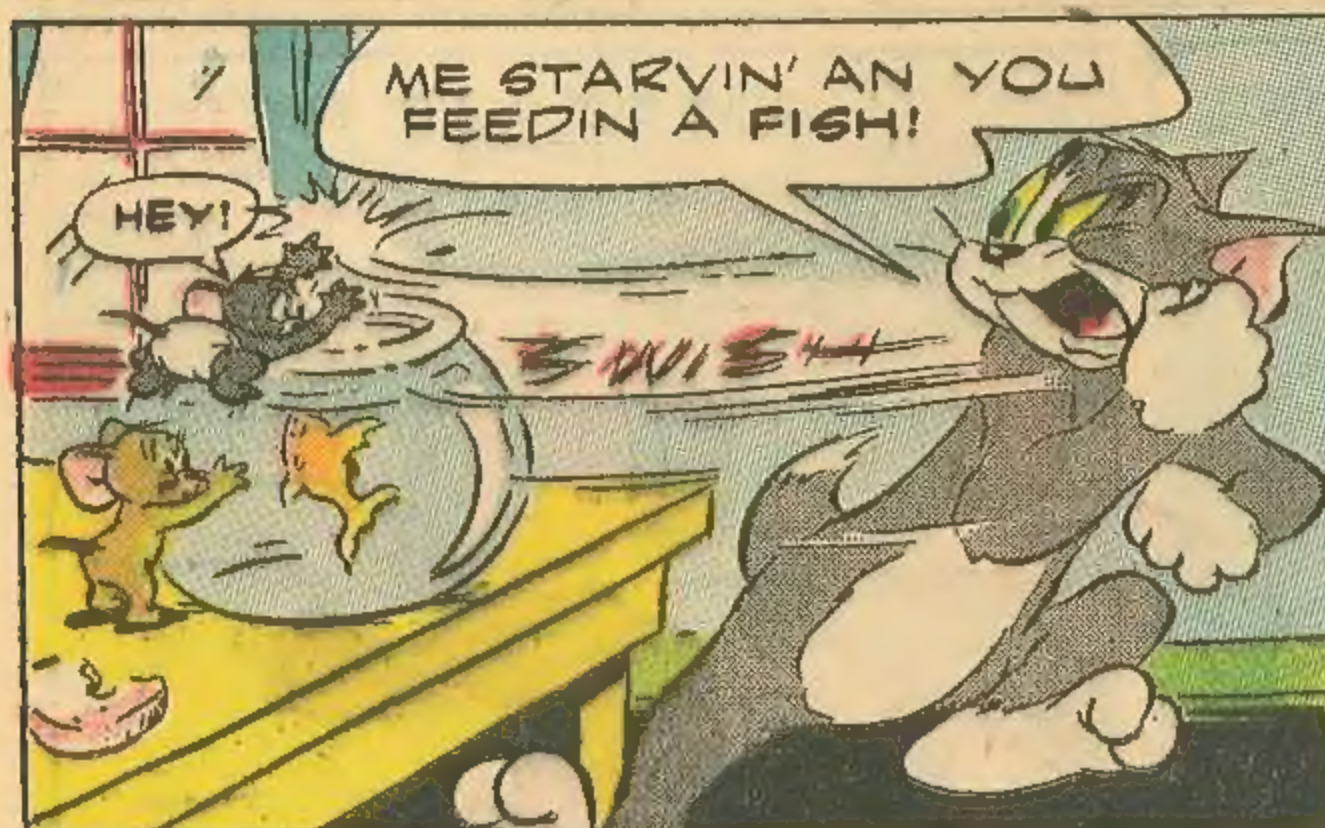
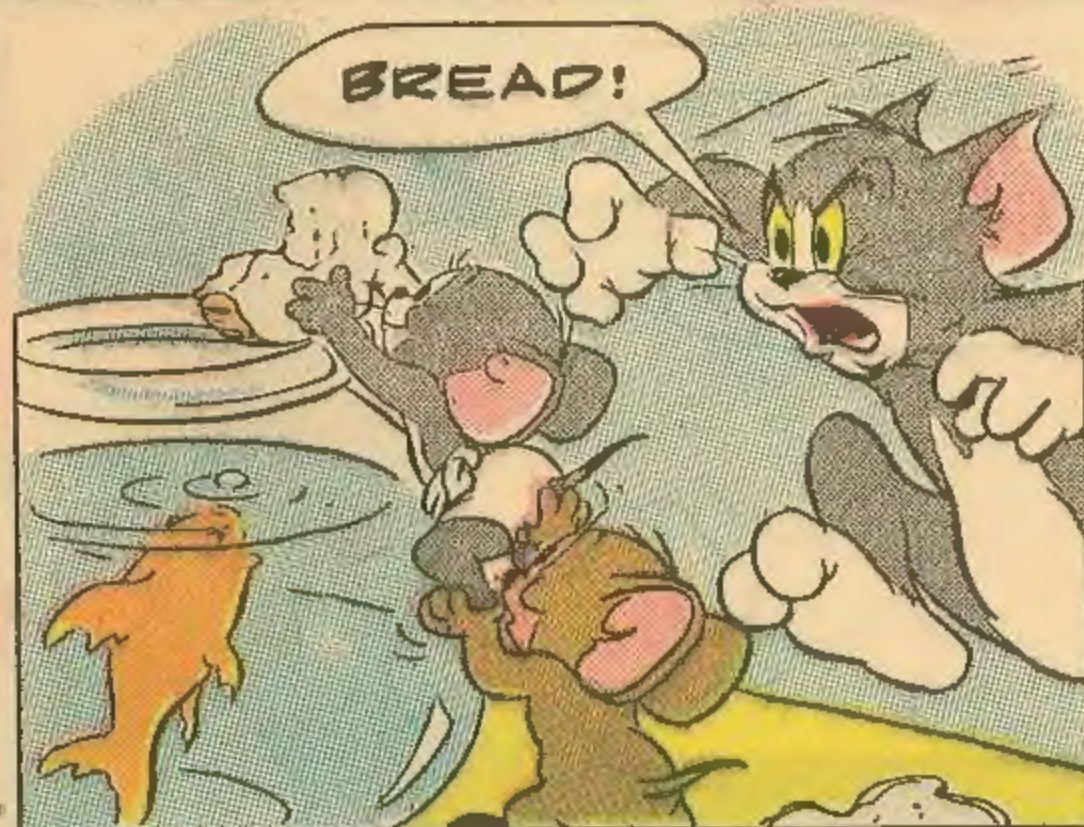
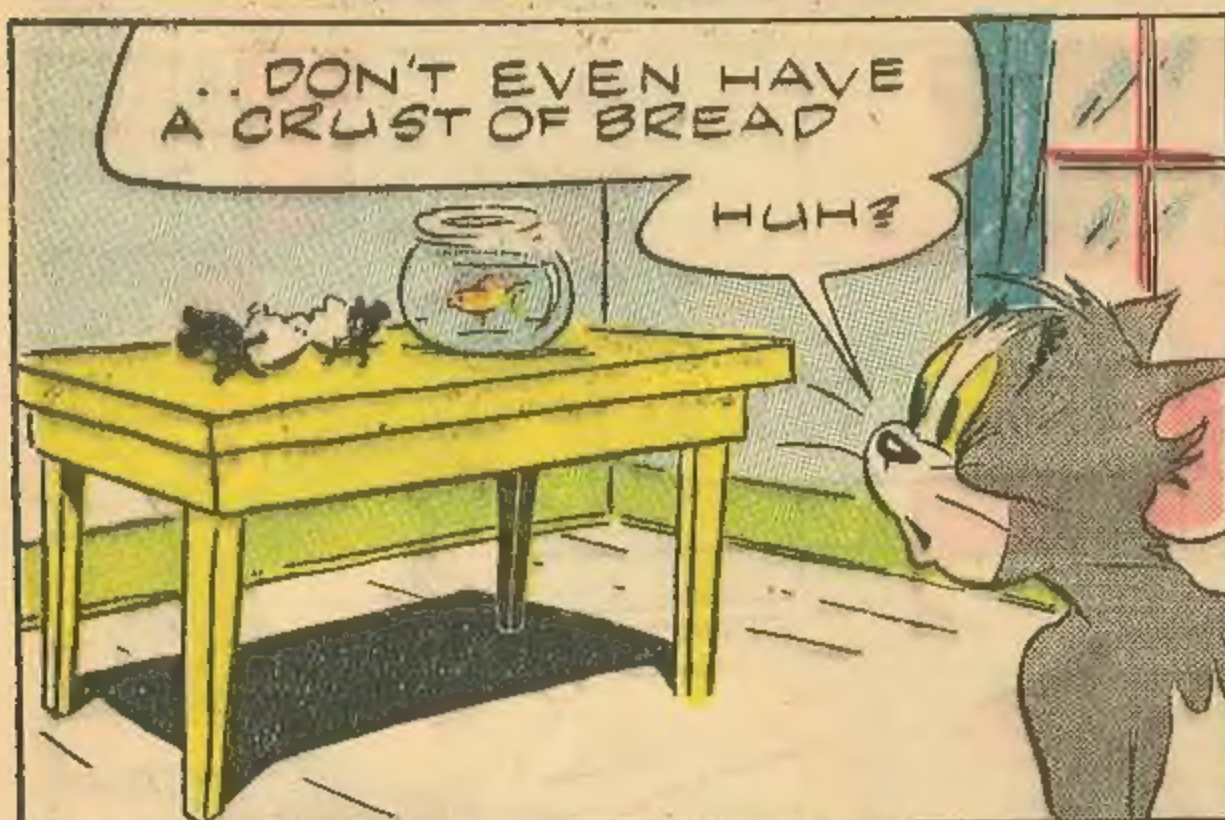
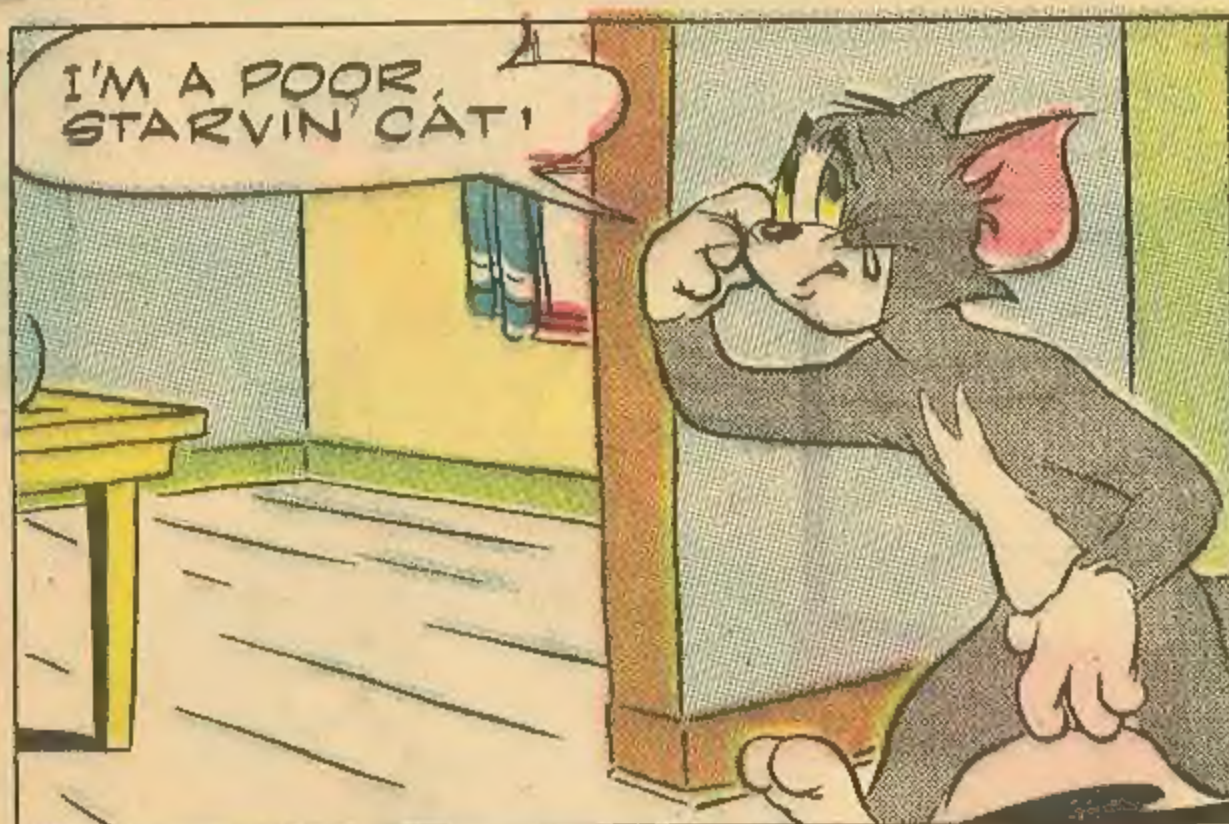
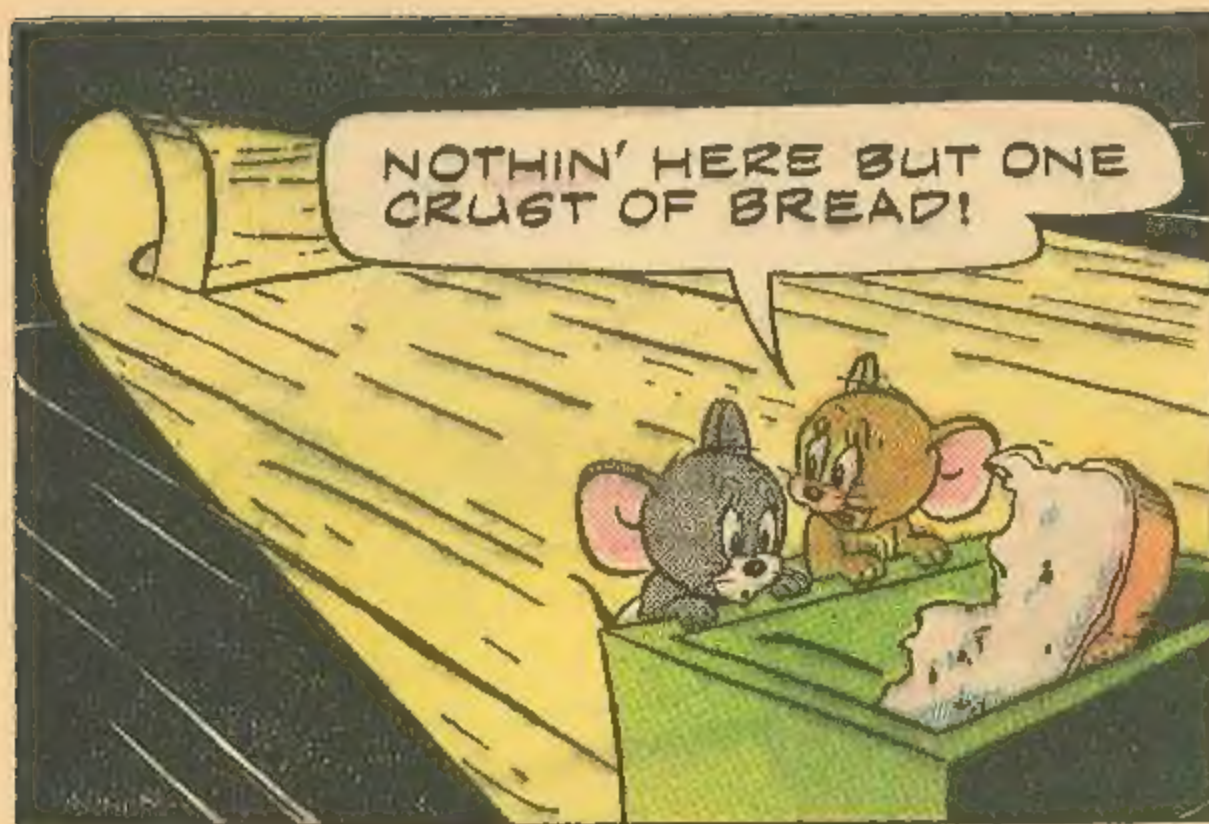
ROOFTOP

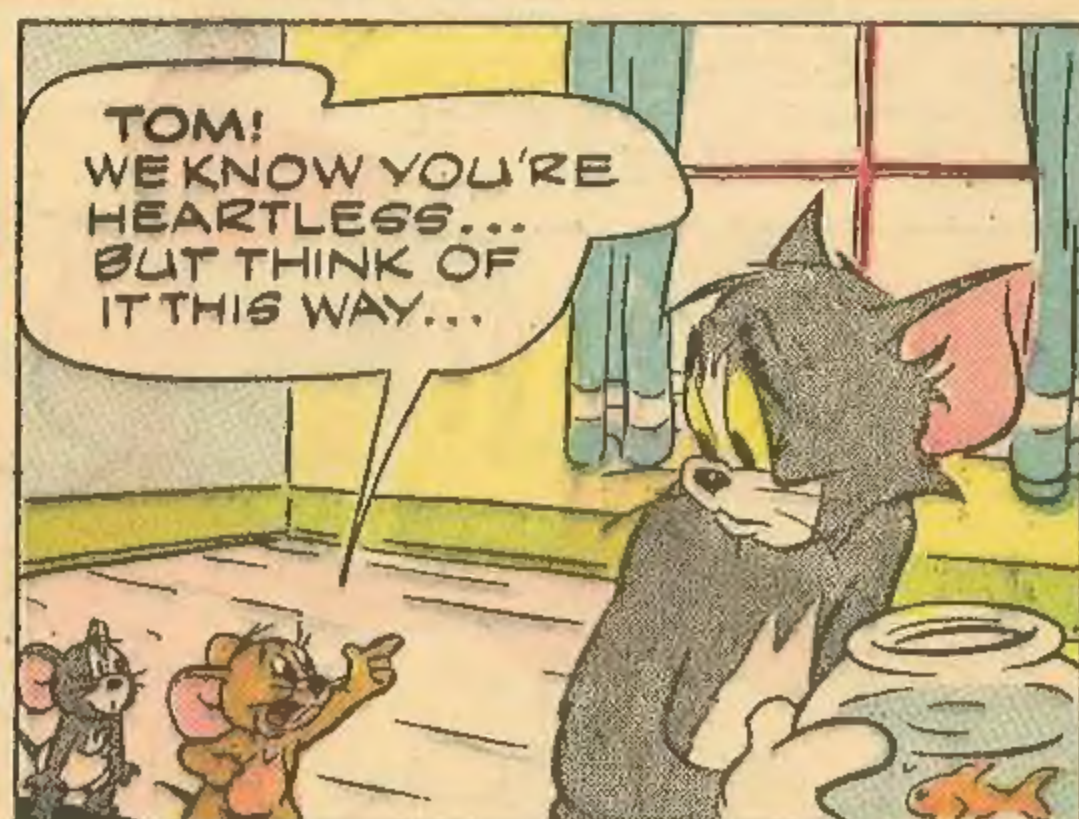
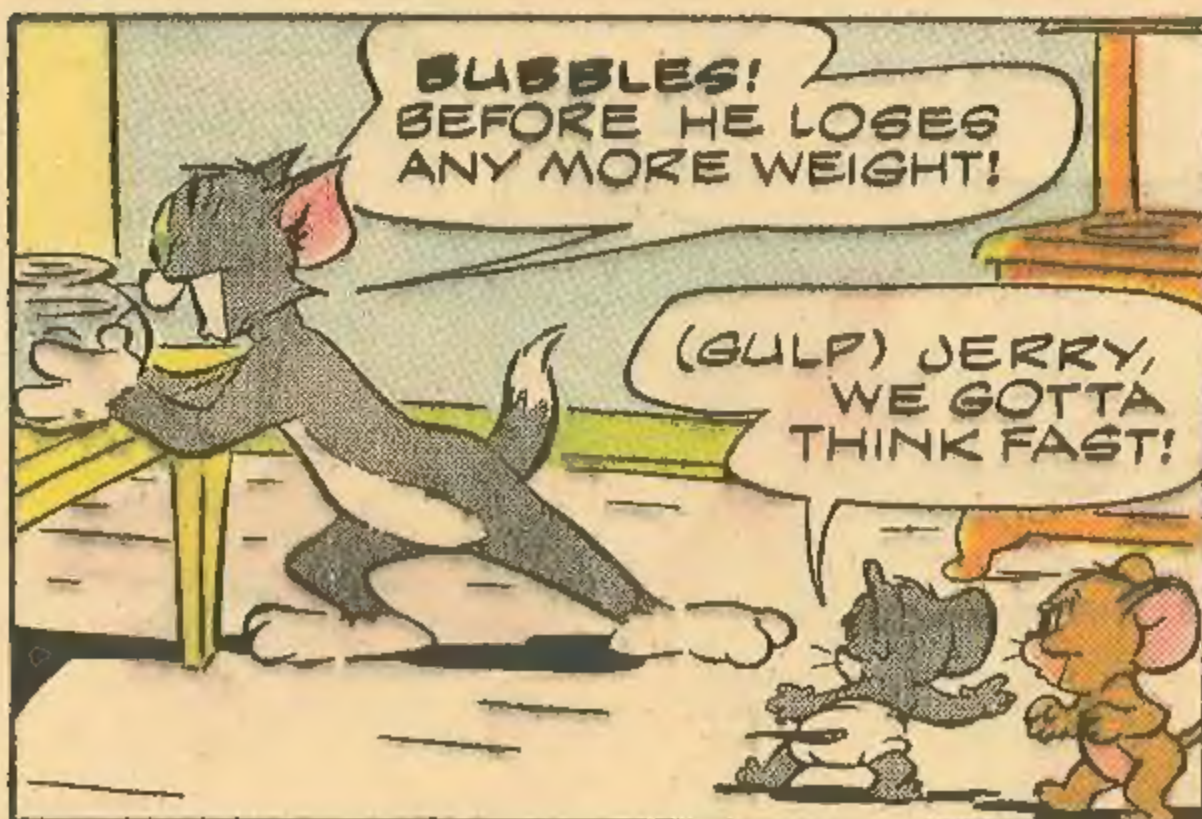
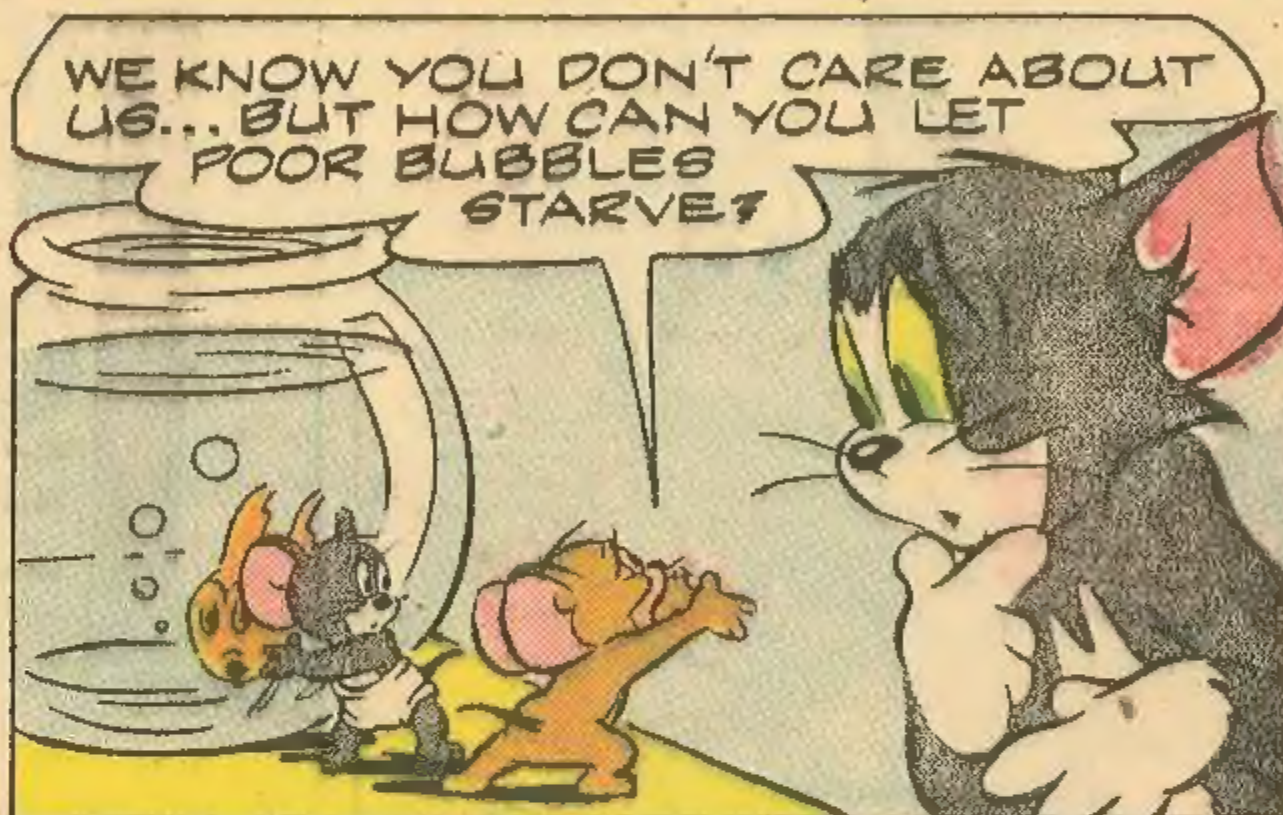
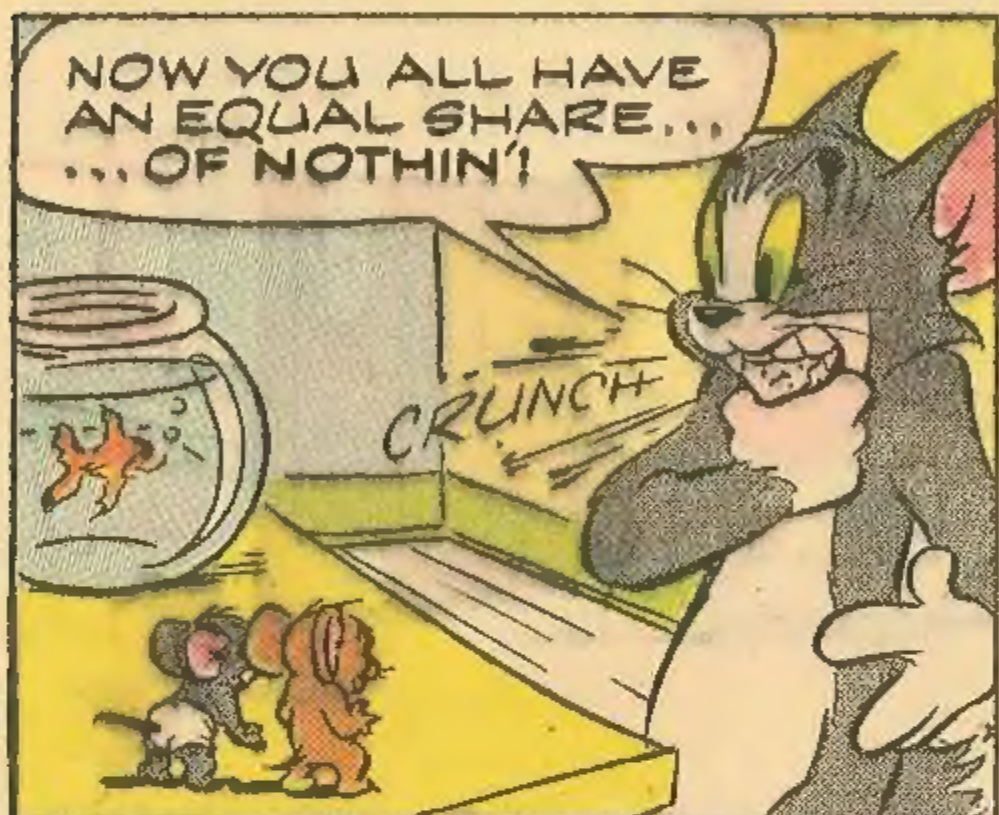
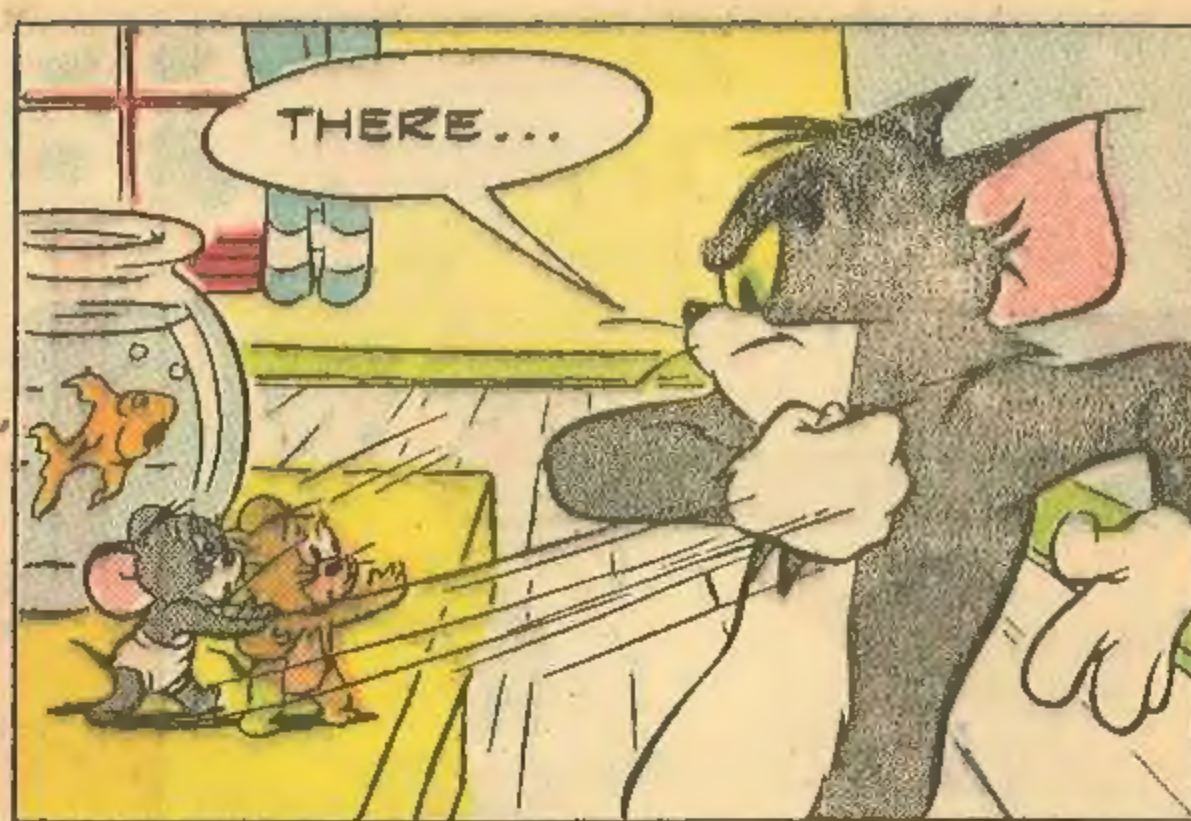
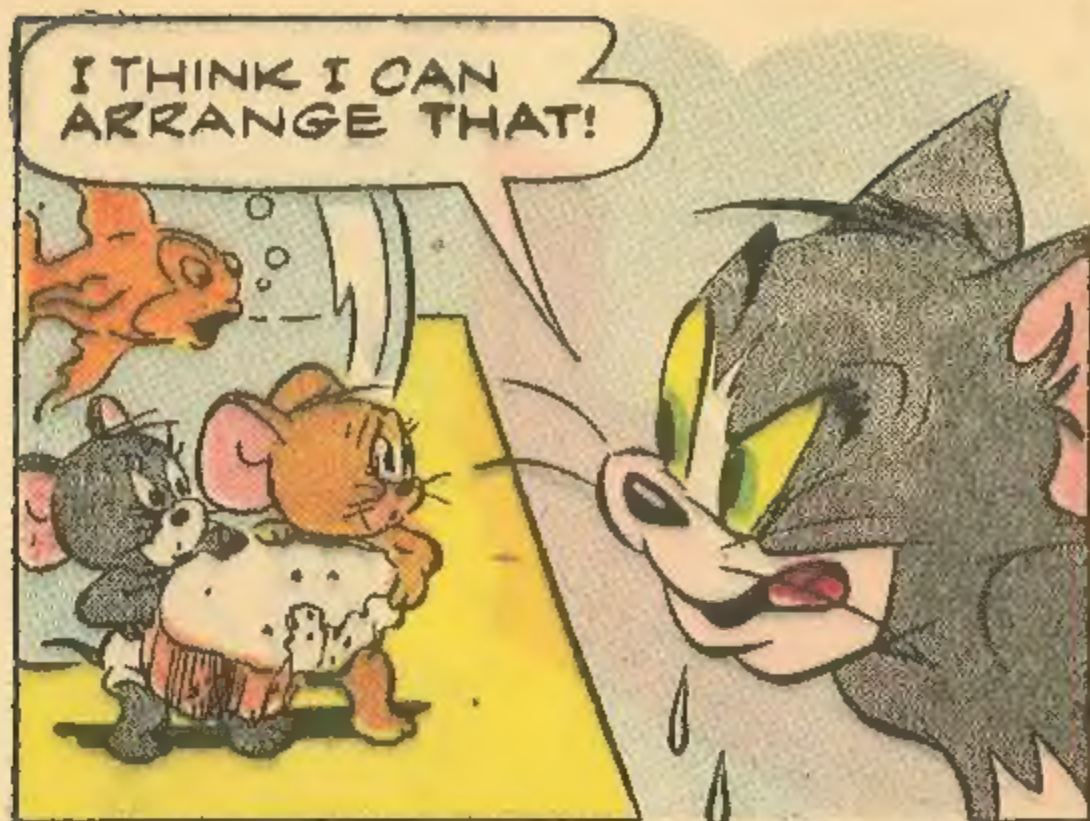


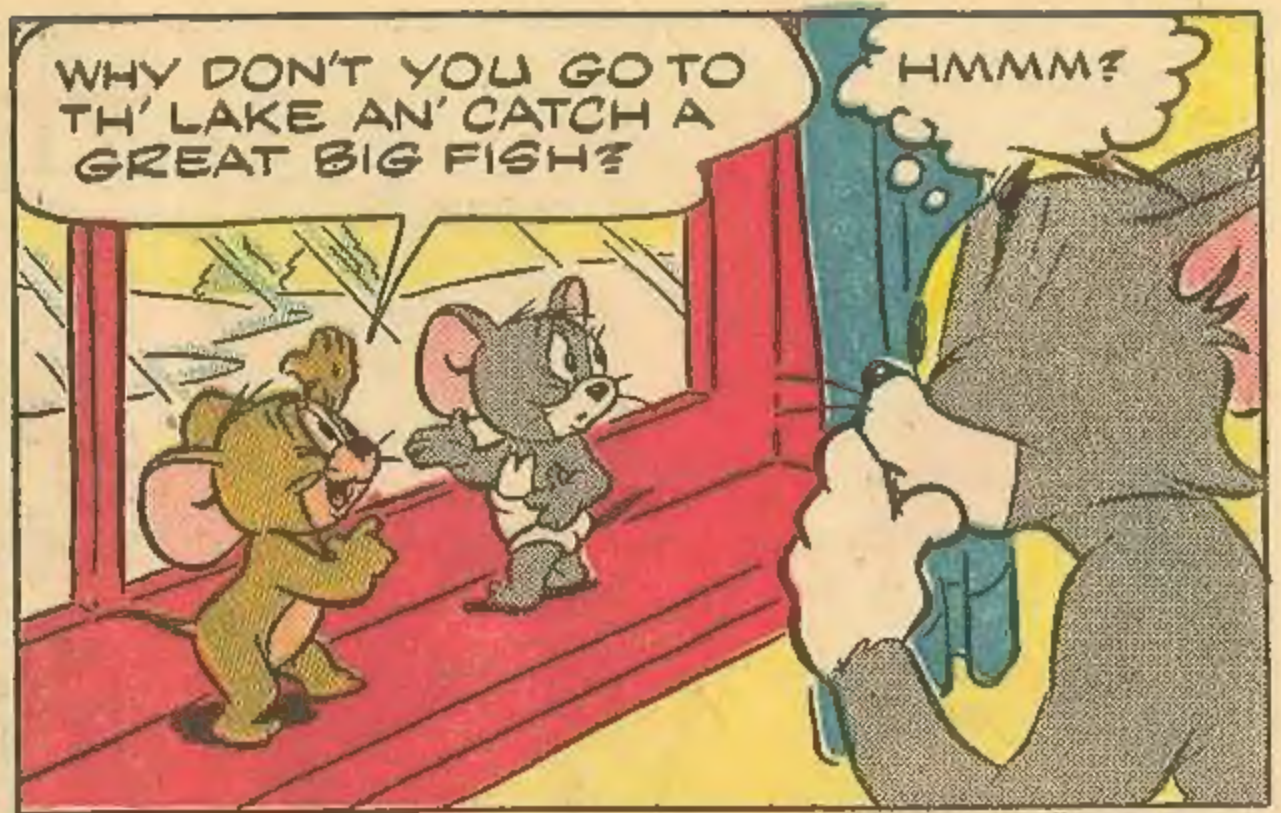
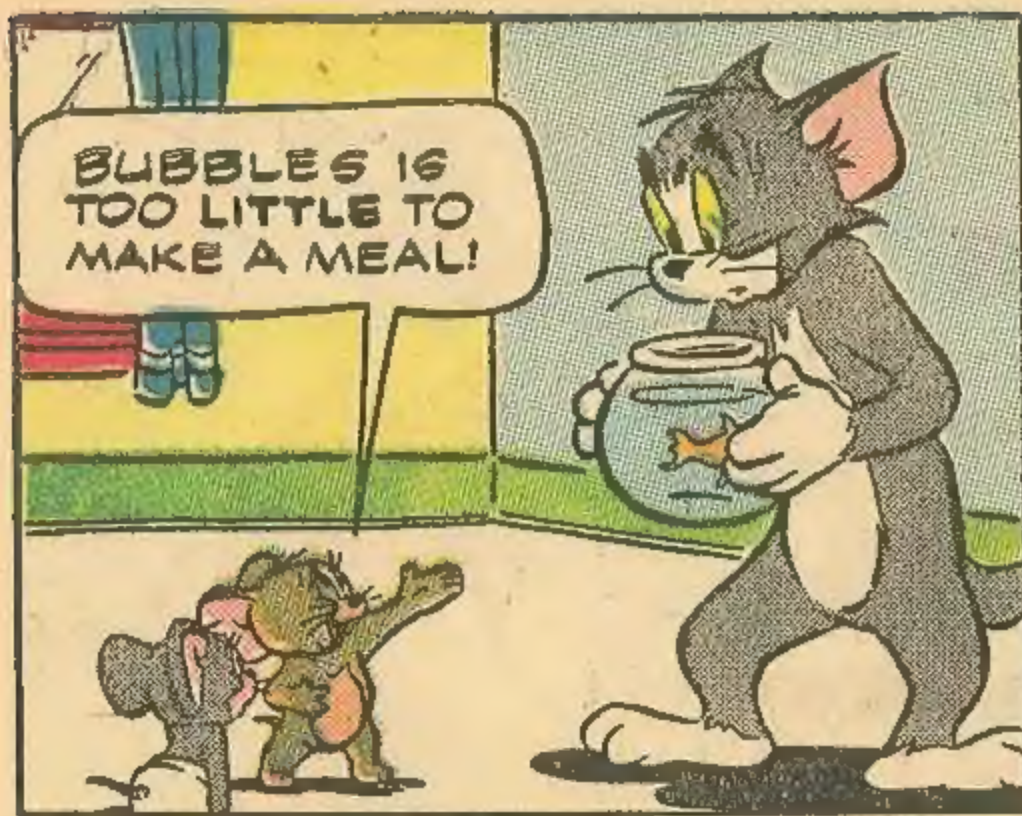
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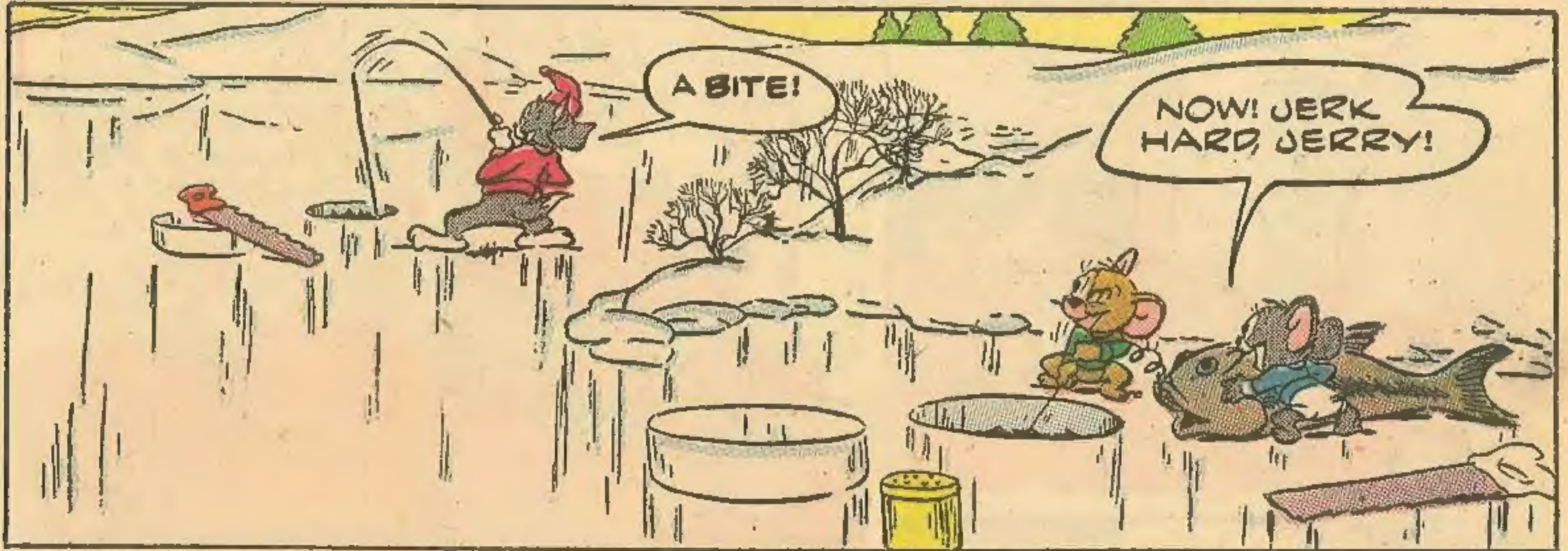
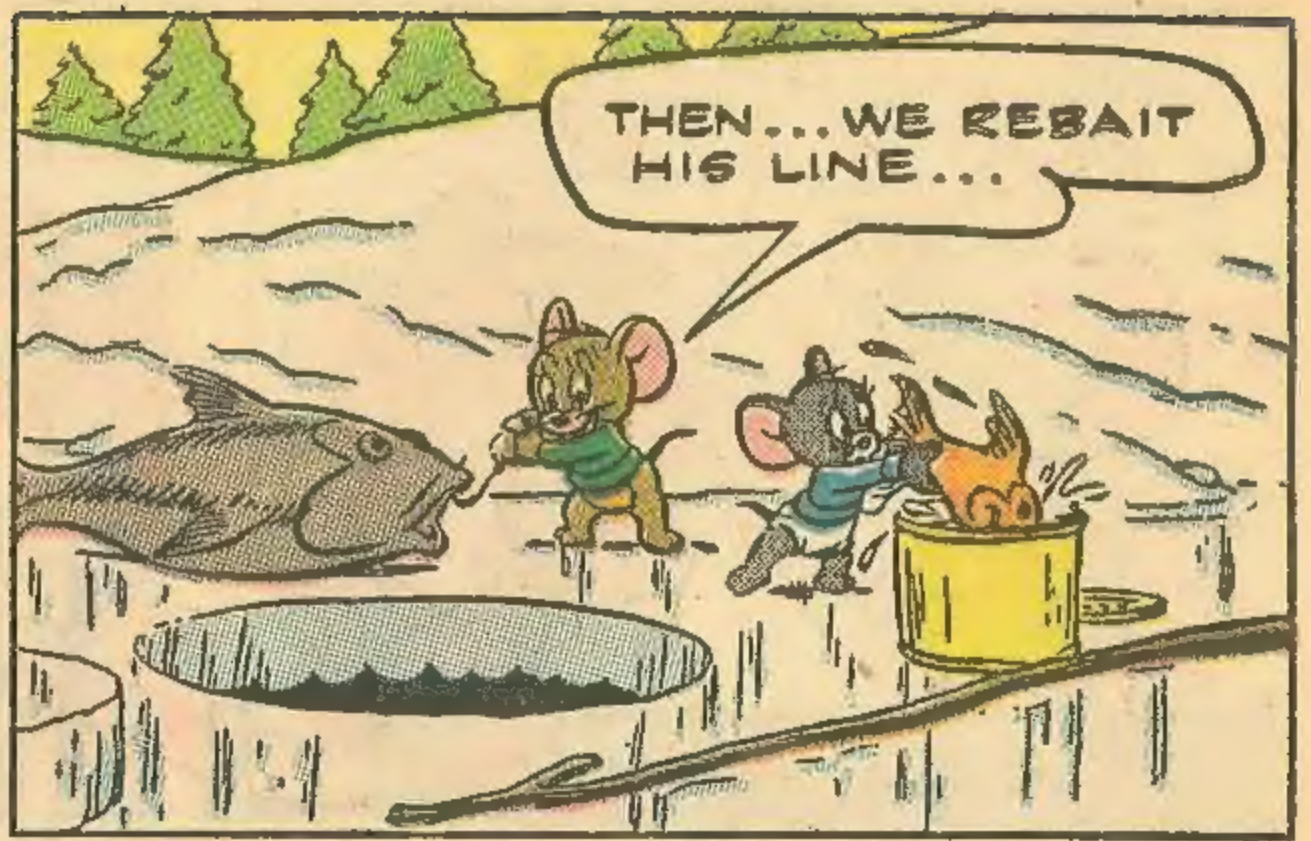
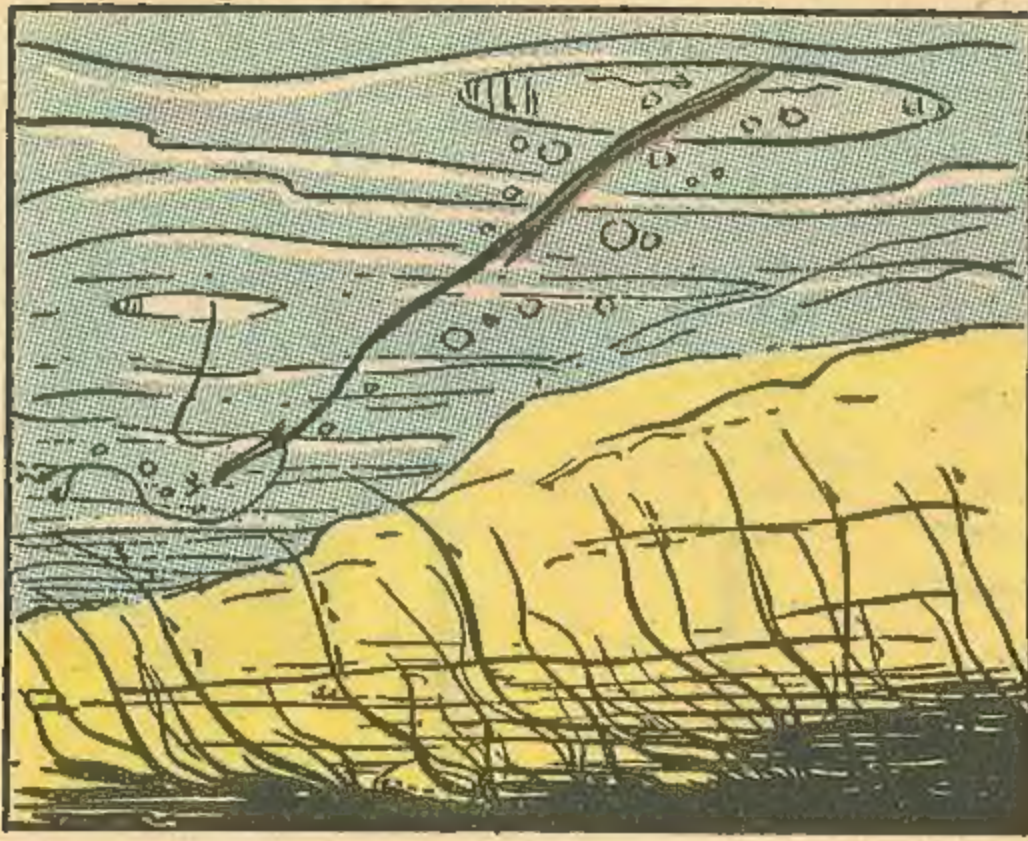
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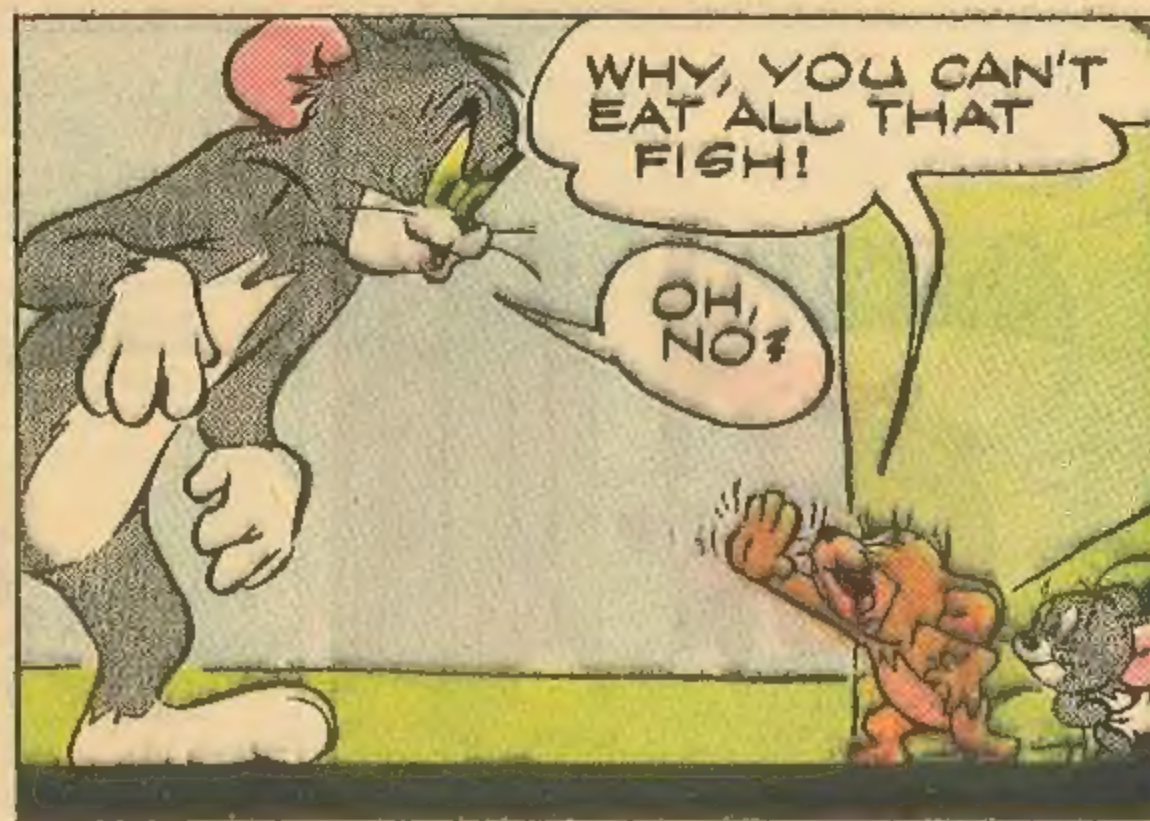
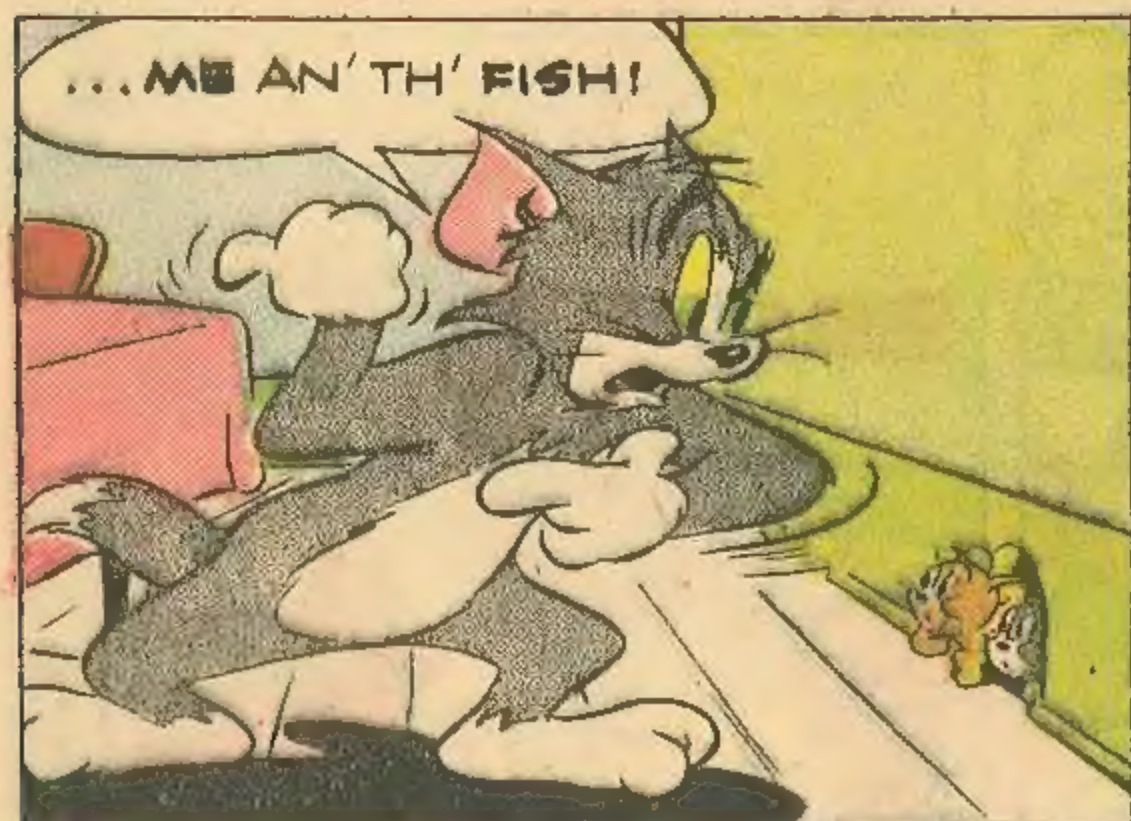
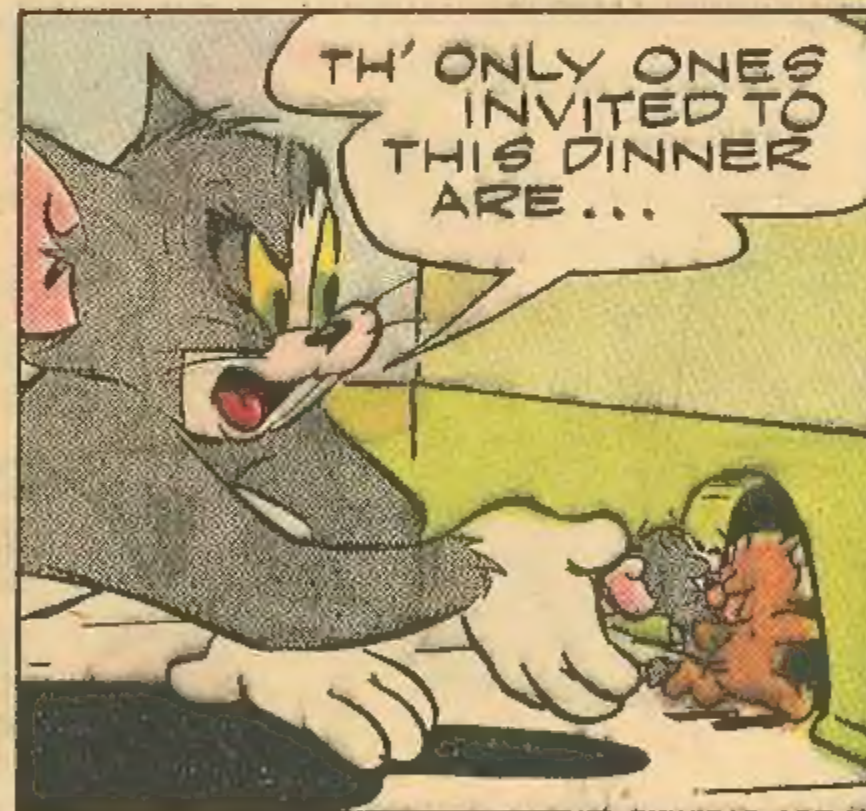
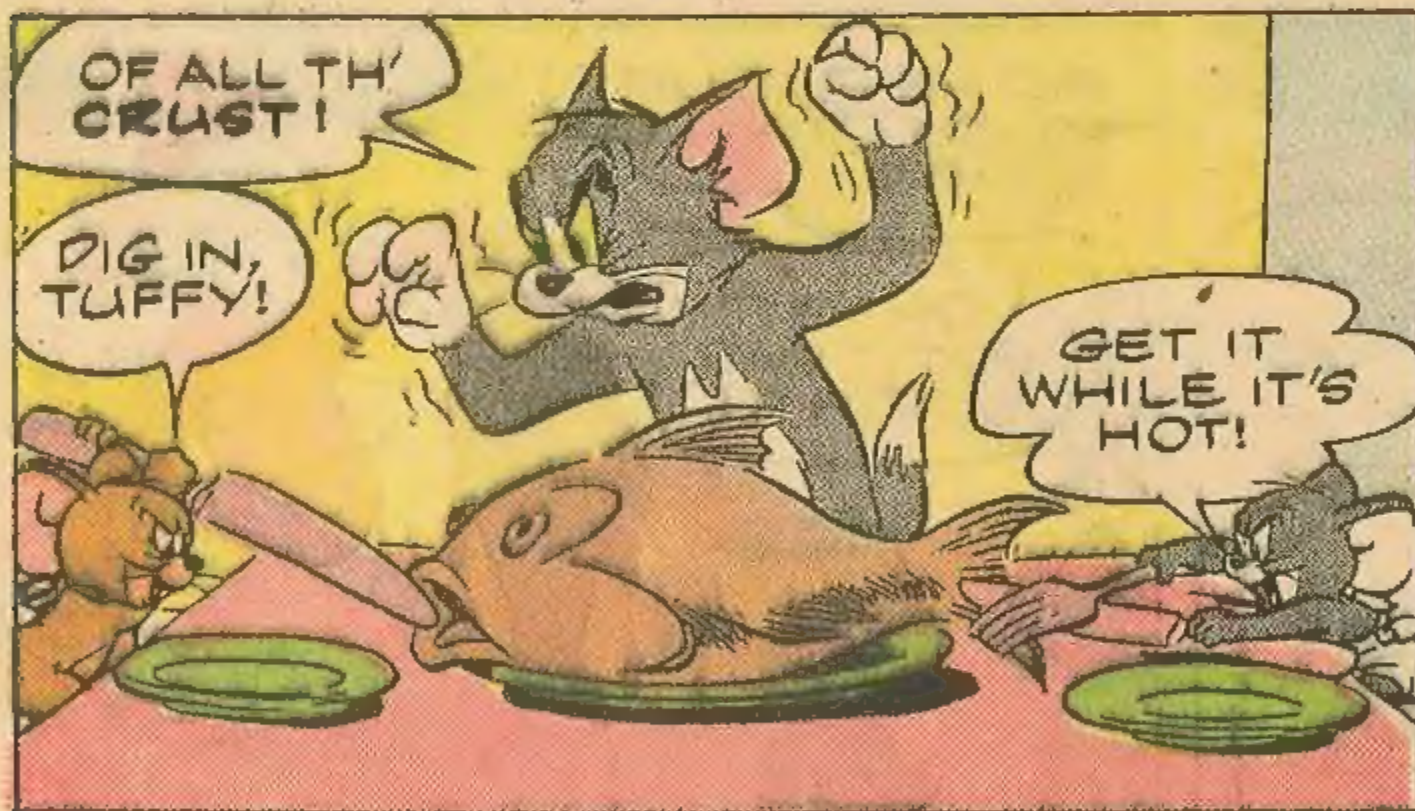
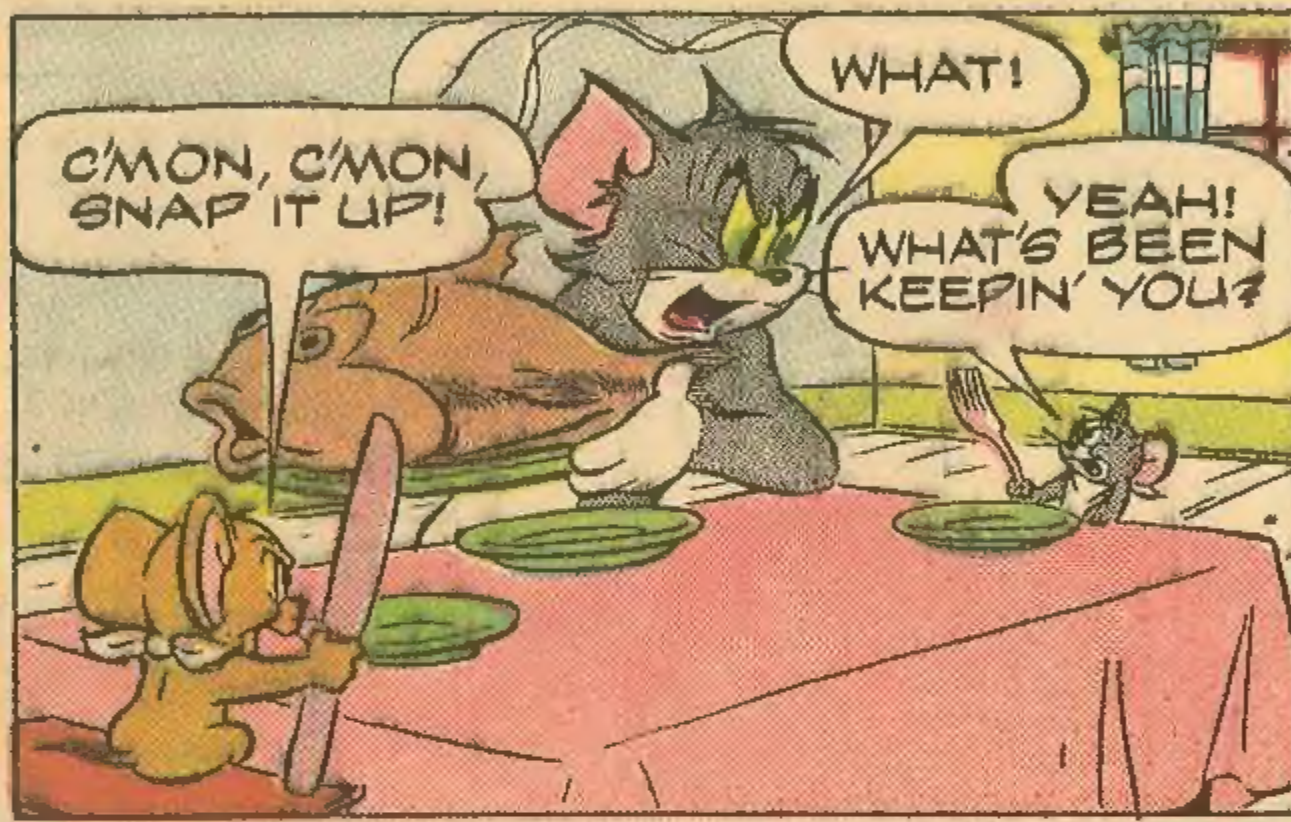
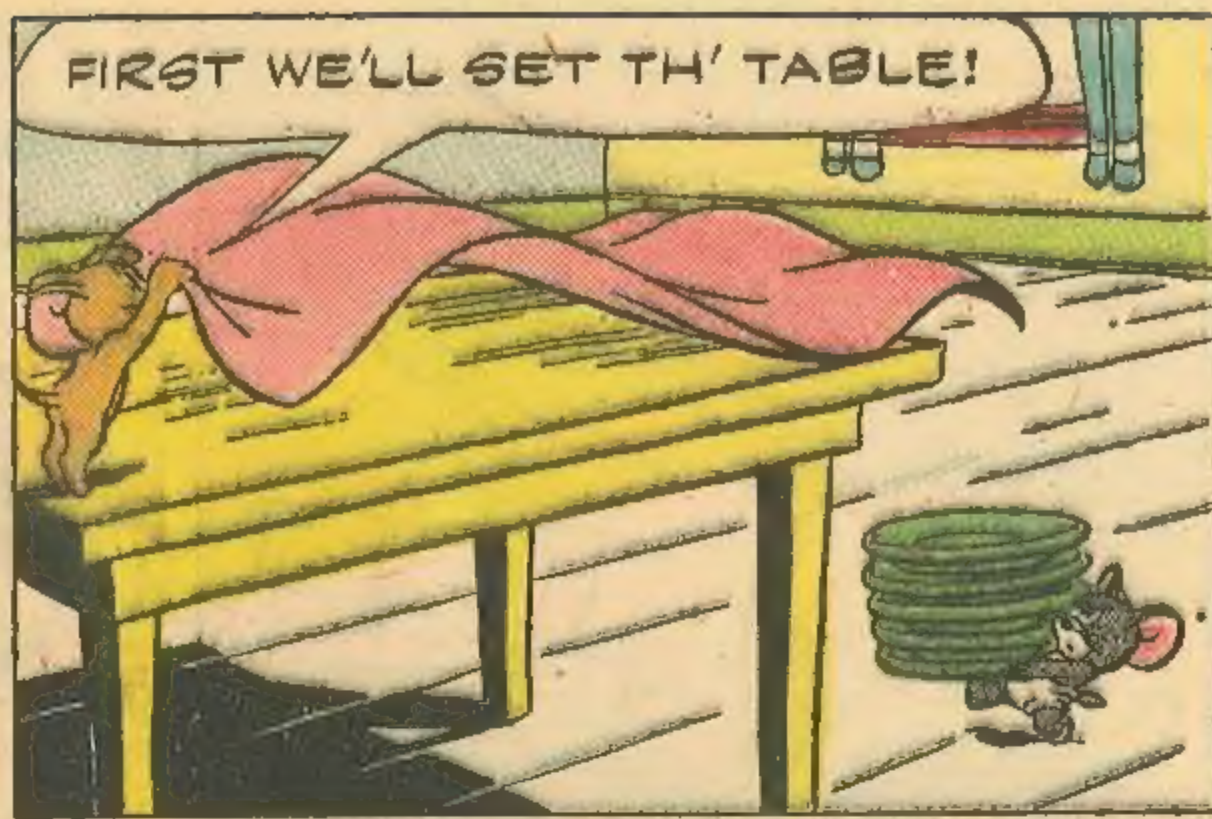


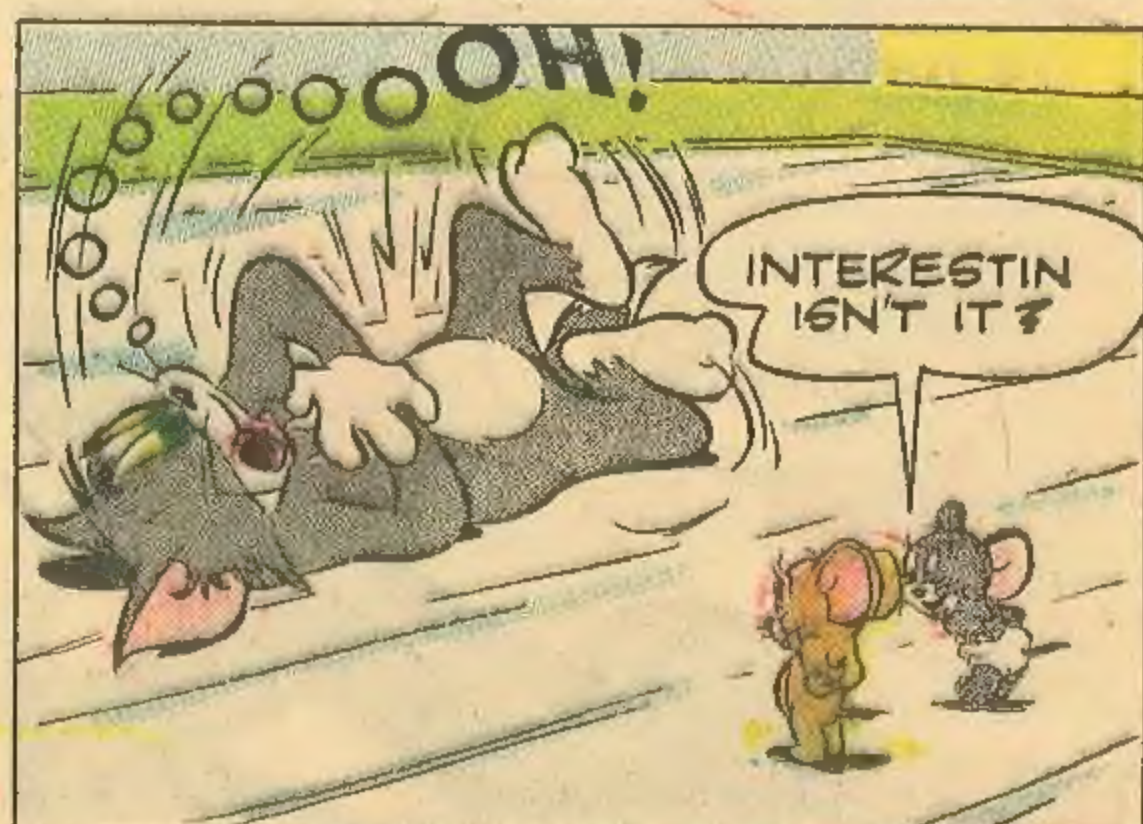
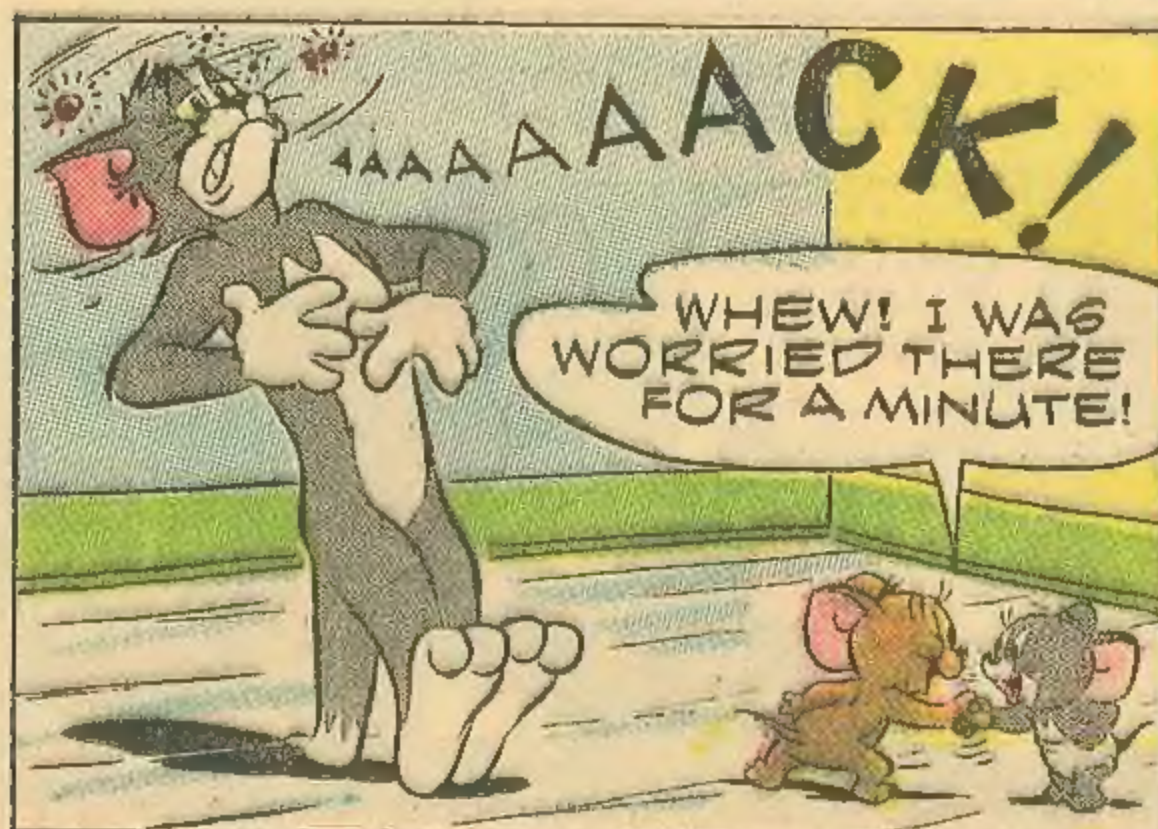
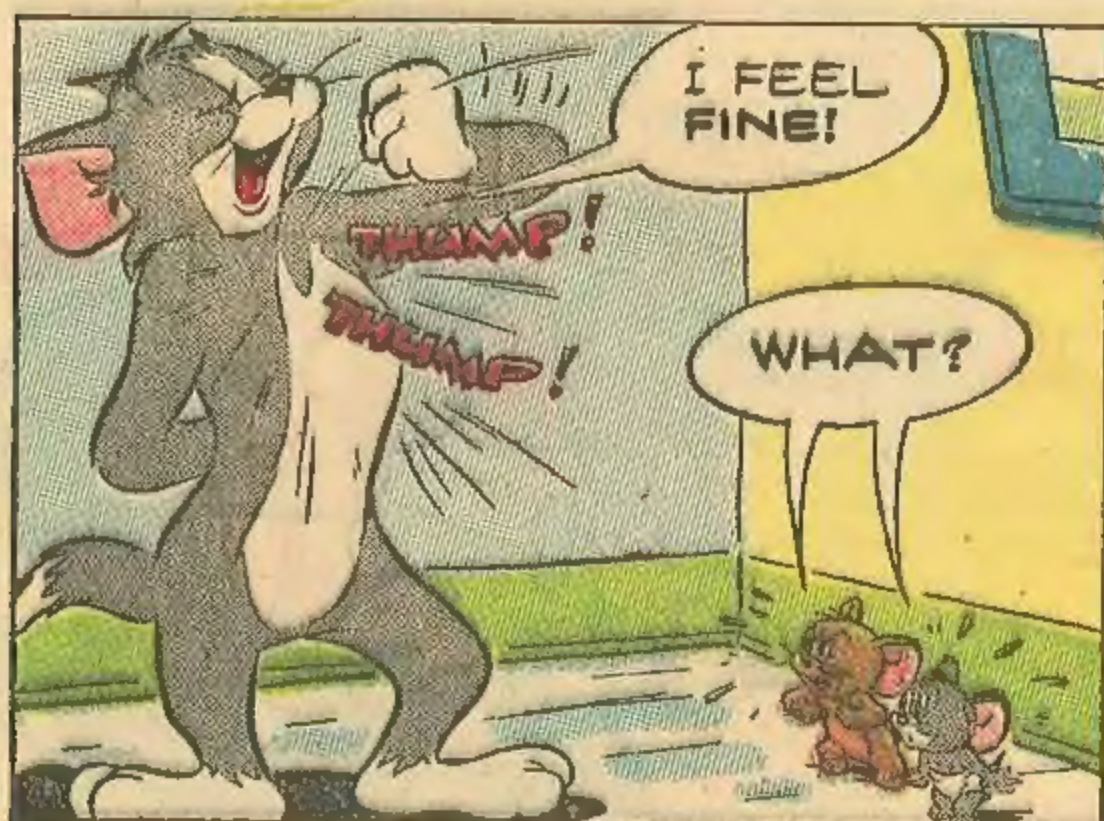
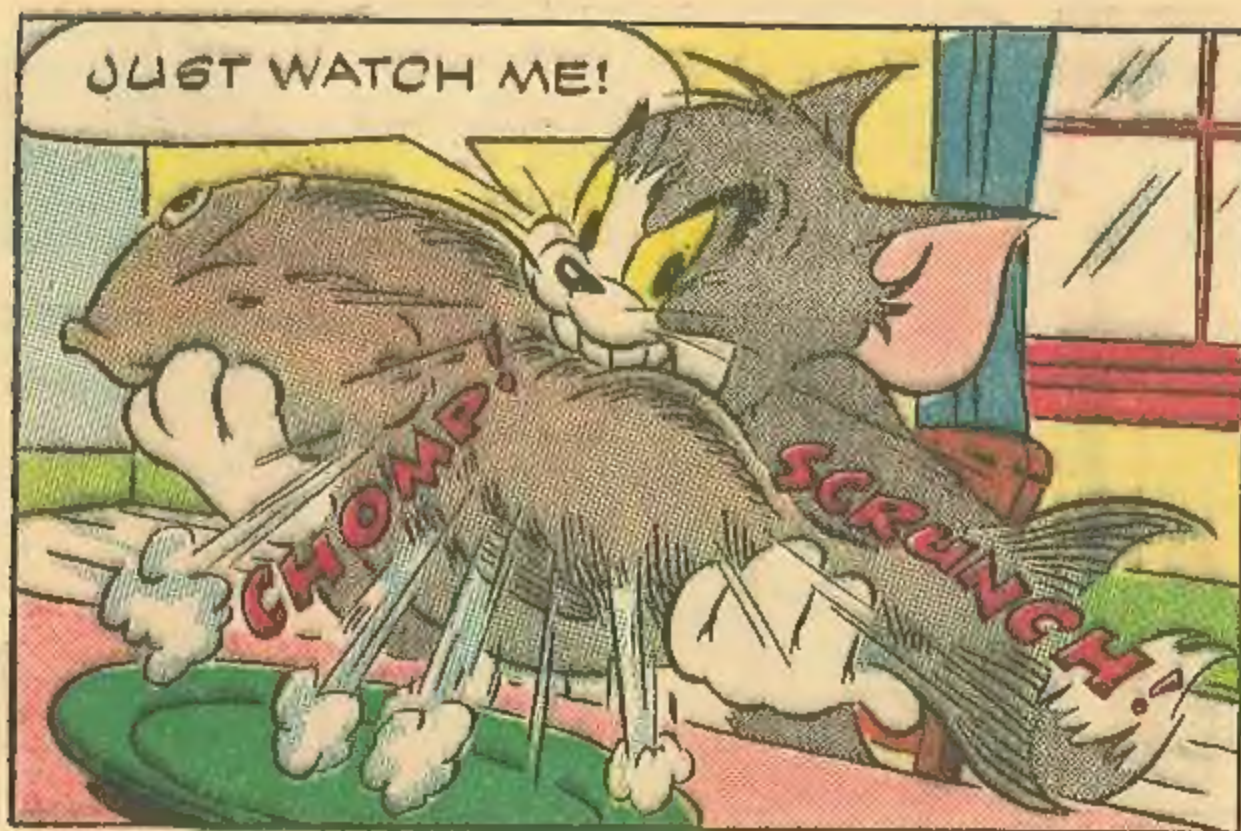


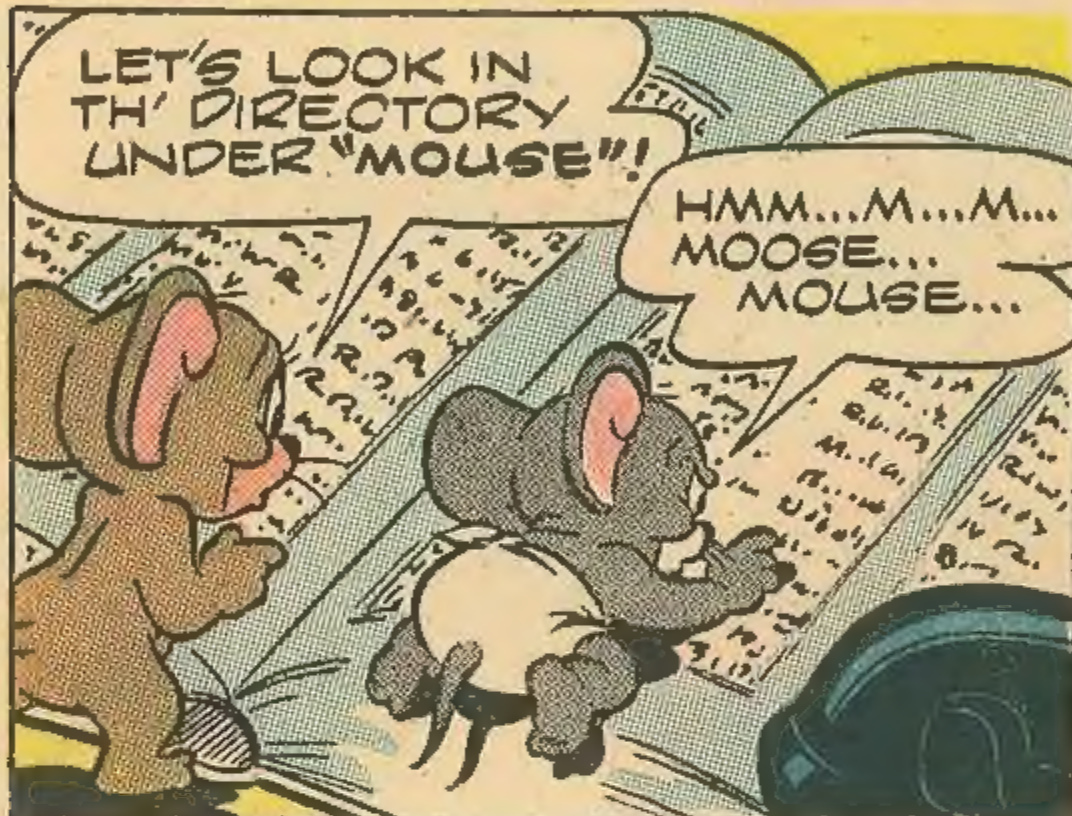
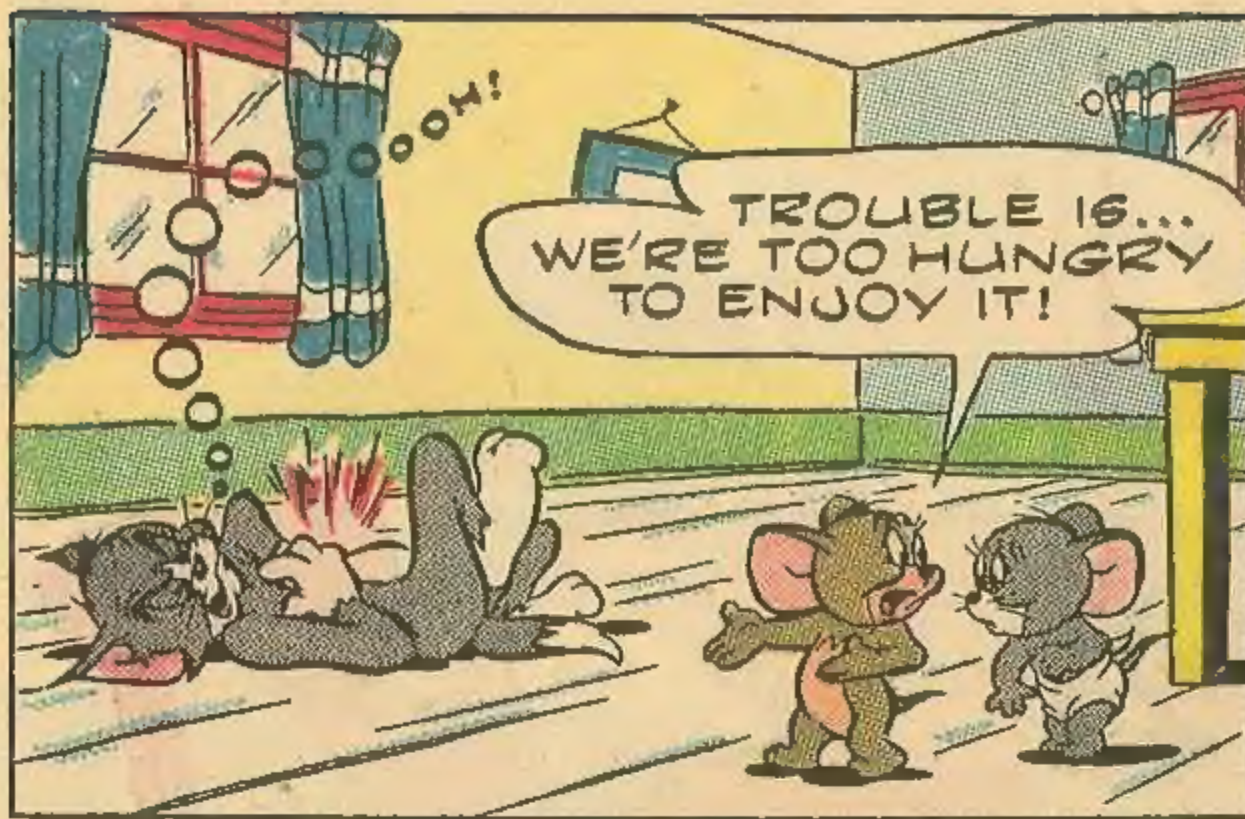


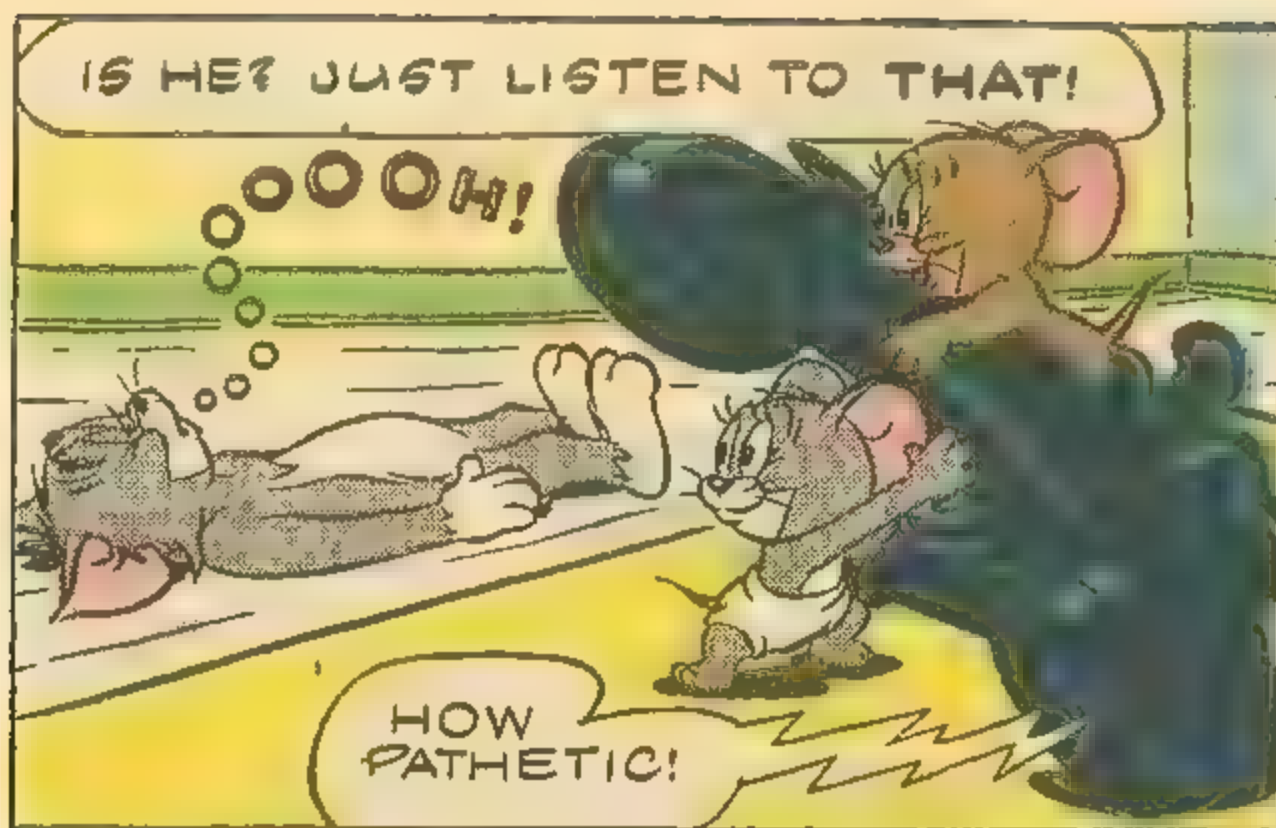








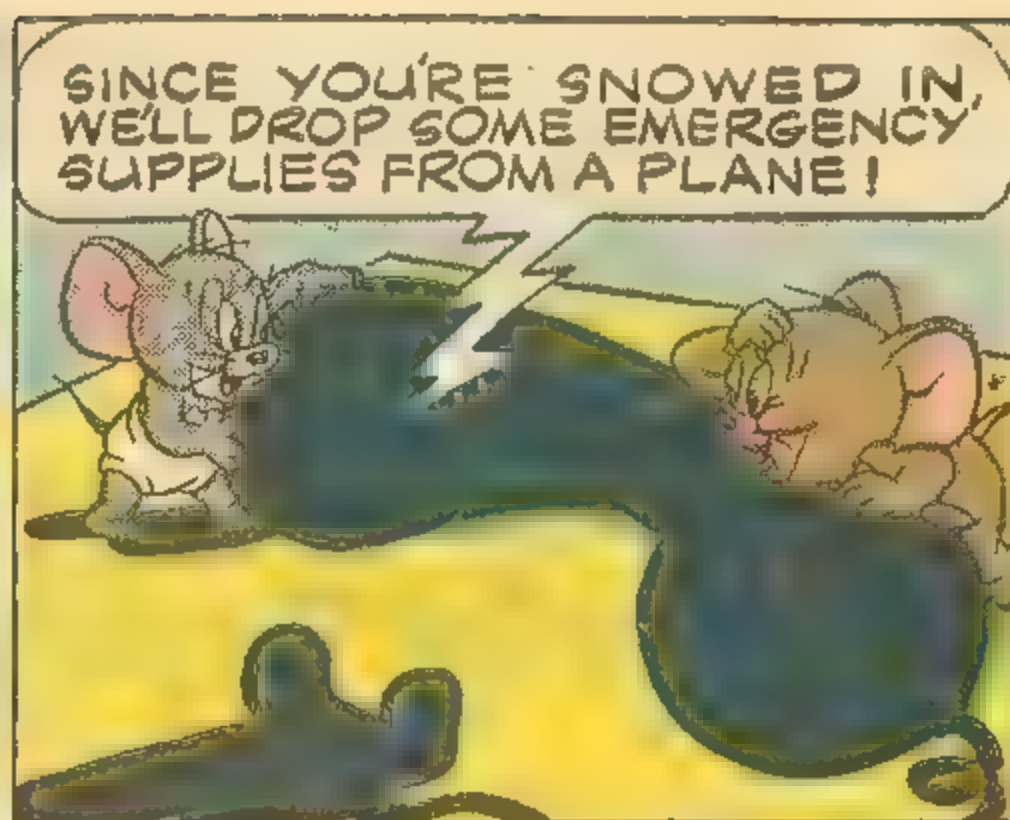




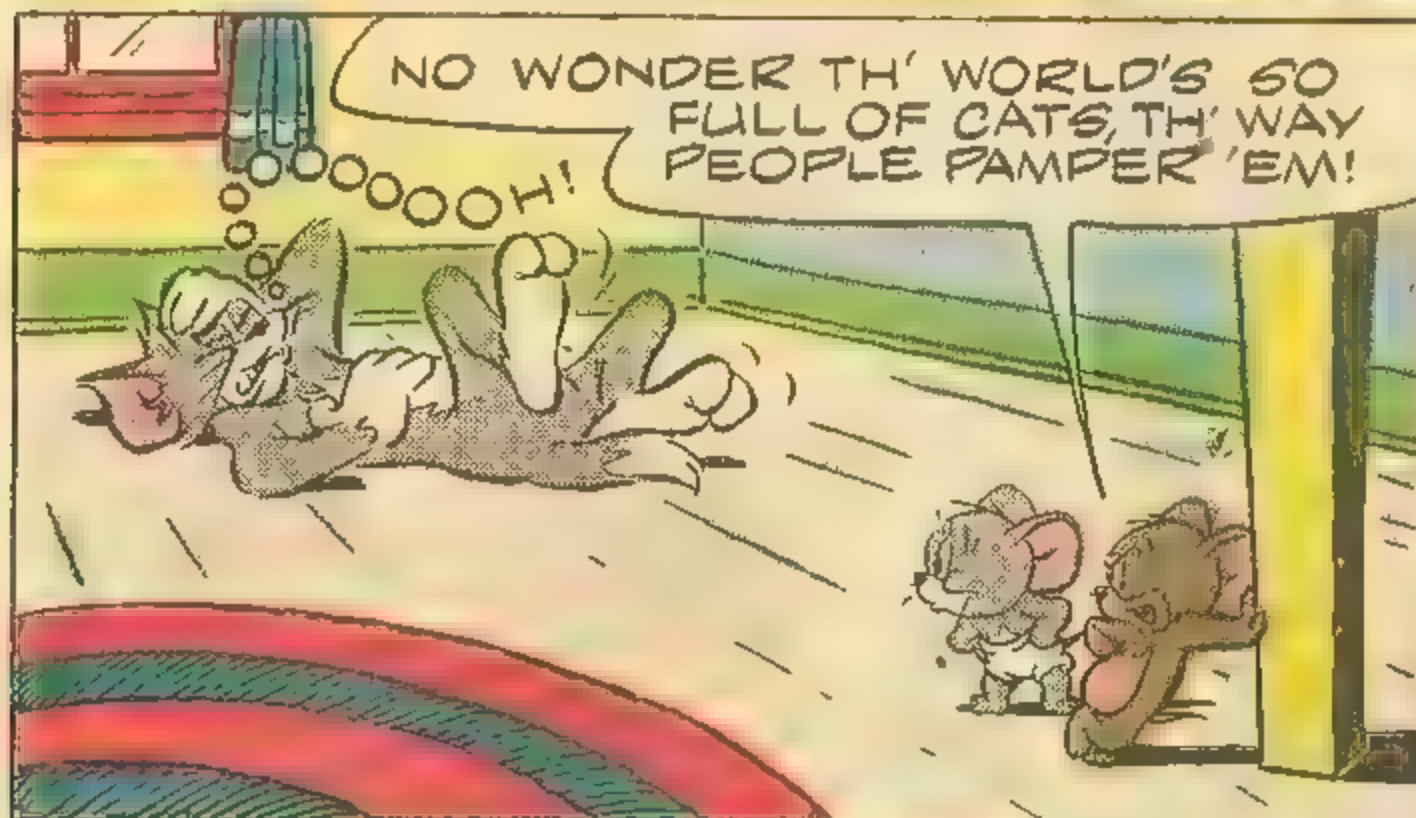
IS HE? JUST LISTEN TO THAT!

OOOH!

HOW PATHETIC!

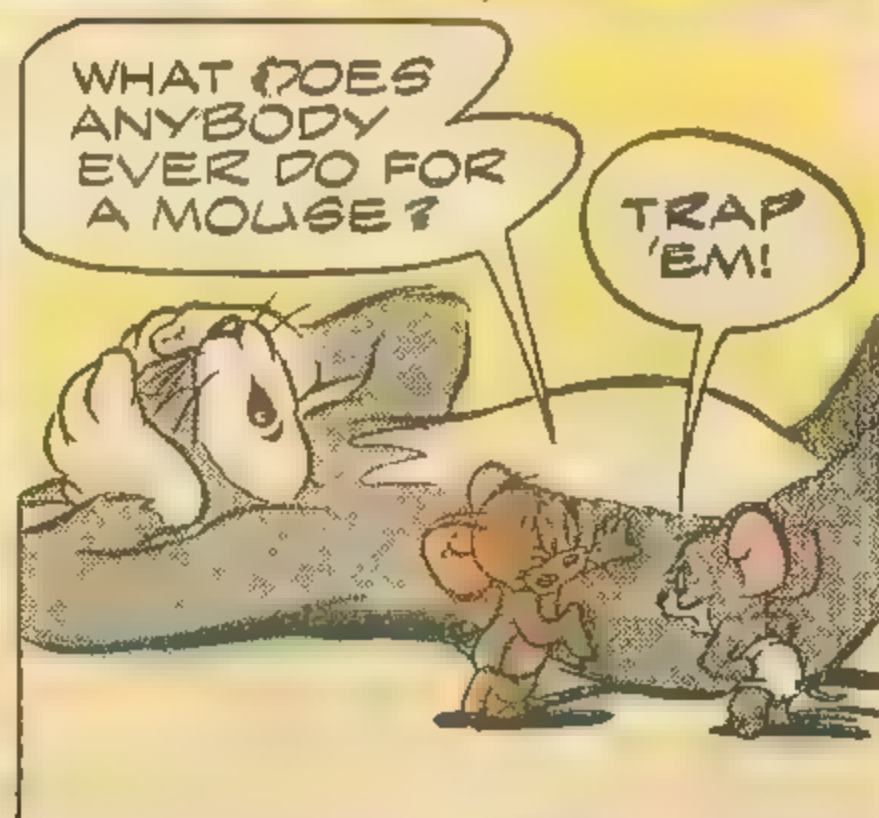


SINCE YOU'RE SNOWED IN, WE'LL DROP SOME EMERGENCY SUPPLIES FROM A PLANE!



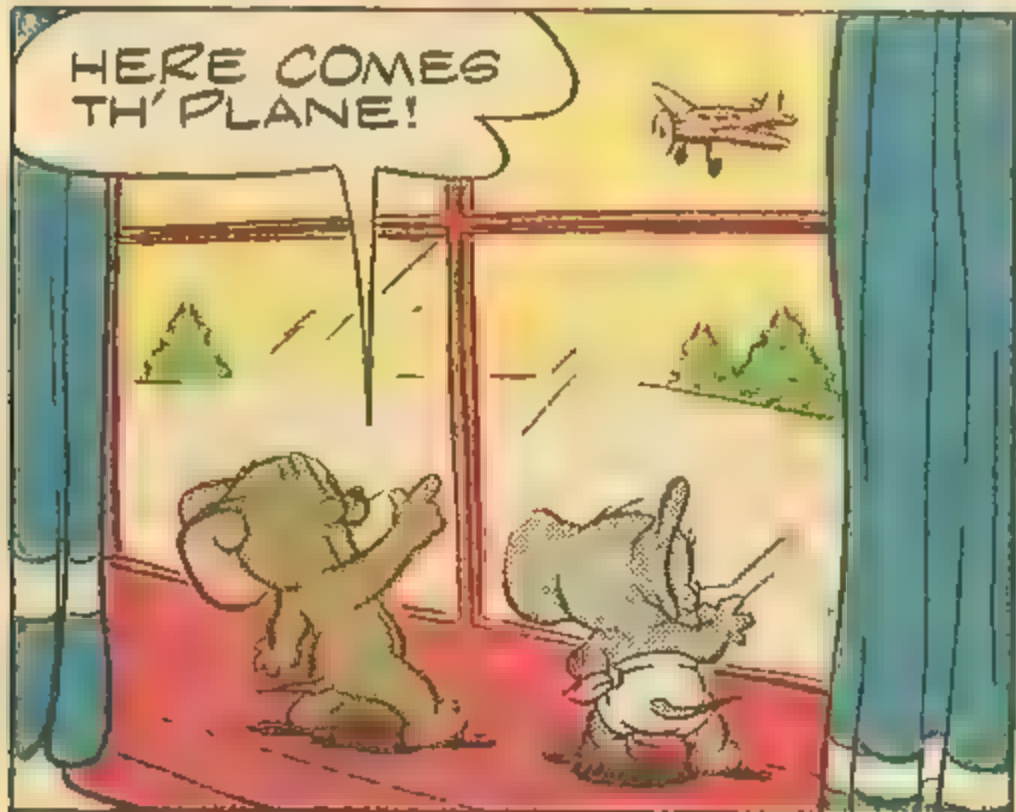
NO WONDER TH' WORLD'S SO FULL OF CATS, TH' WAY PEOPLE PAMPER 'EM!

OOOOOH!

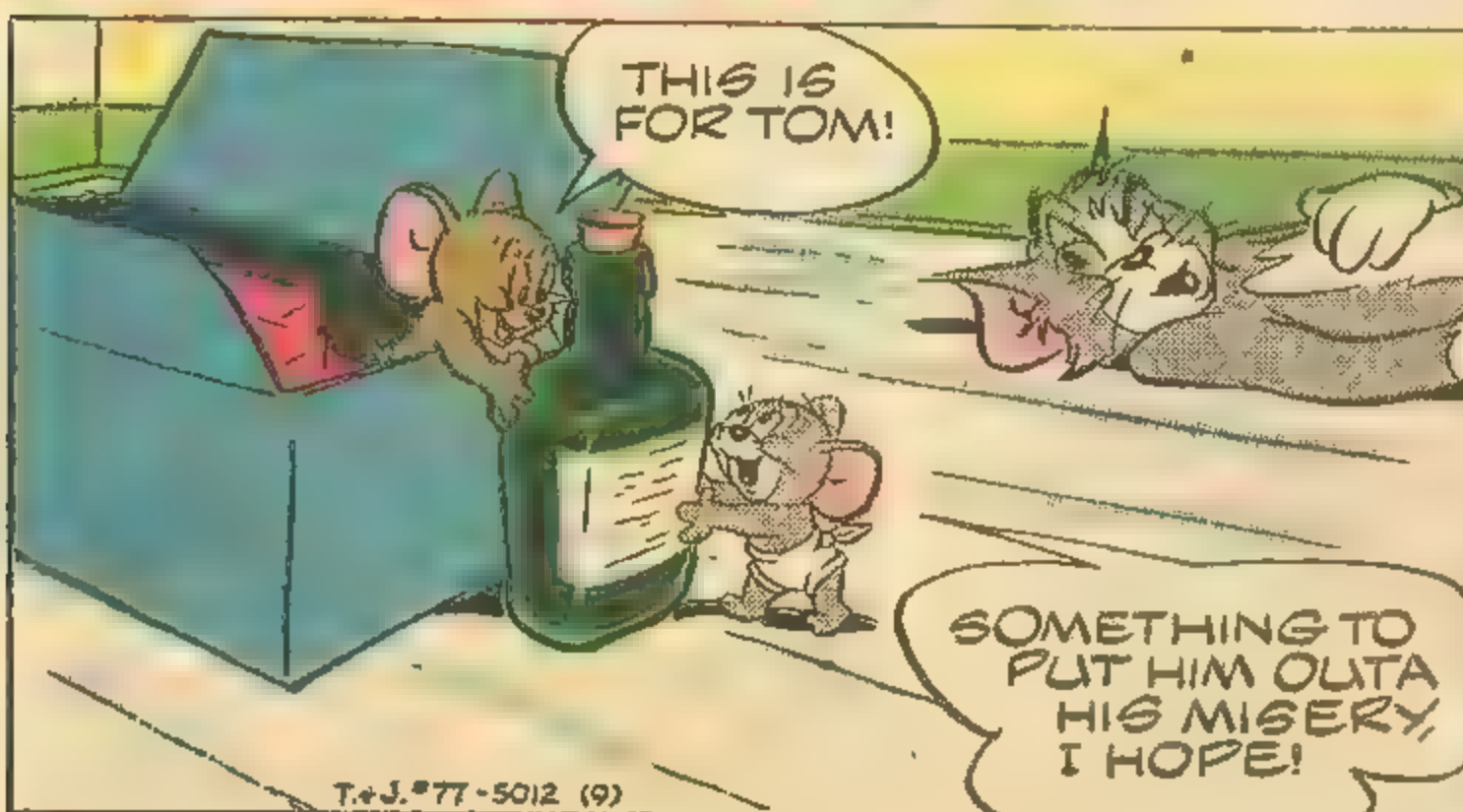
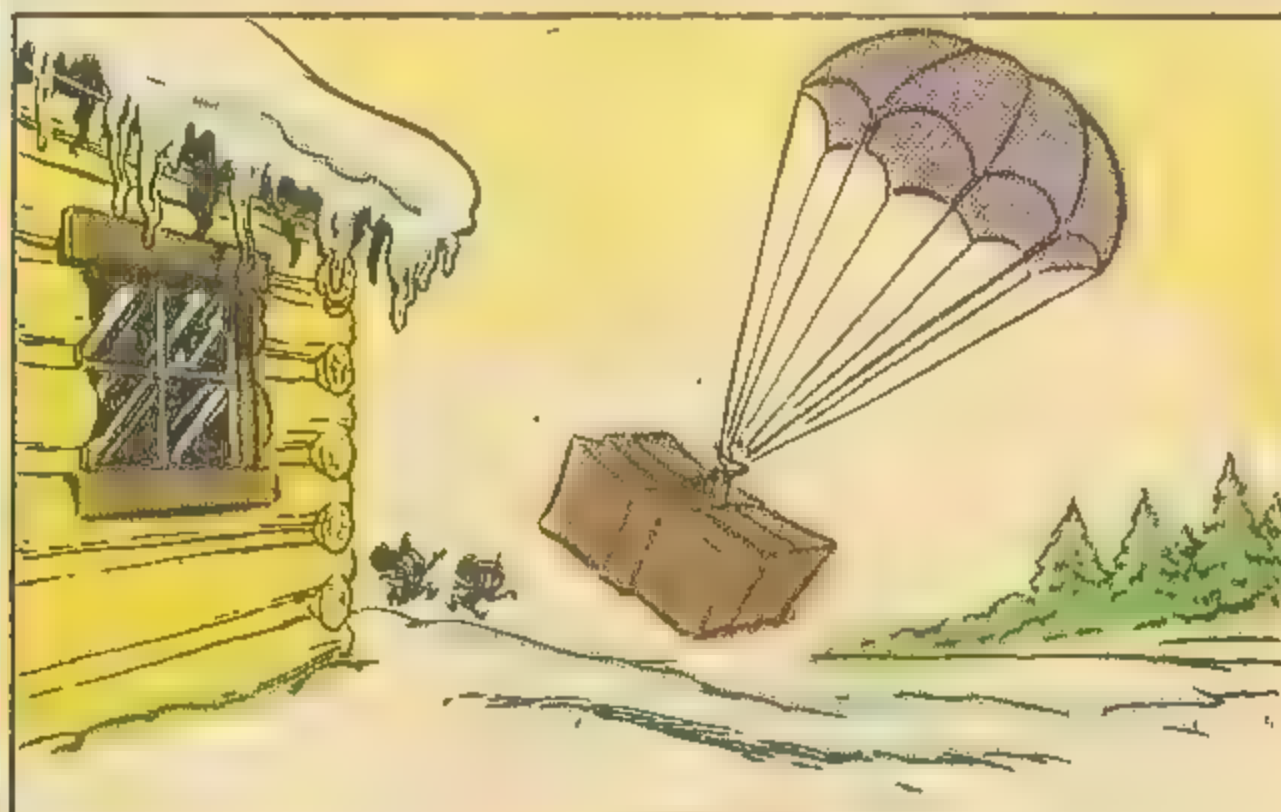


WHAT DOES ANYBODY EVER DO FOR A MOUSE?

TRAP 'EM!



HERE COMES TH' PLANE!



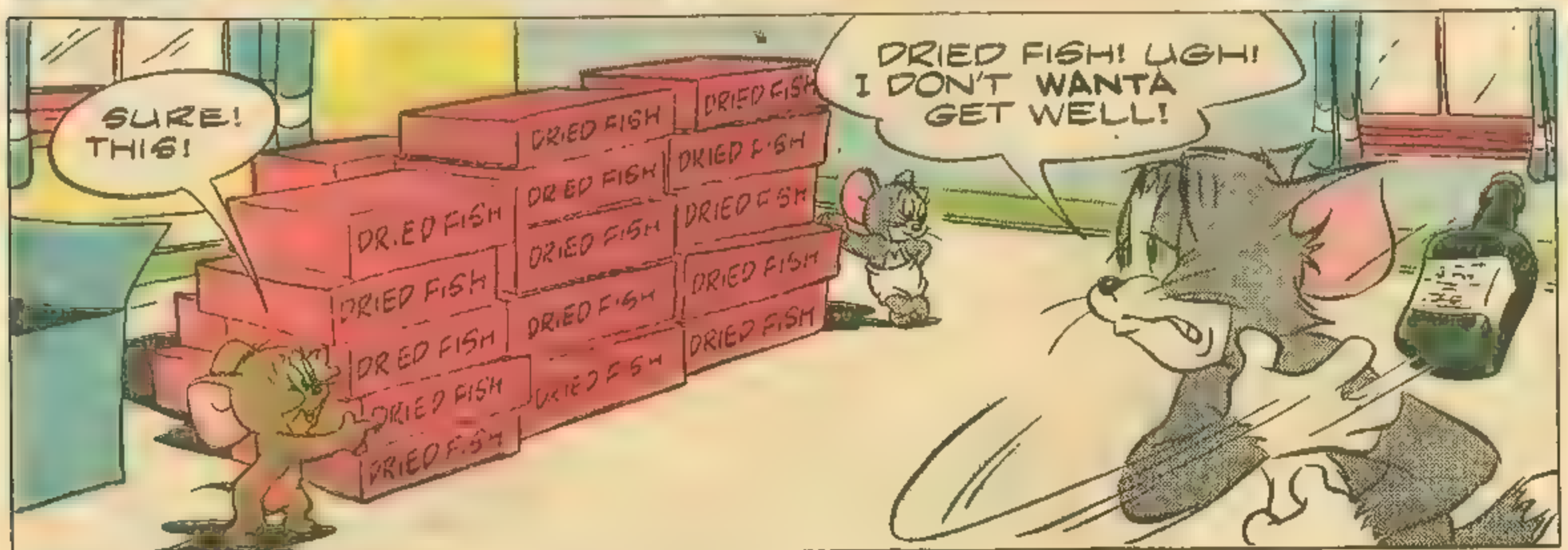
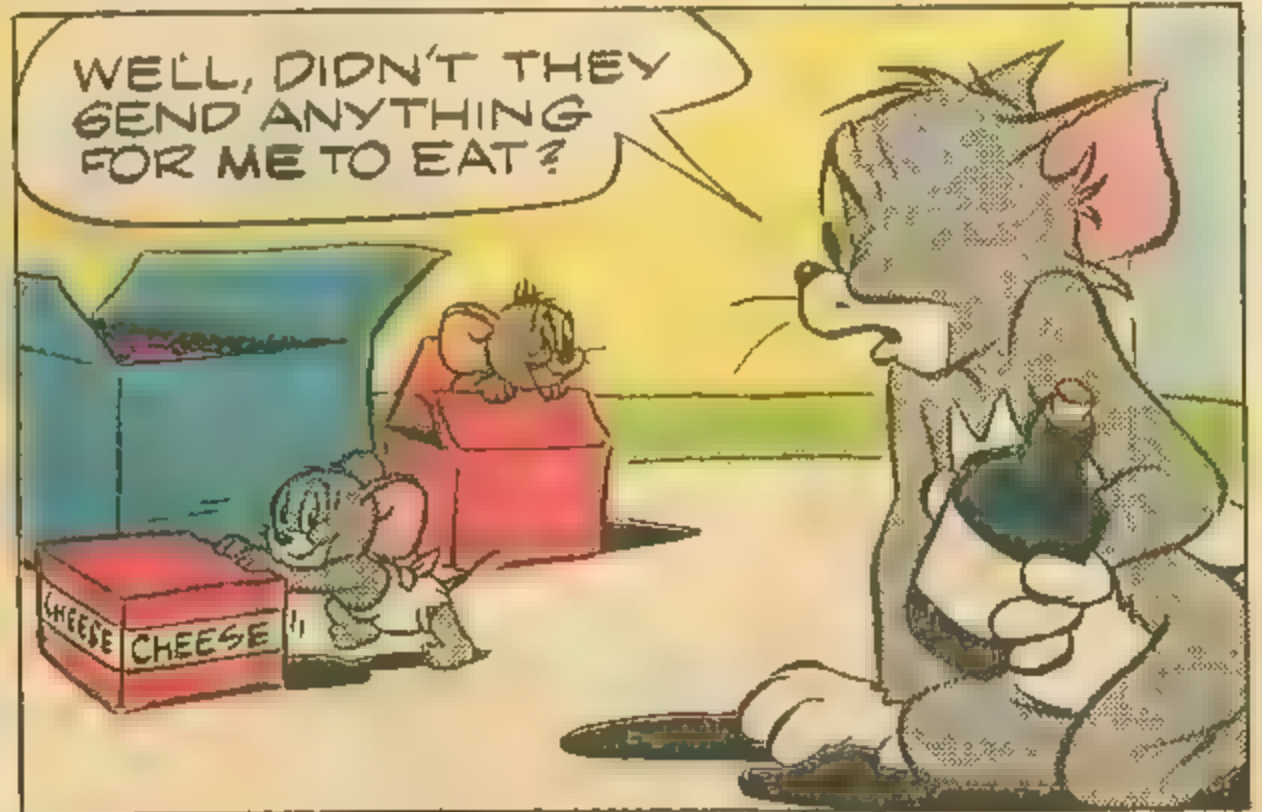
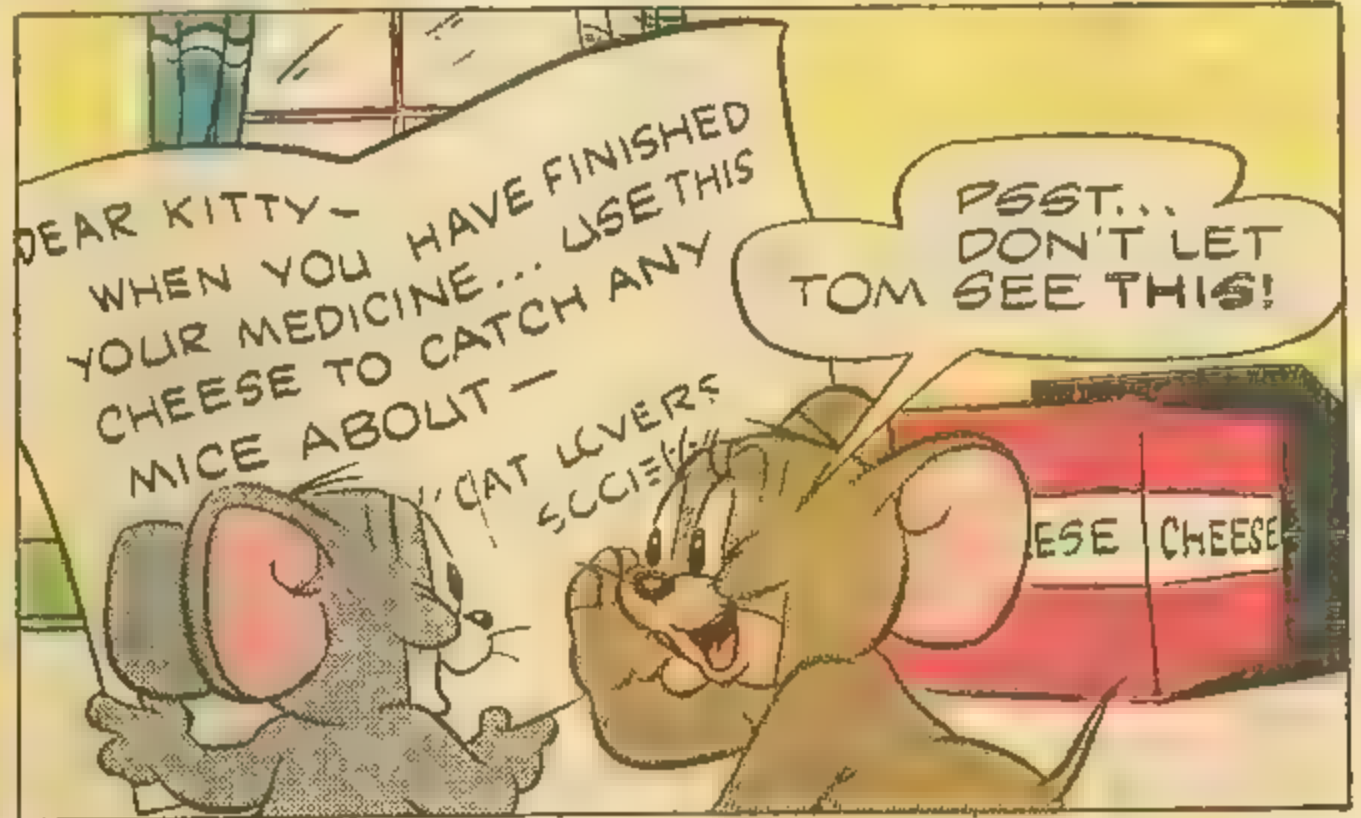
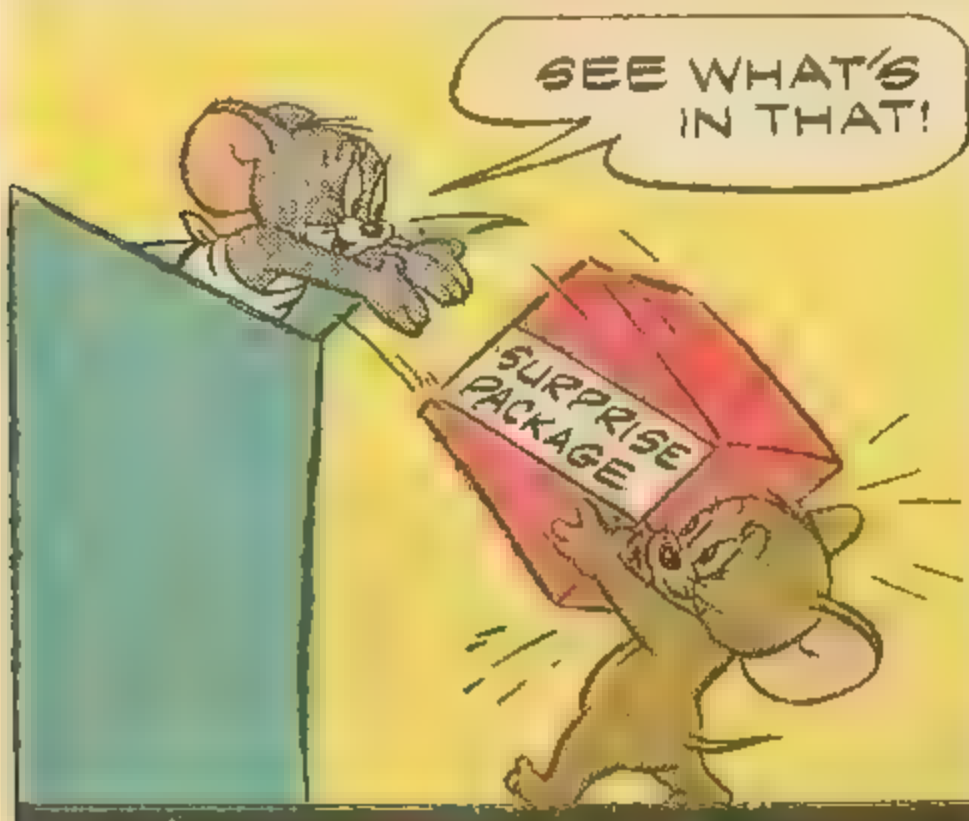
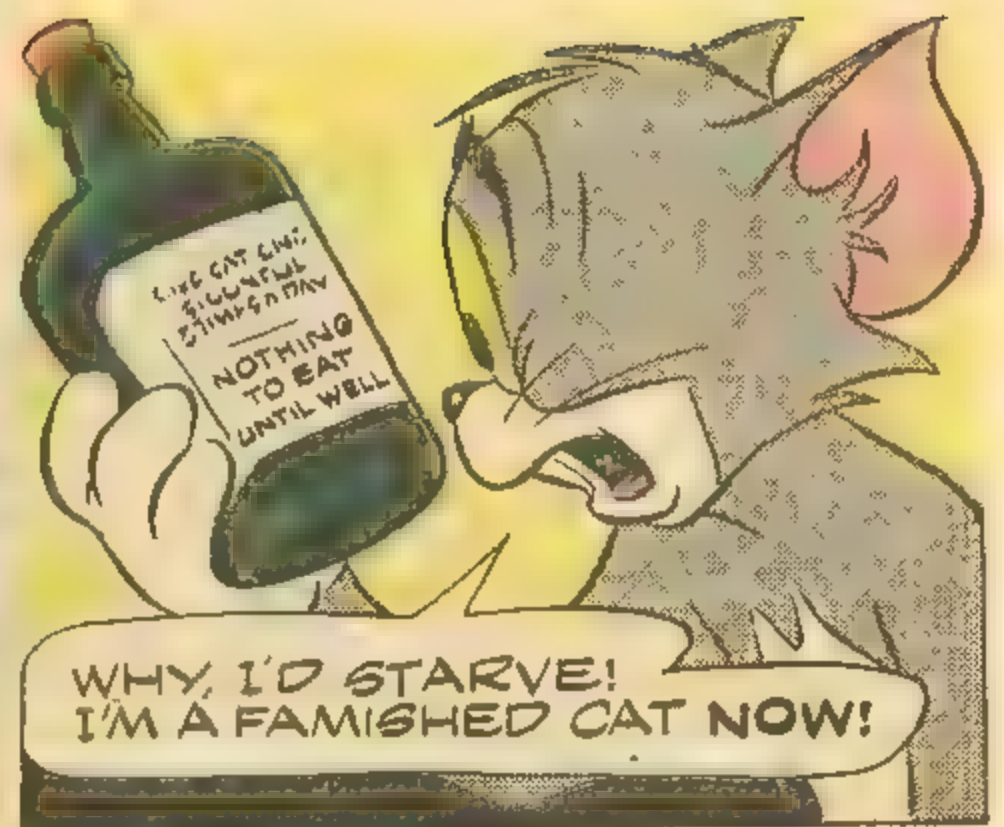
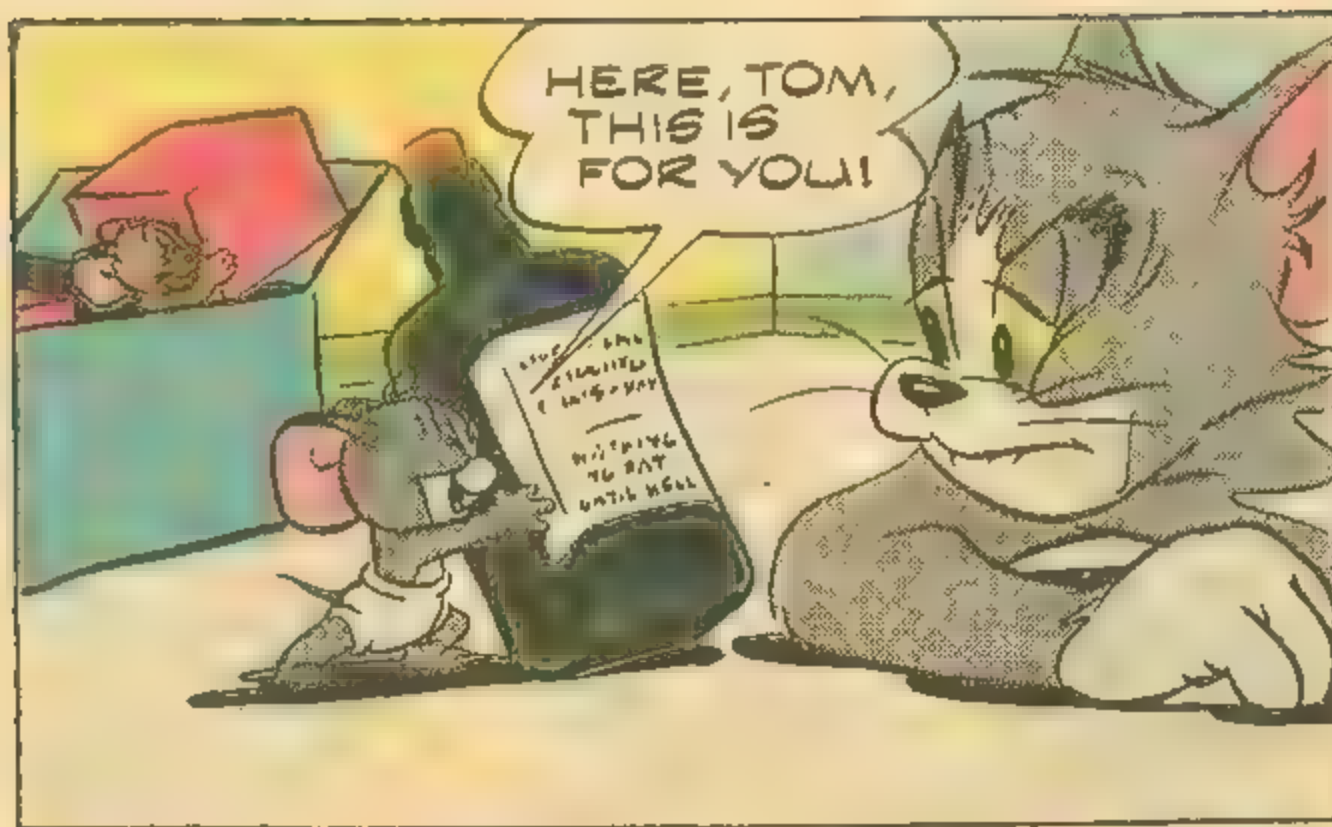
THIS IS FOR TOM!

SOMETHING TO PUT HIM OUTA HIS MISERY, I HOPE!

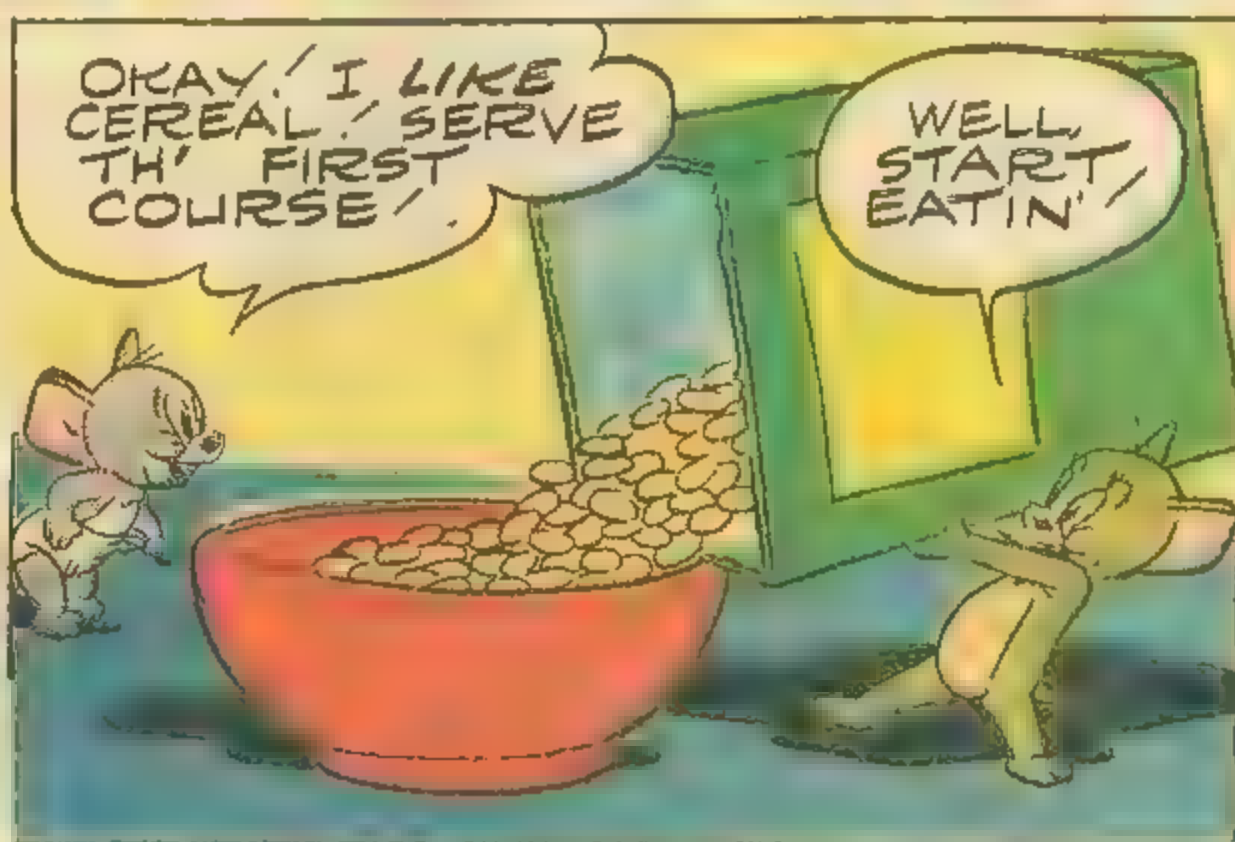
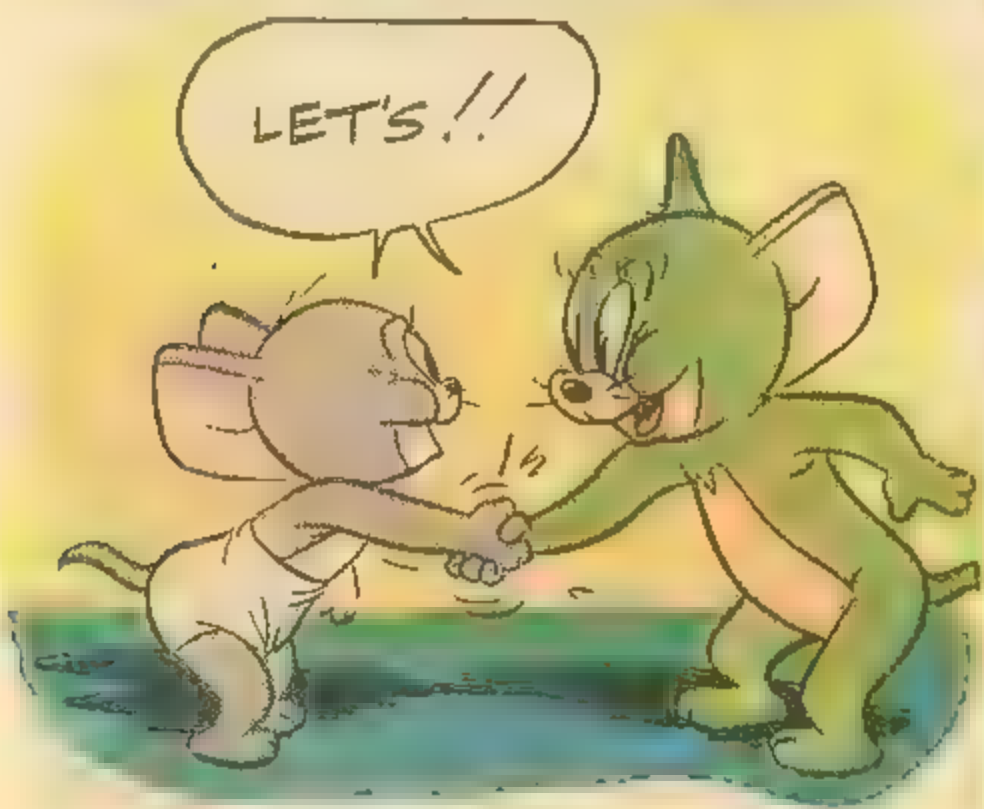
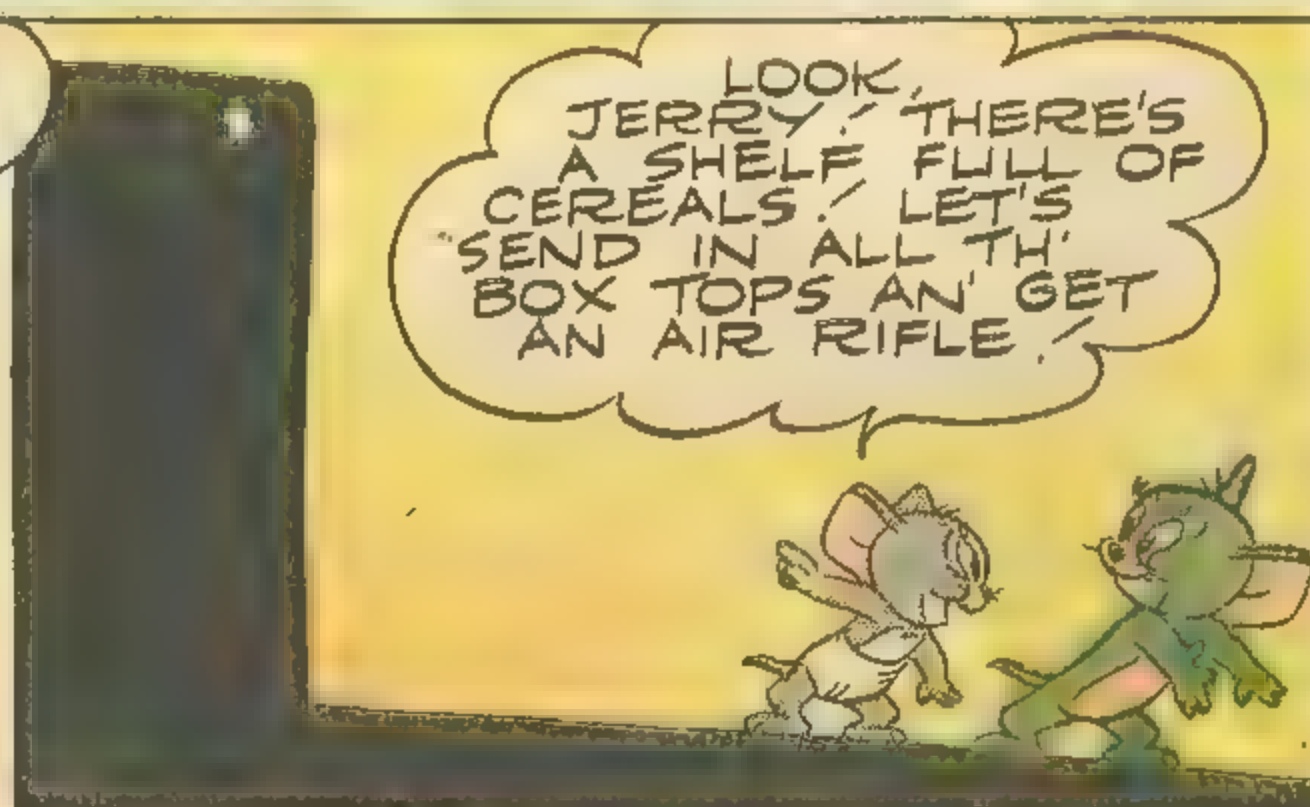
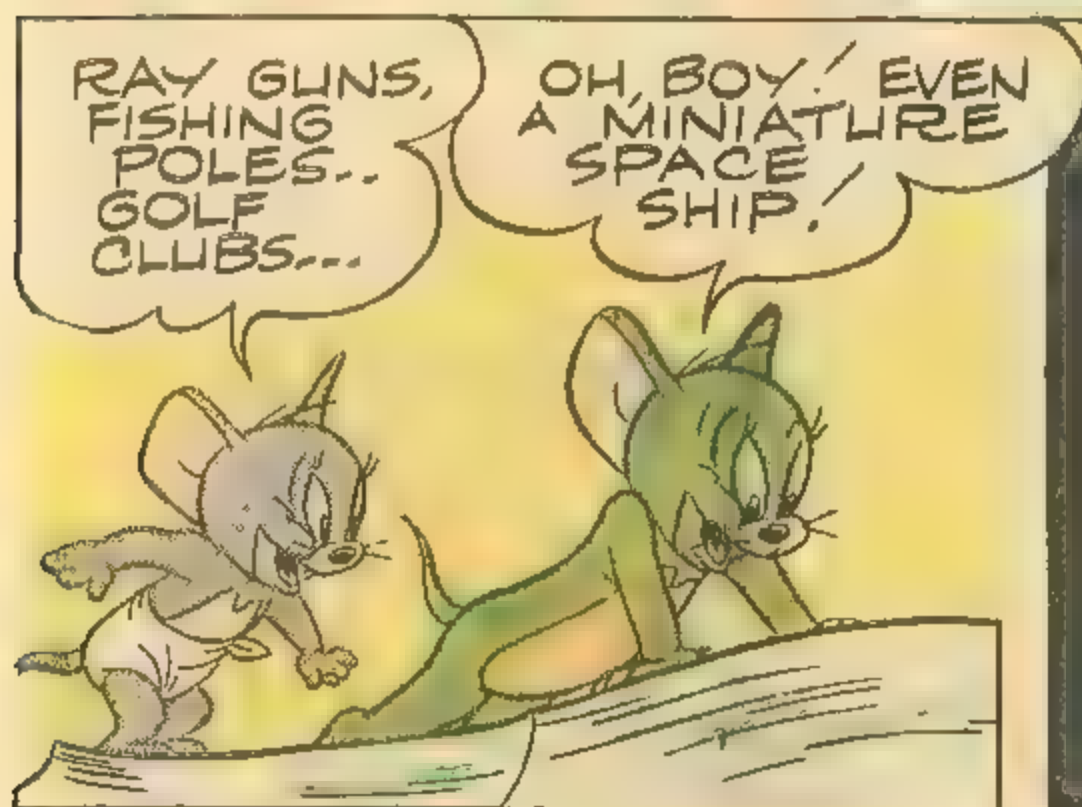
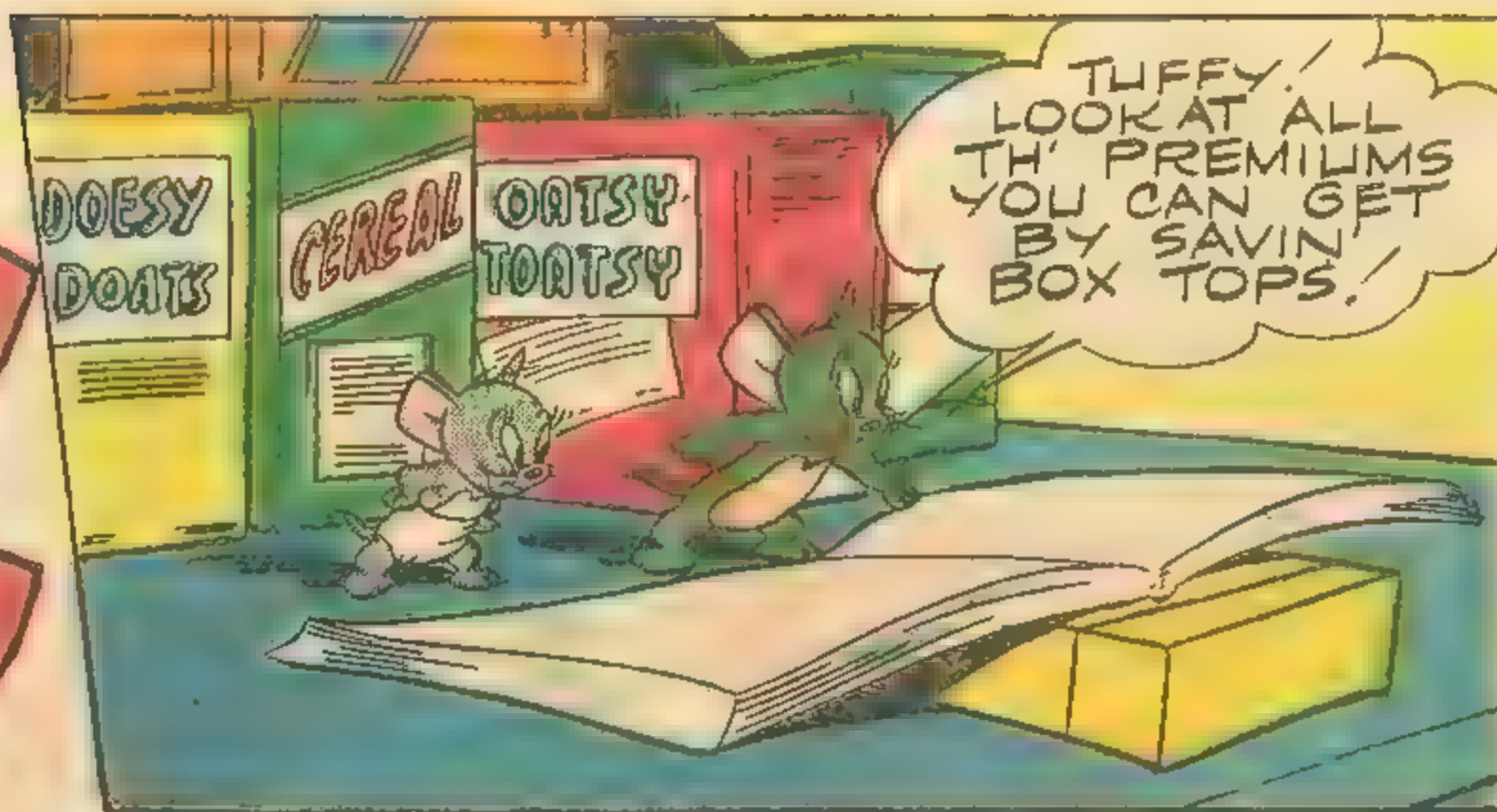


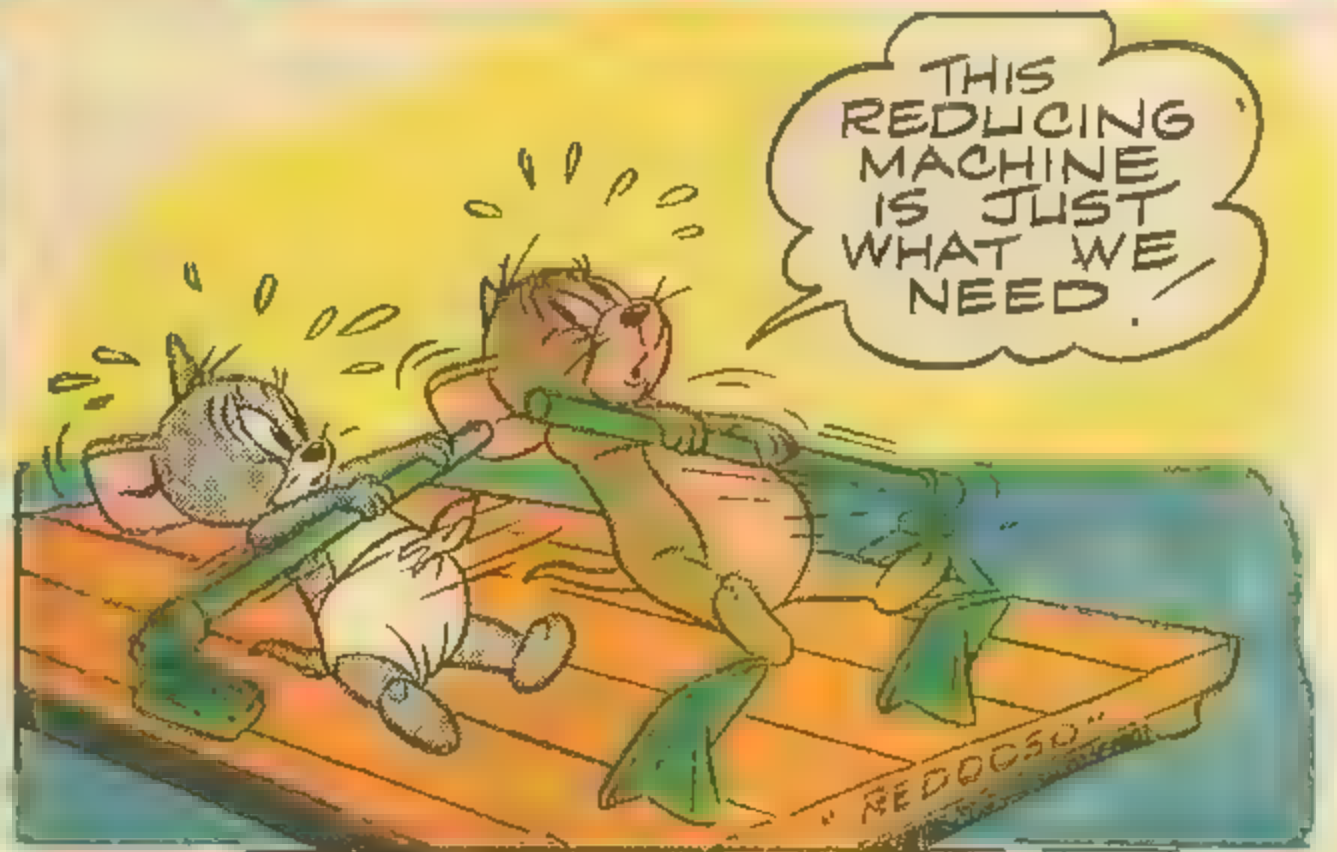
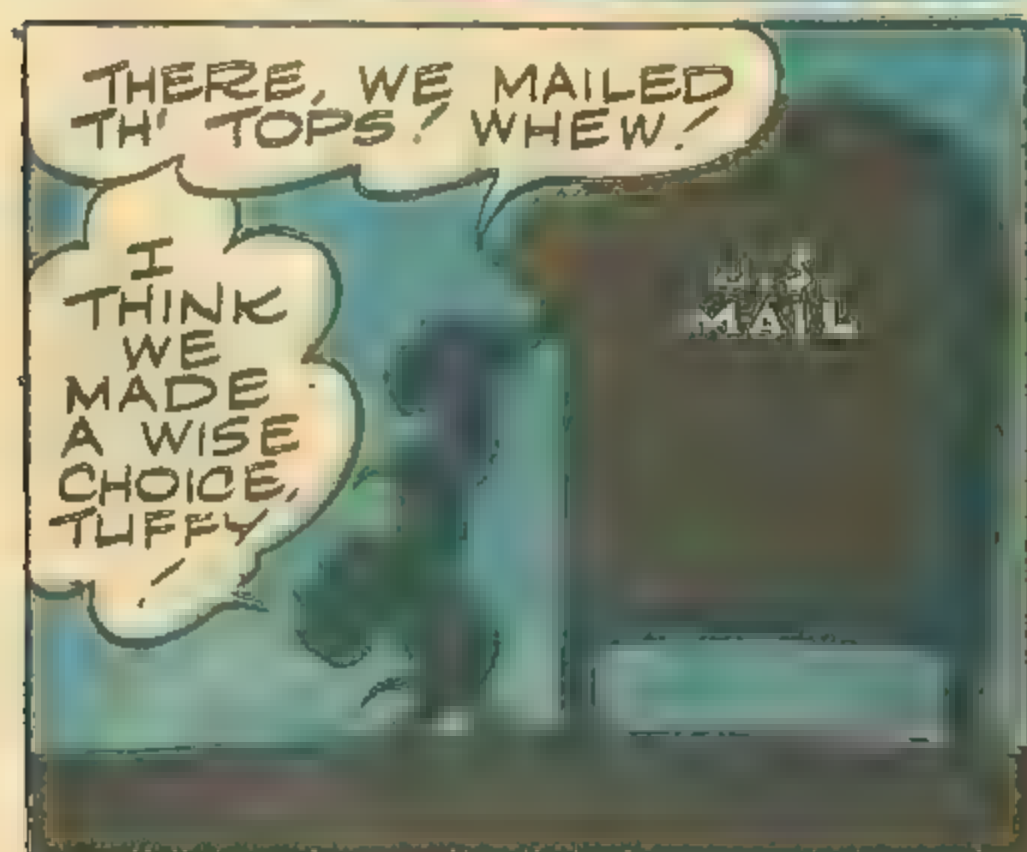
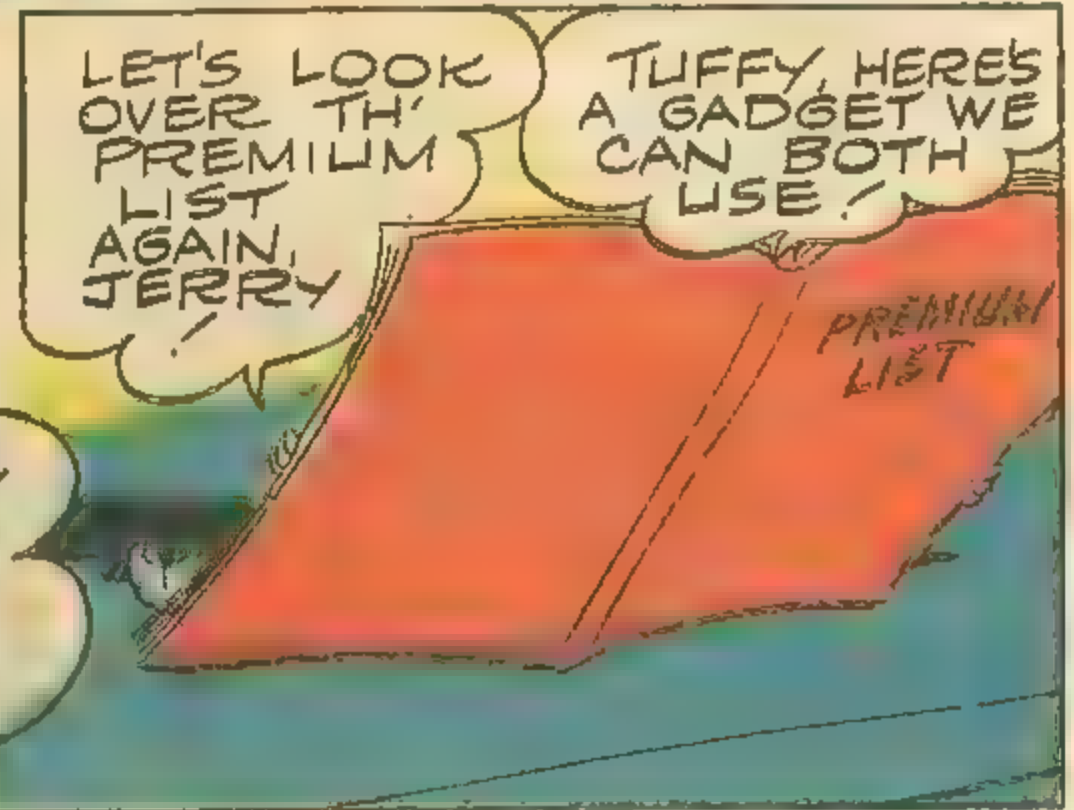
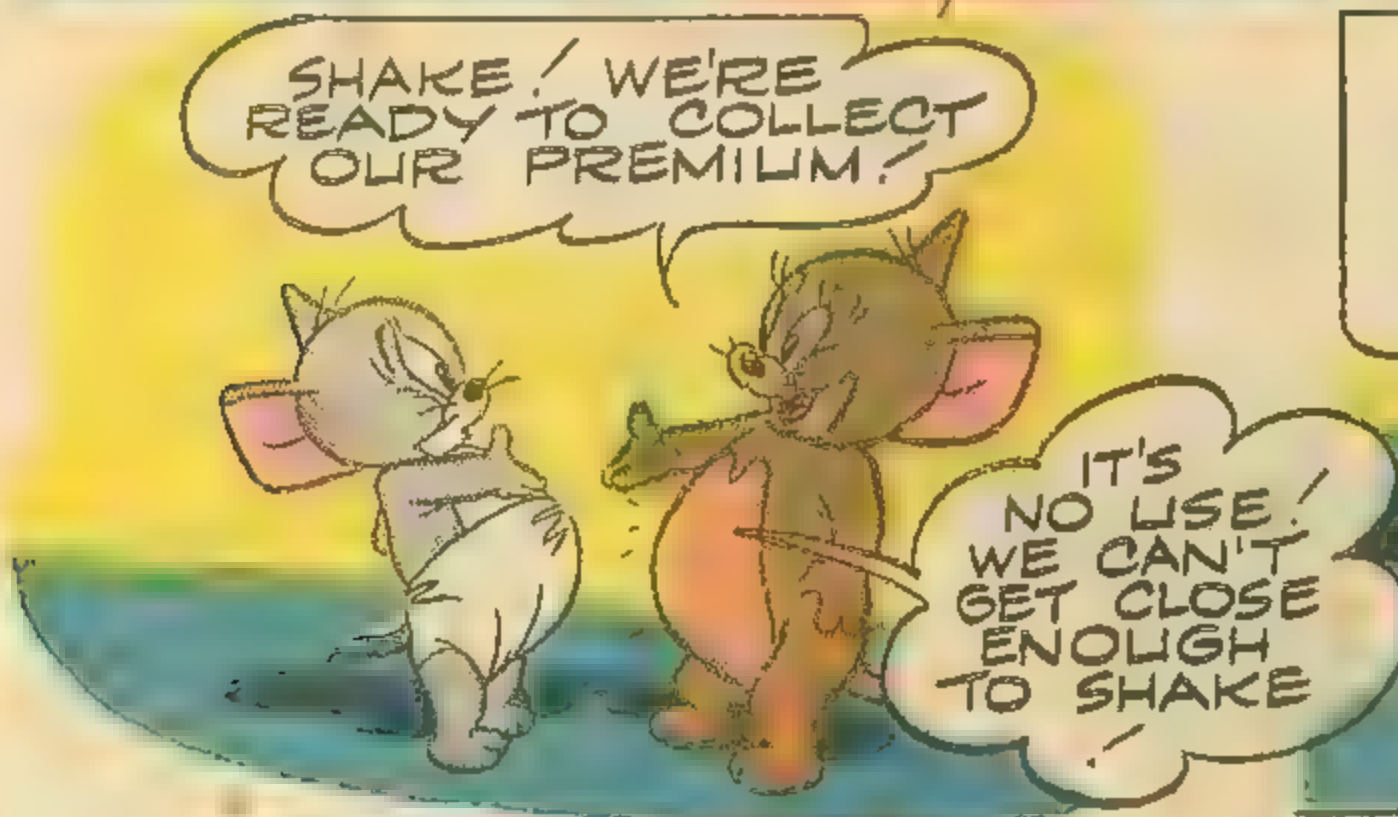
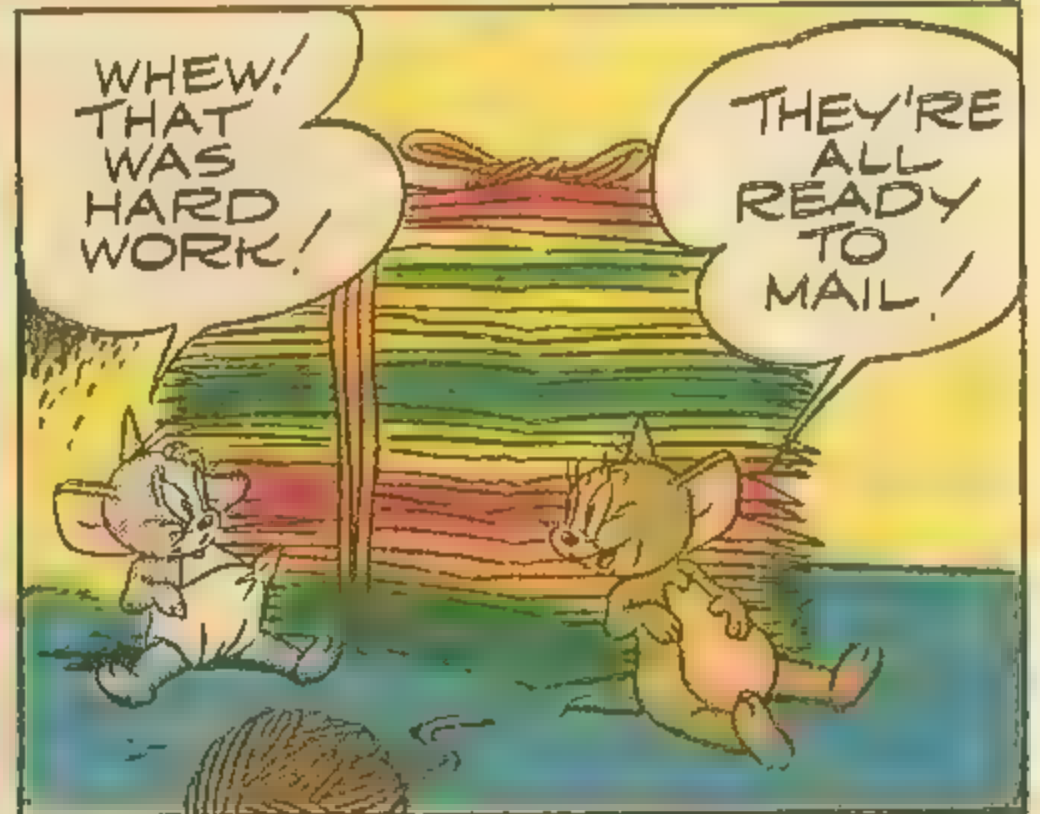
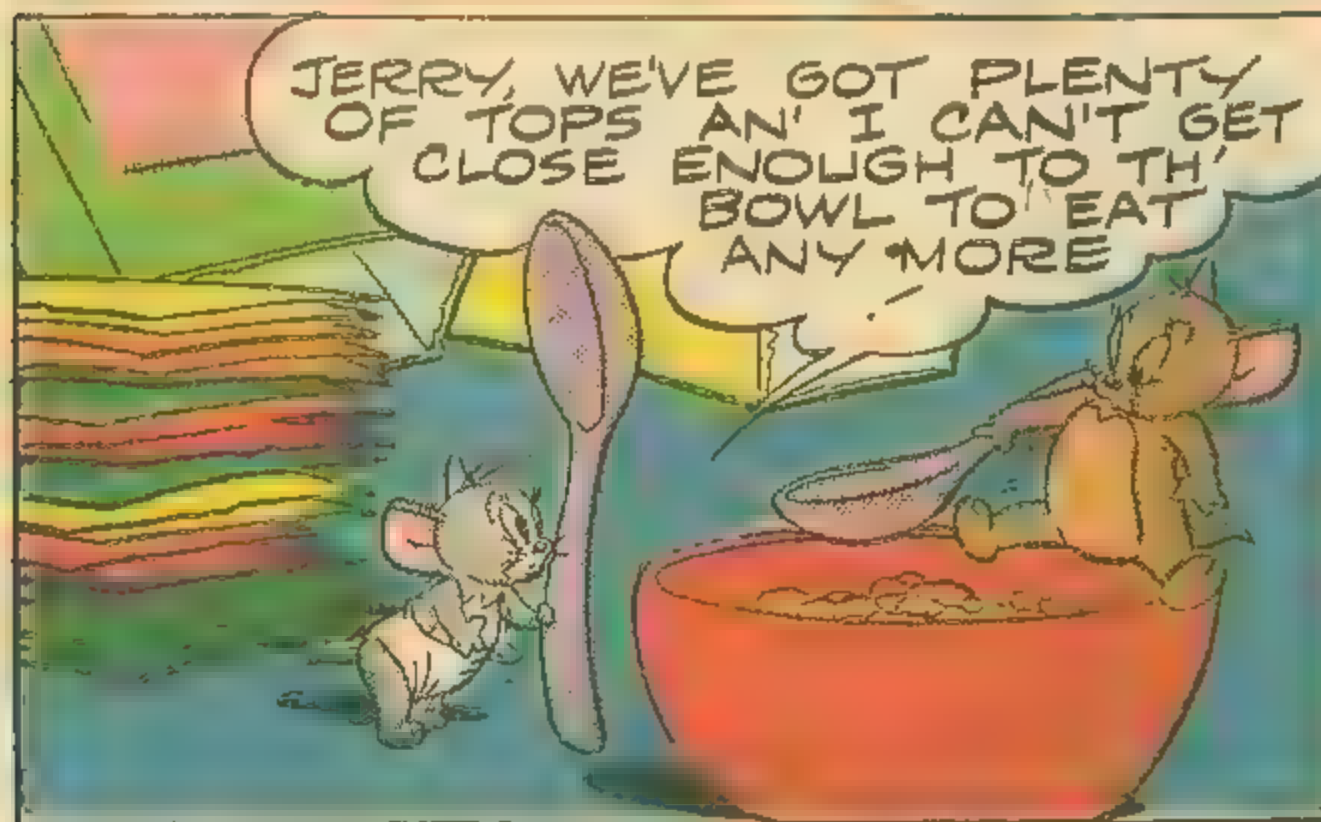
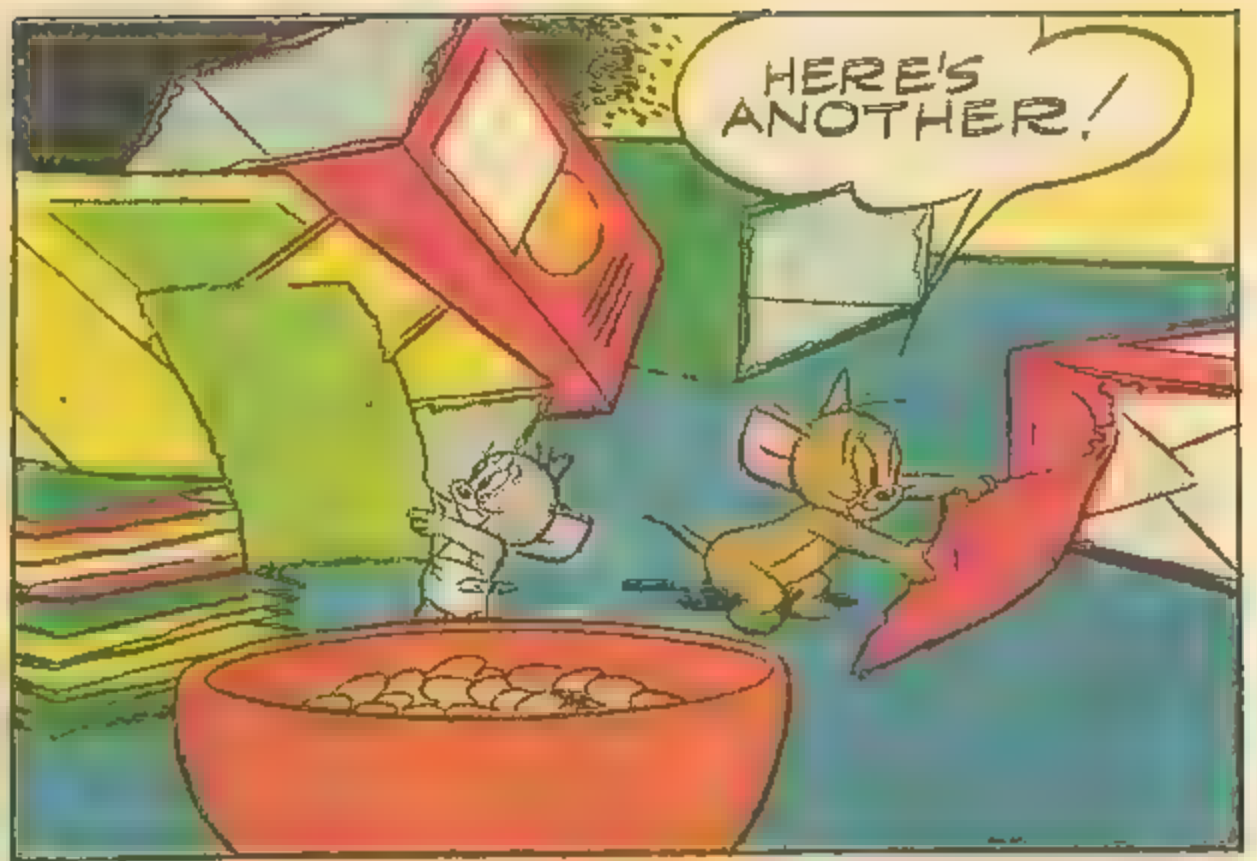
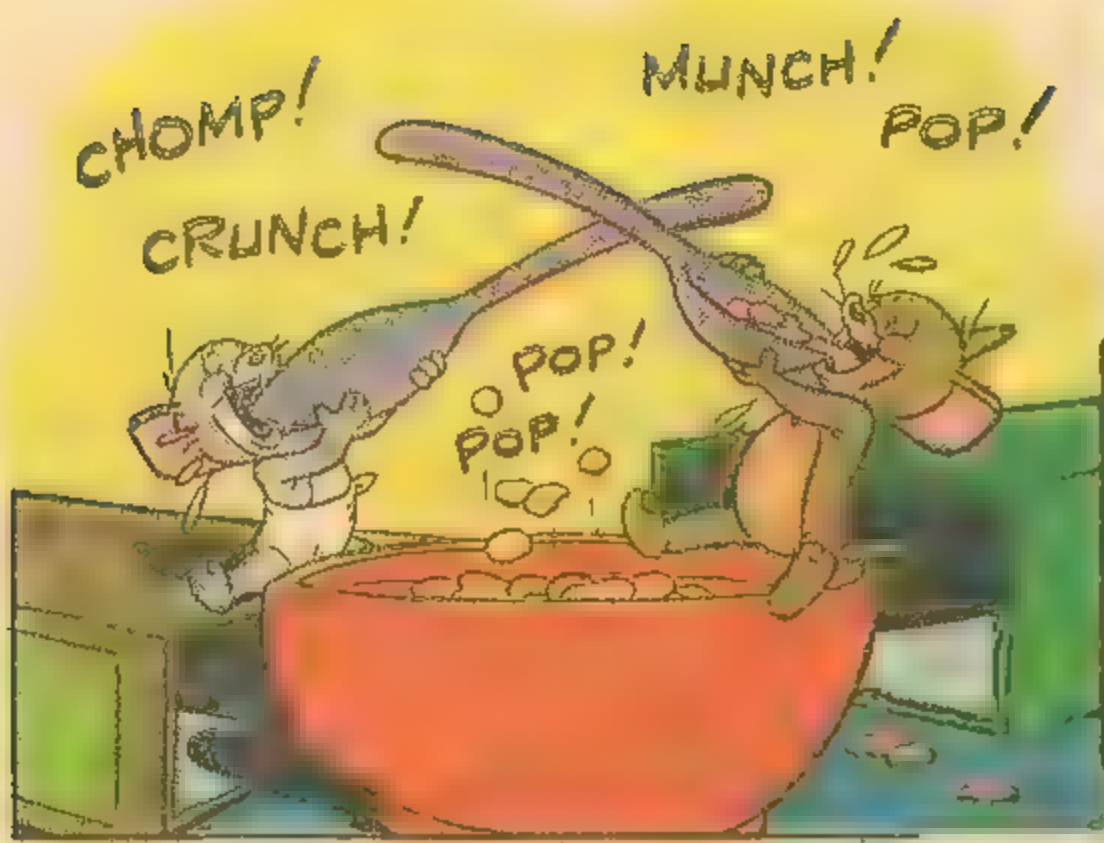
I LIKE THAT LAST PART!

GIVE CAT ONE SPOONFUL 3 TIMES A DAY NOTHING TO EAT UNTIL WELL.



M.G.M. CARTOONS
present
**JERRY
and
TUFFY**

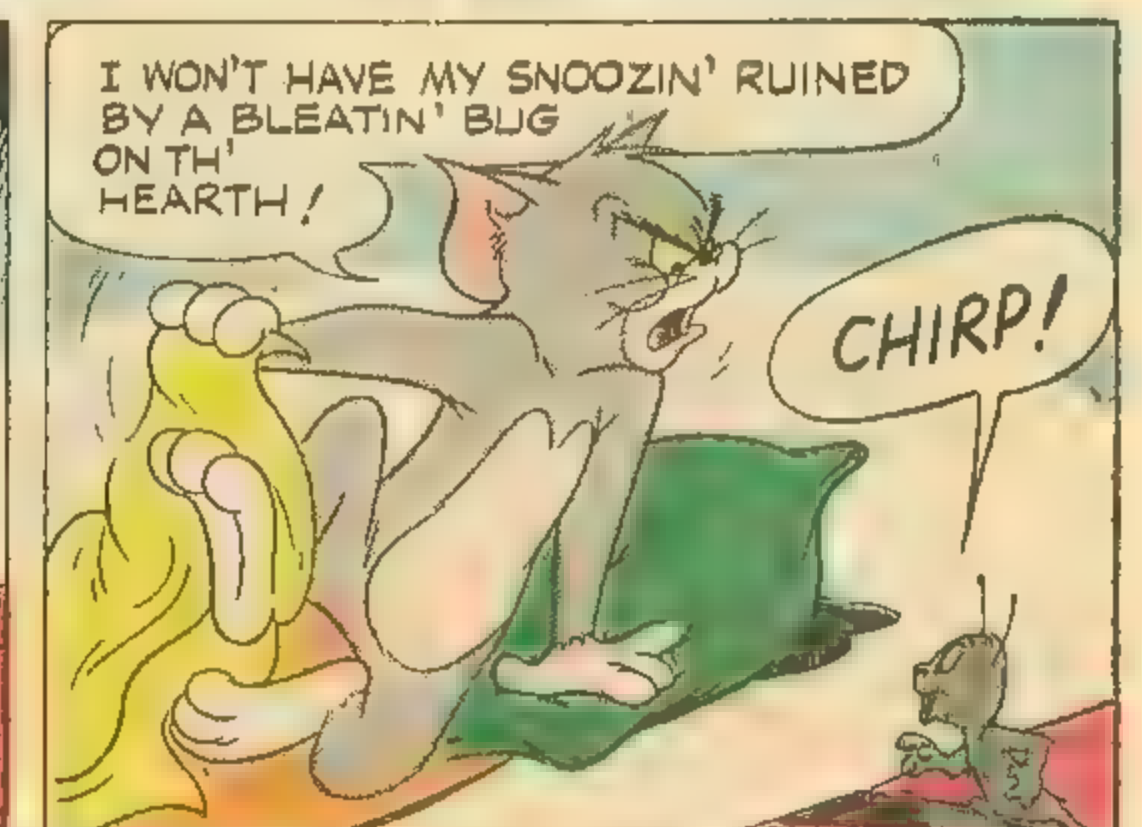
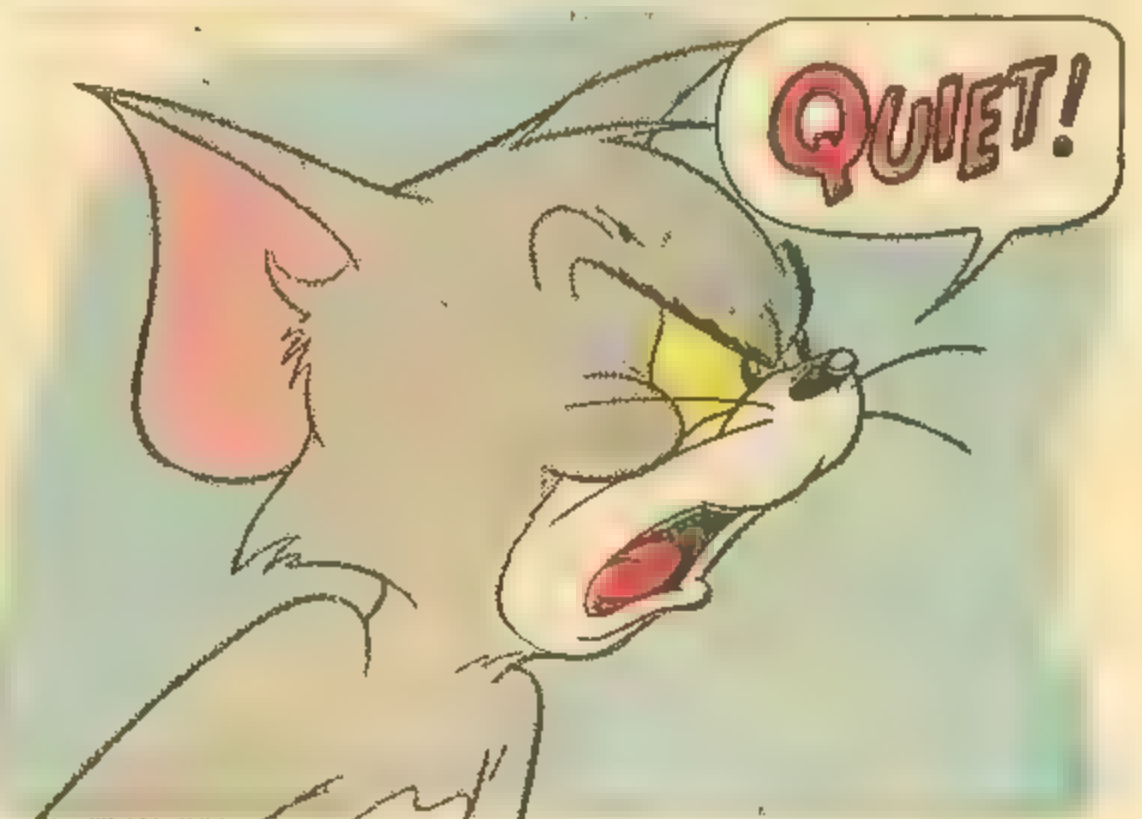
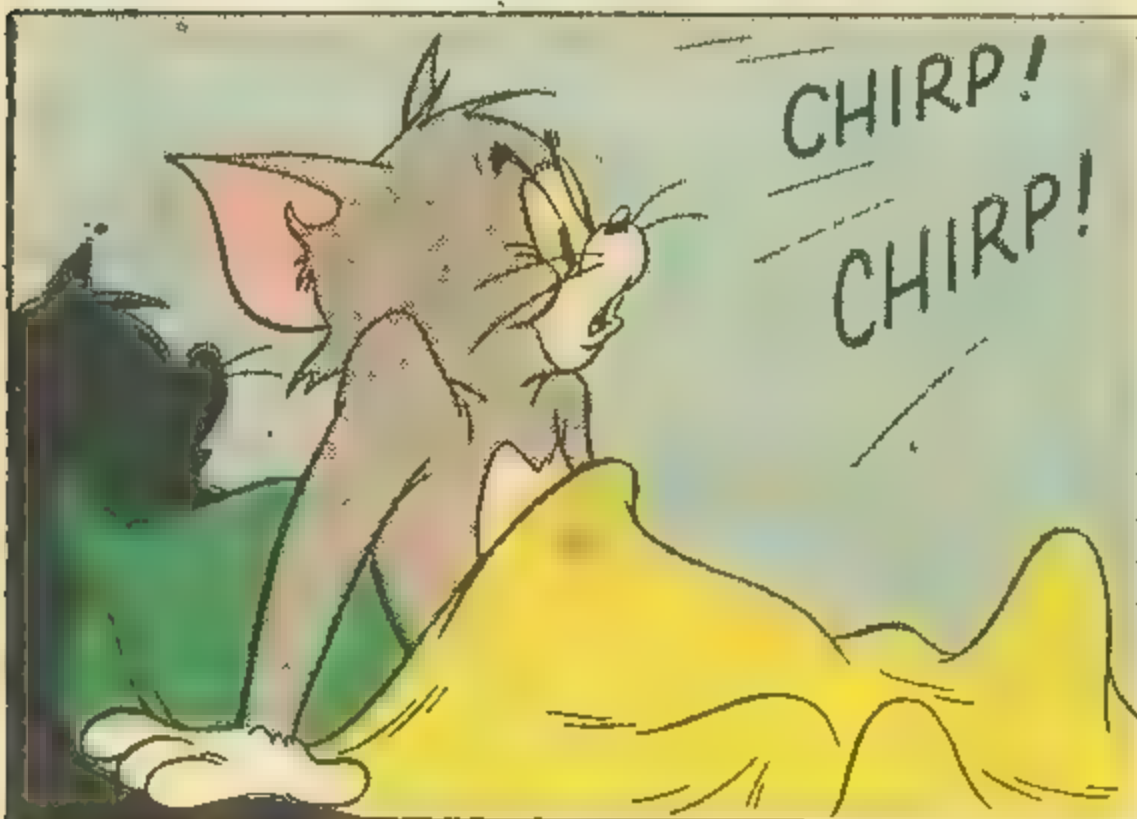
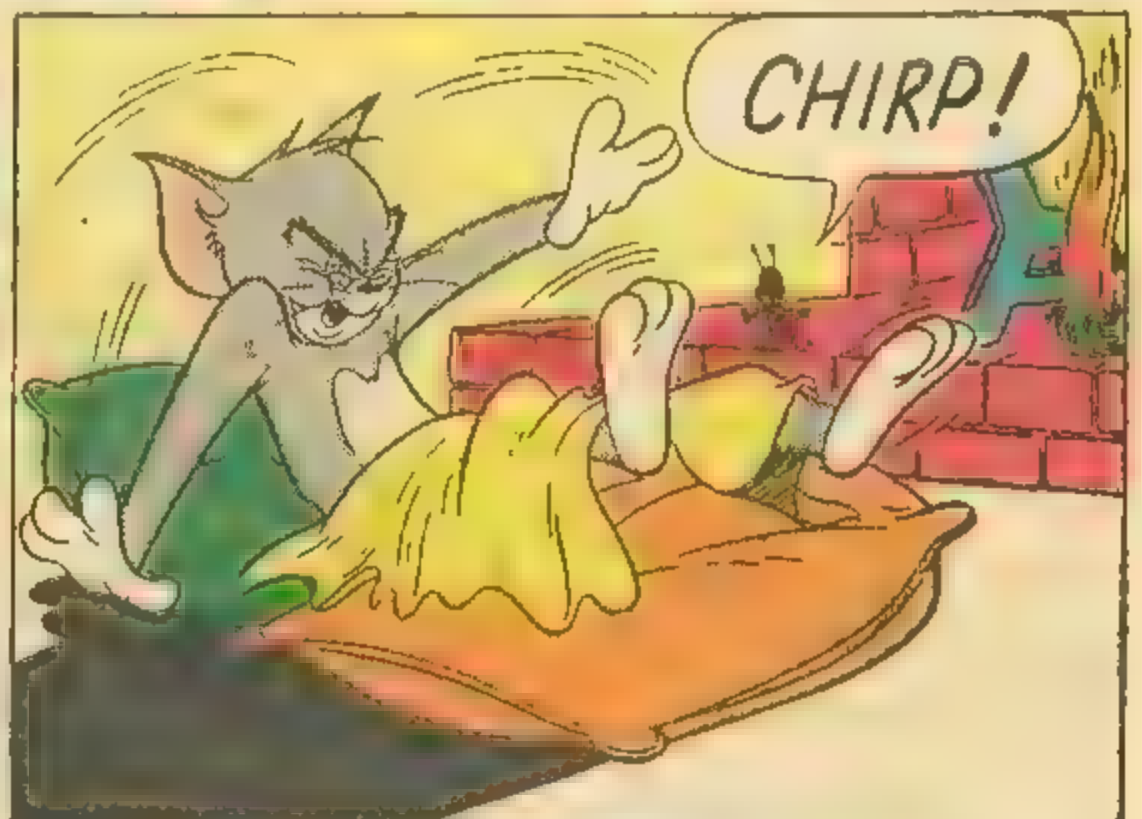


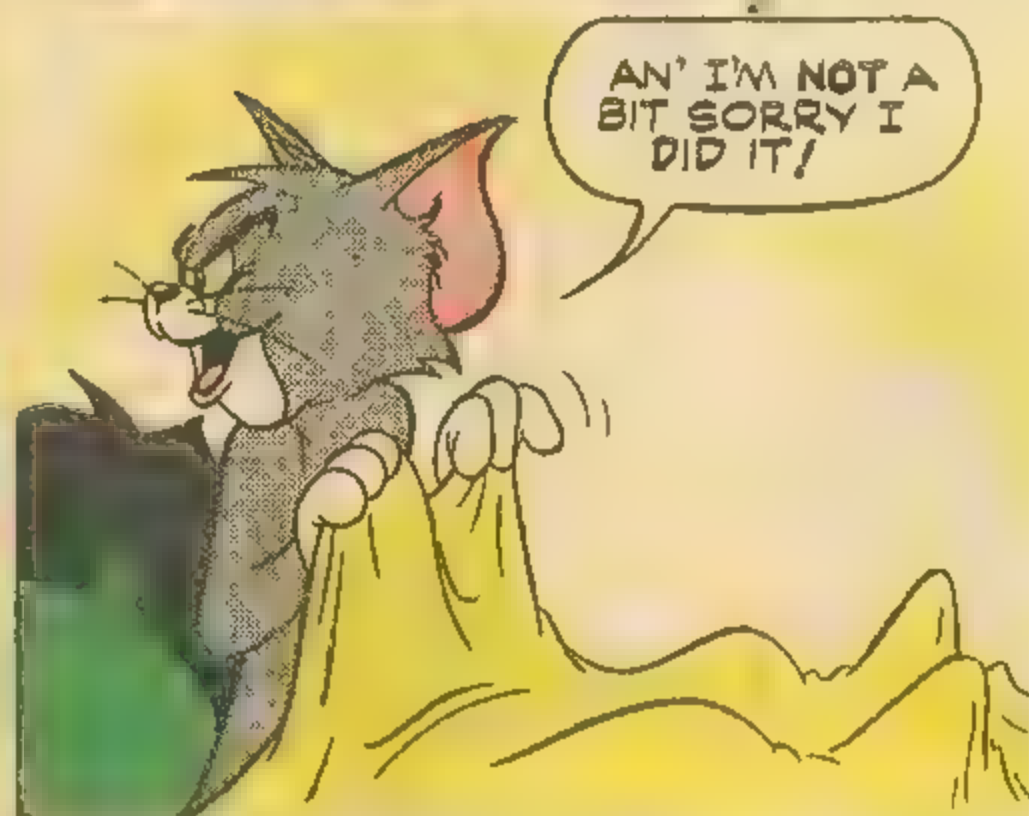
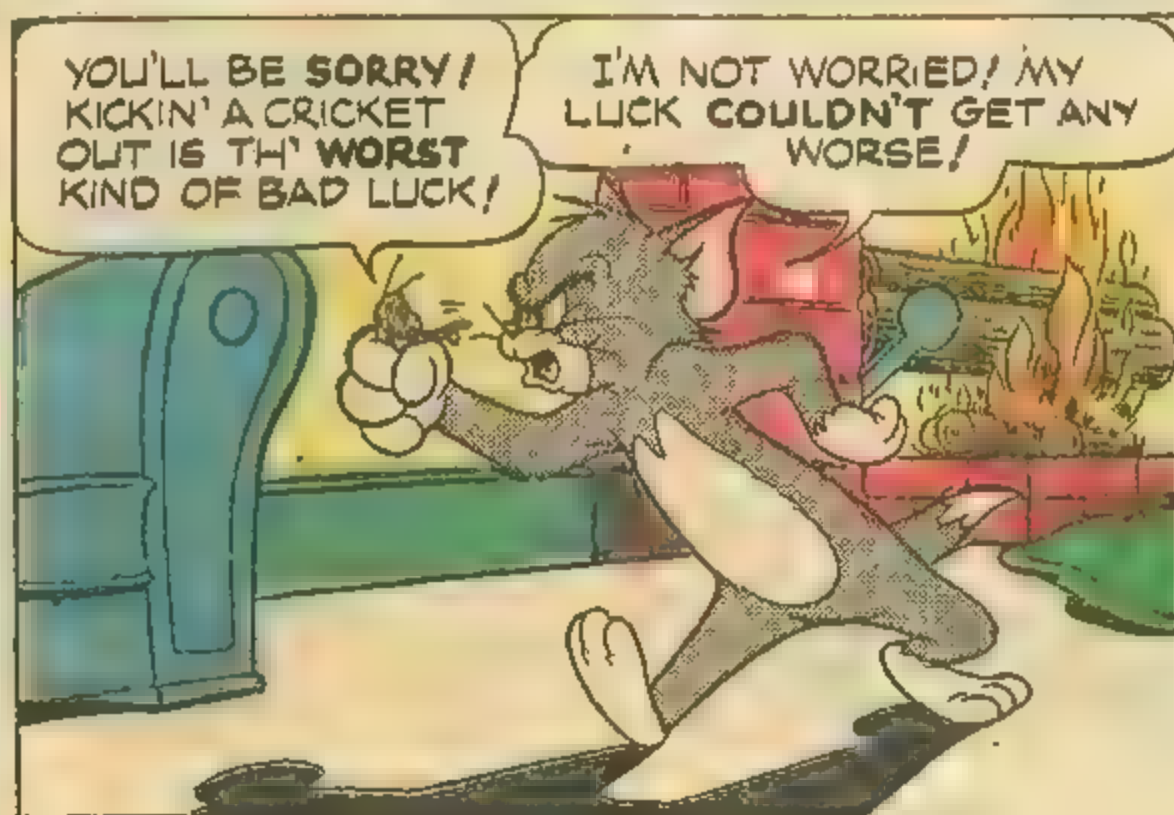
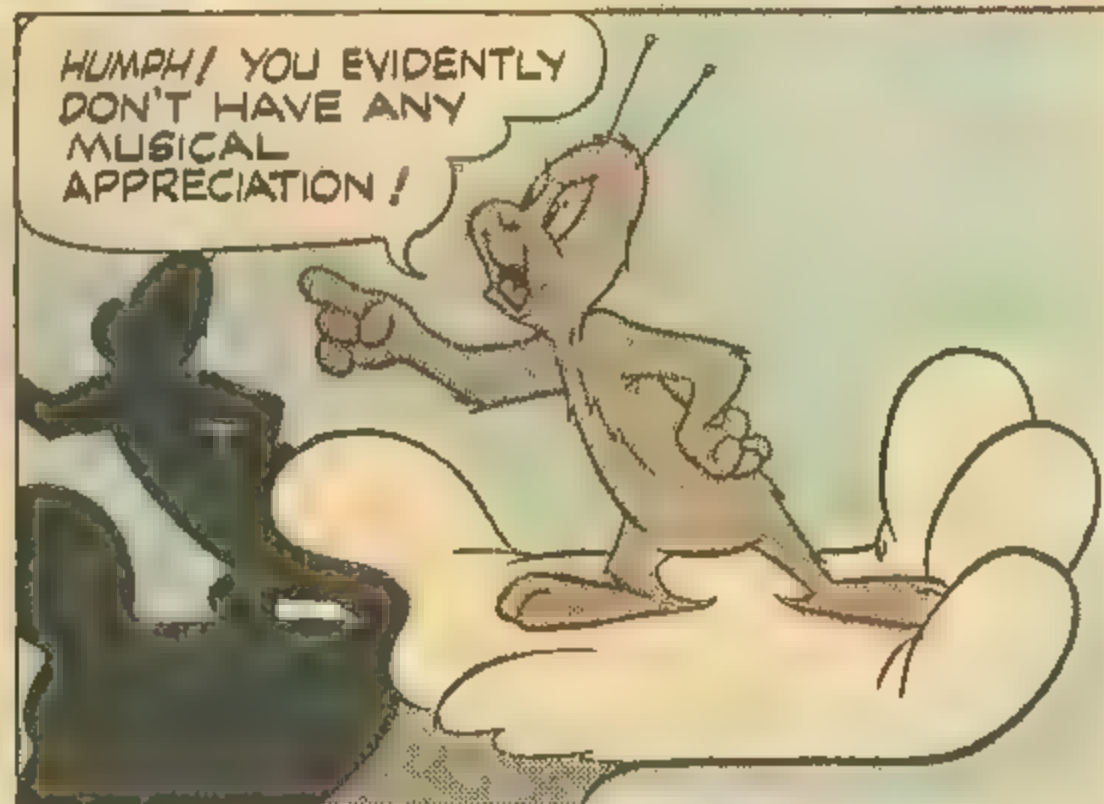
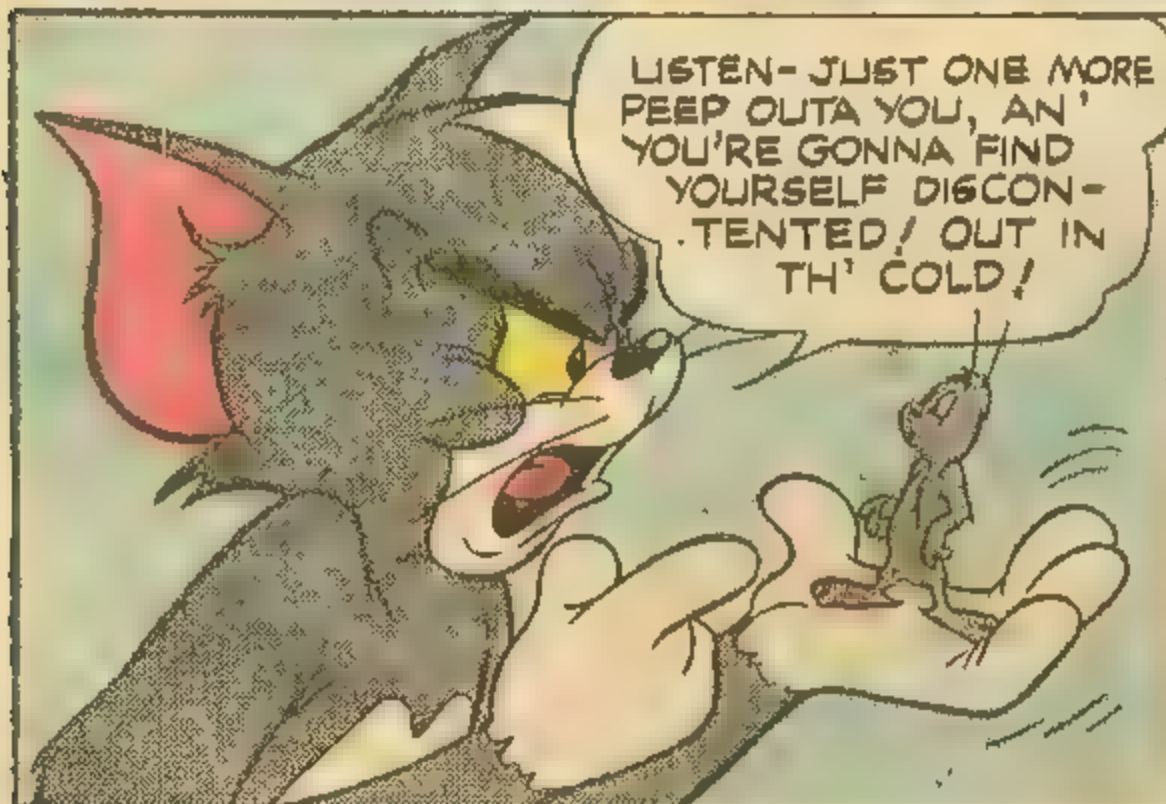


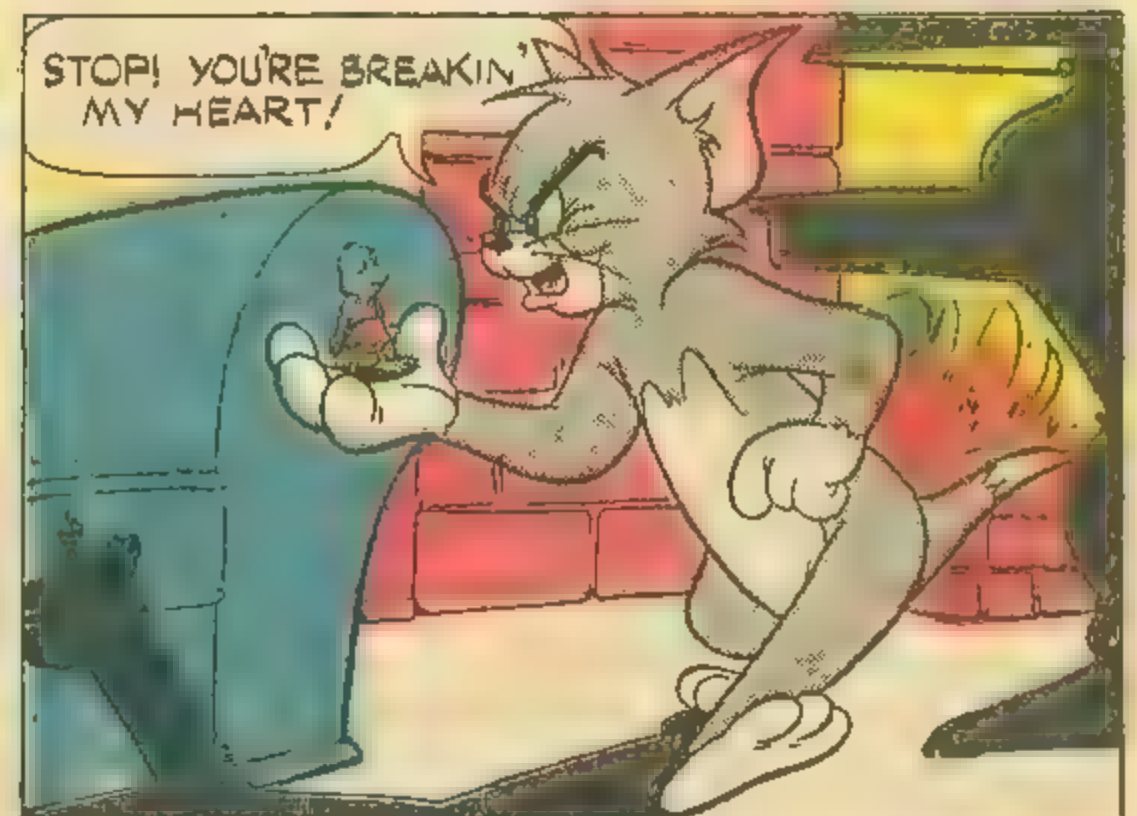
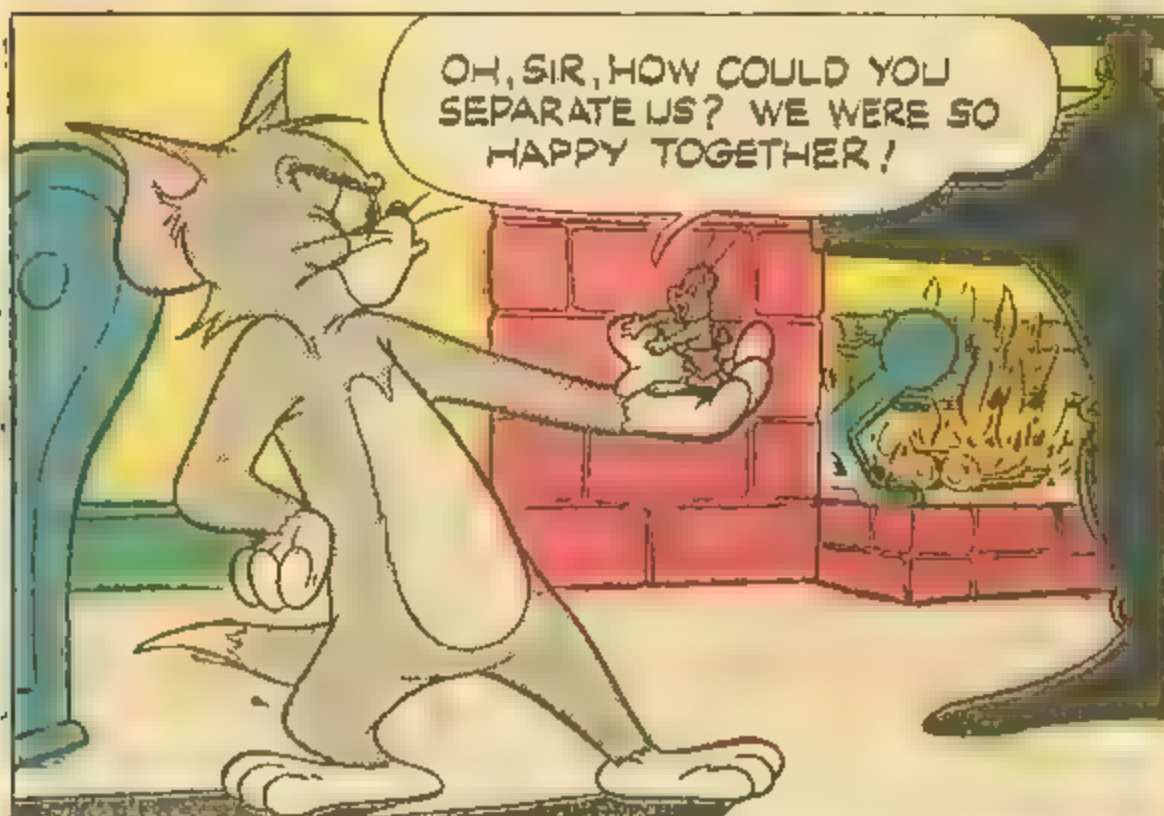
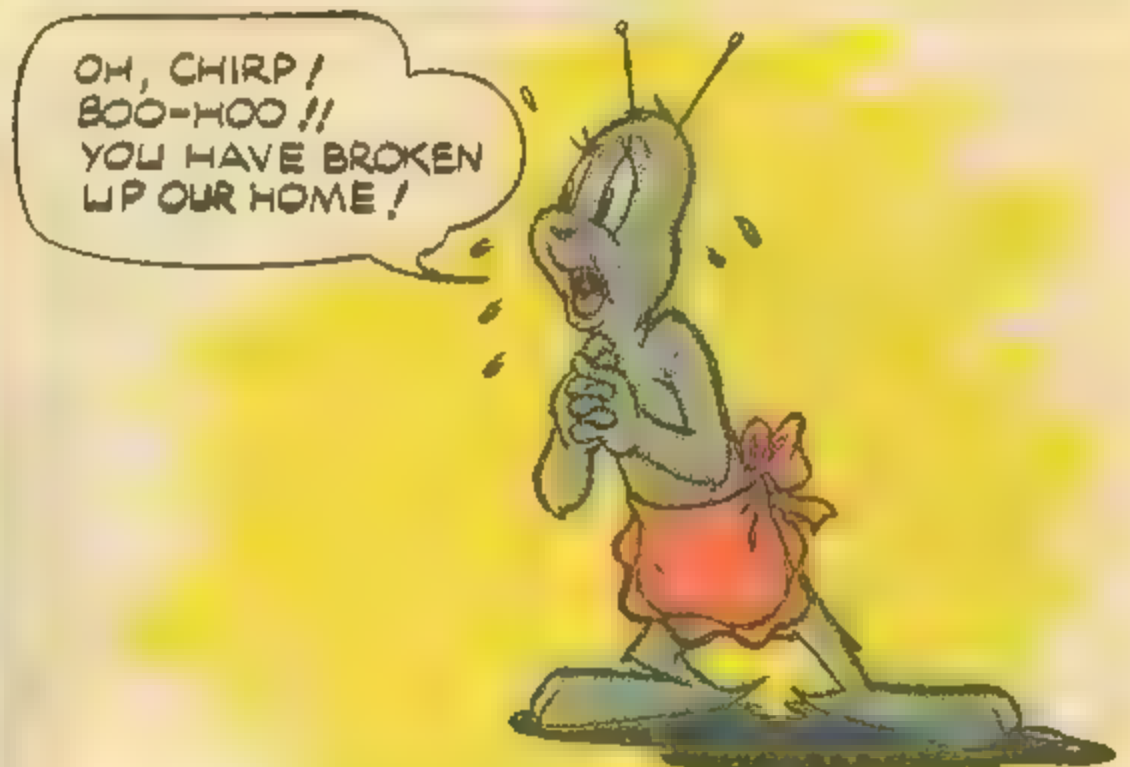
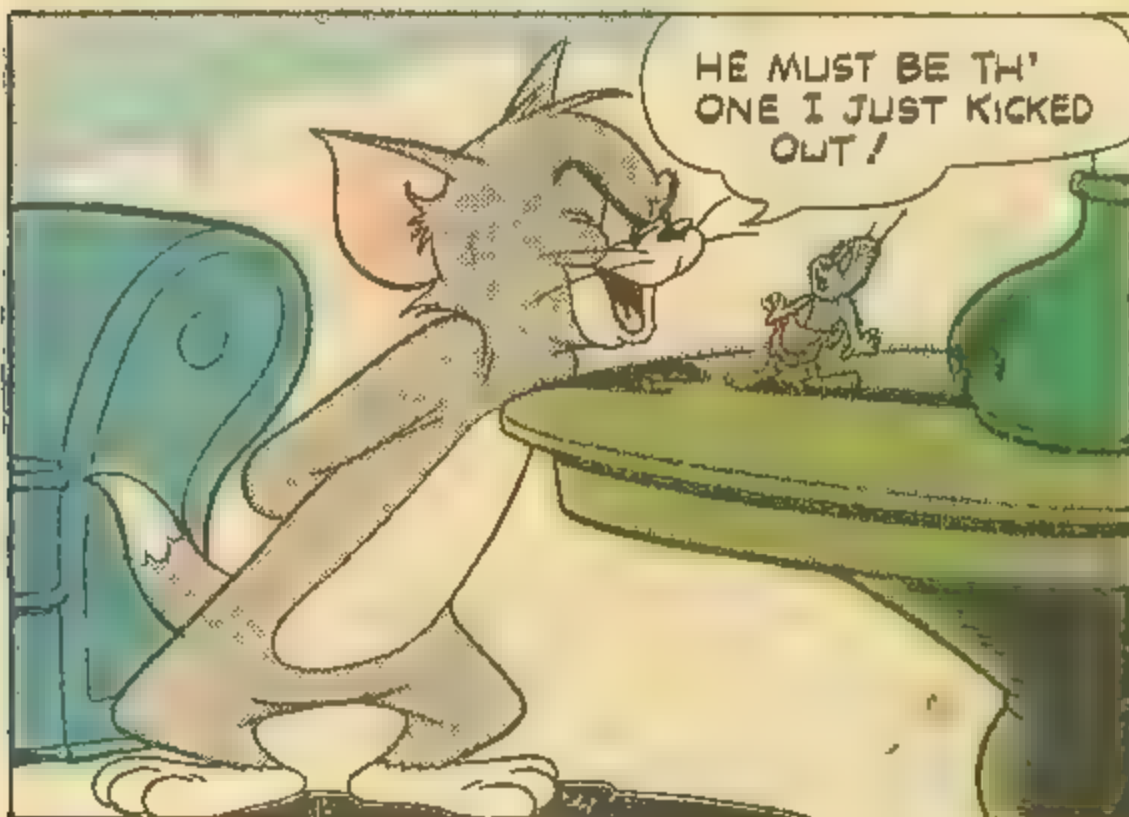
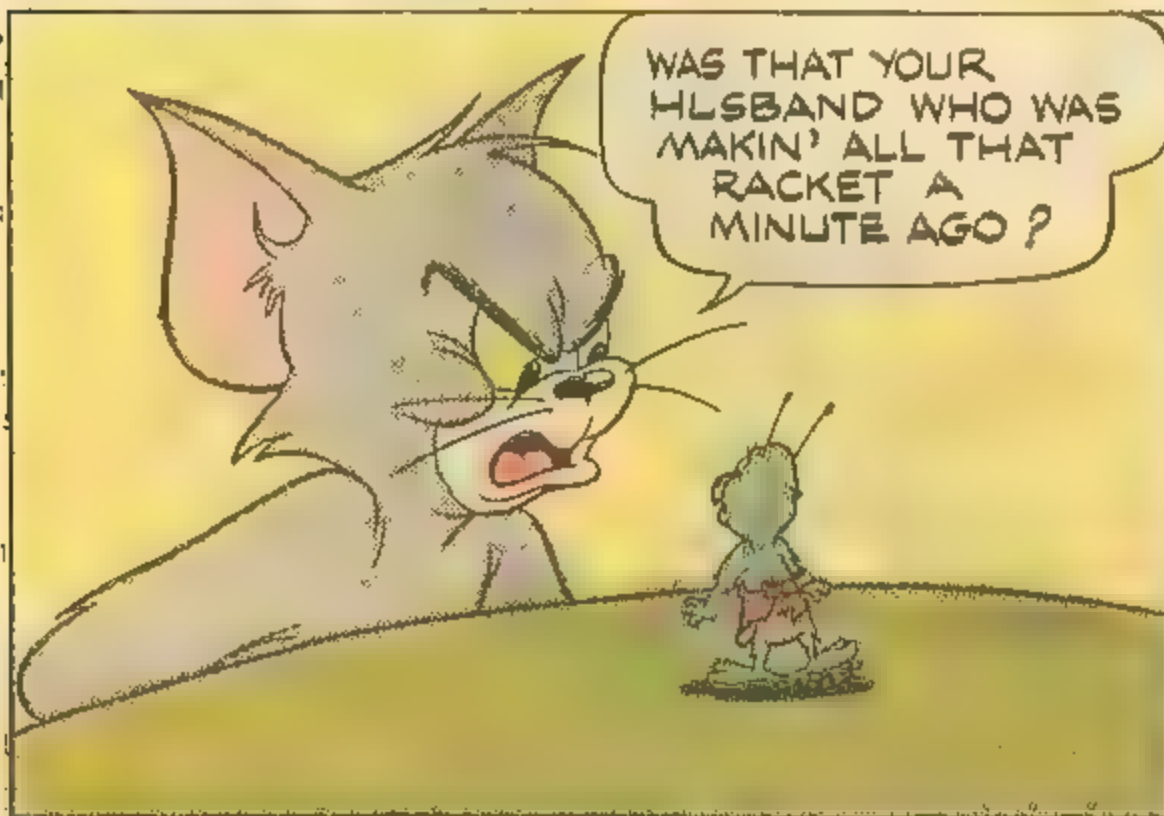
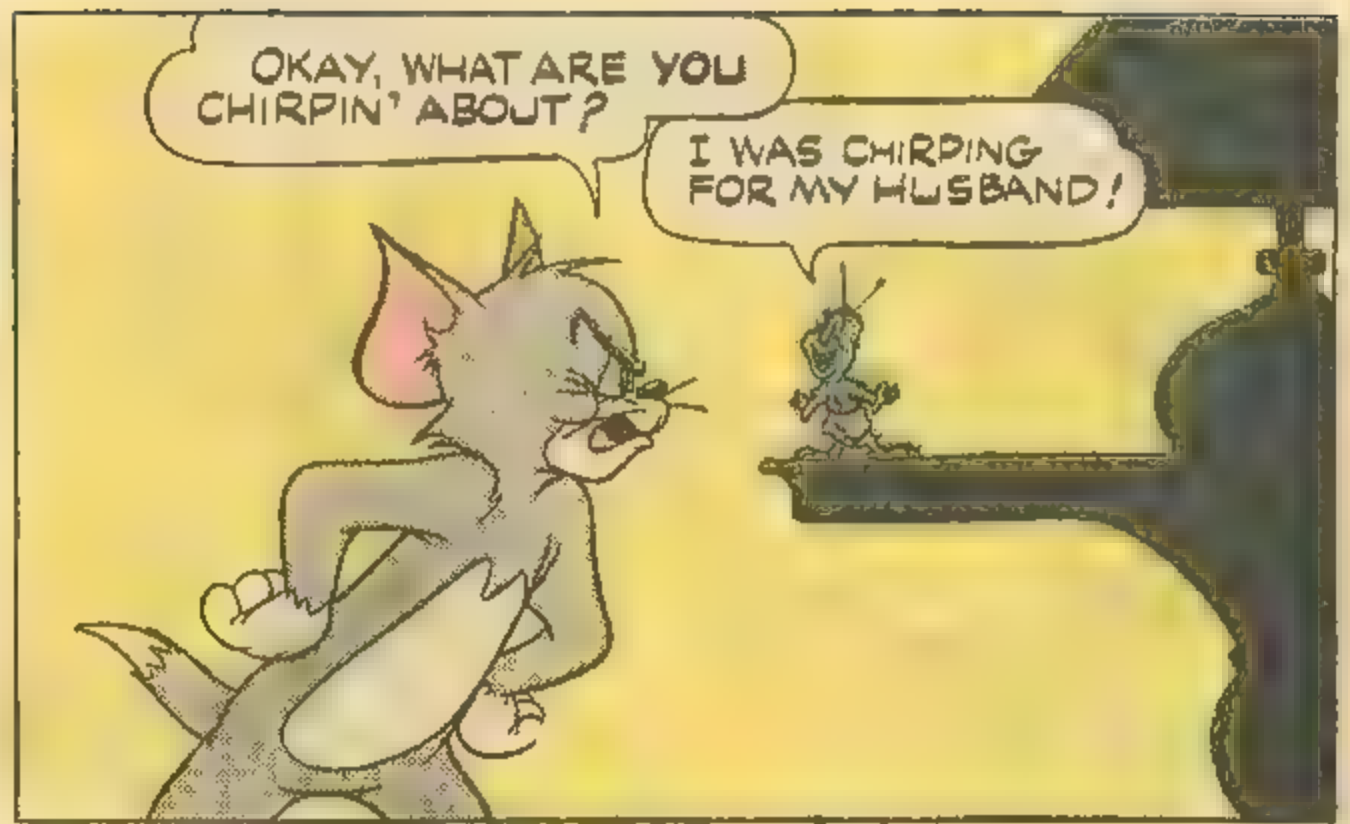
M.G.M. presents

The ADVENTURES of TOM

HO-HUM! A NICE WARM BED BY A COZY FIRE / SUCH PEACE AN' QUIET --

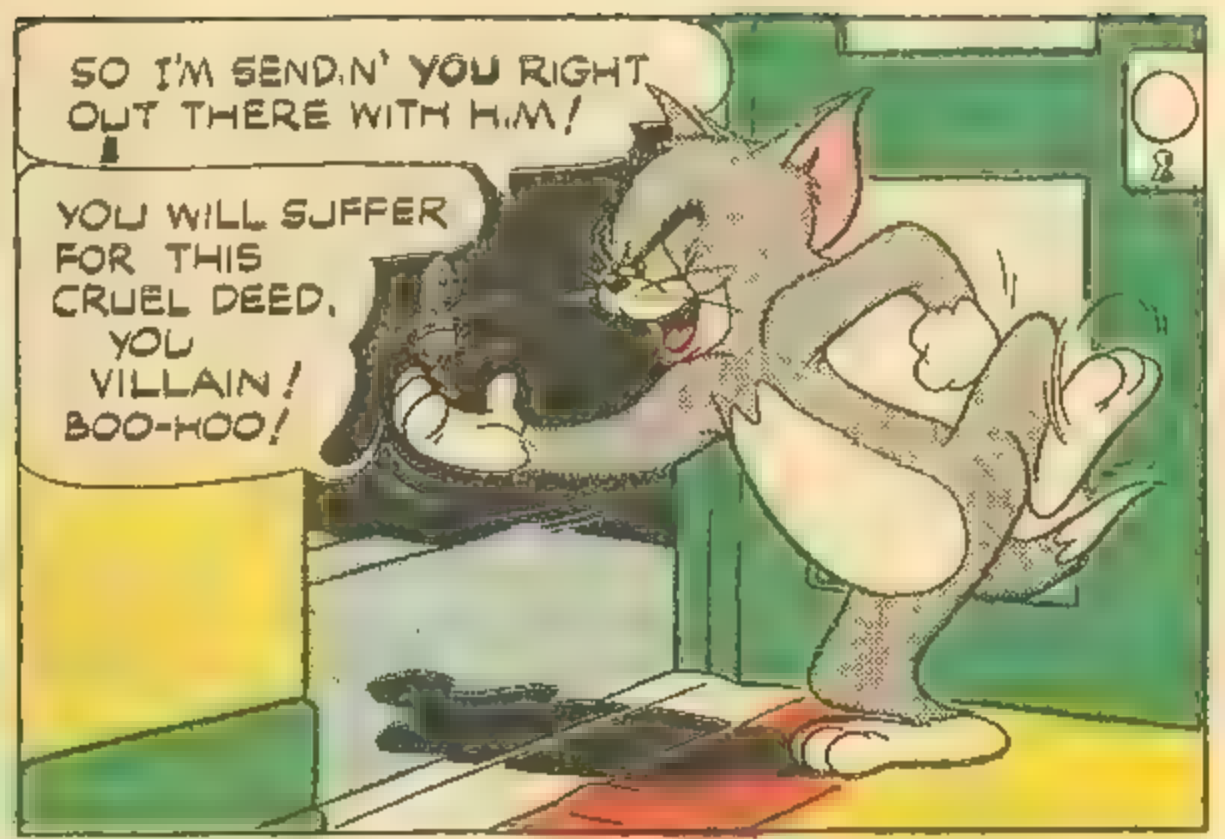






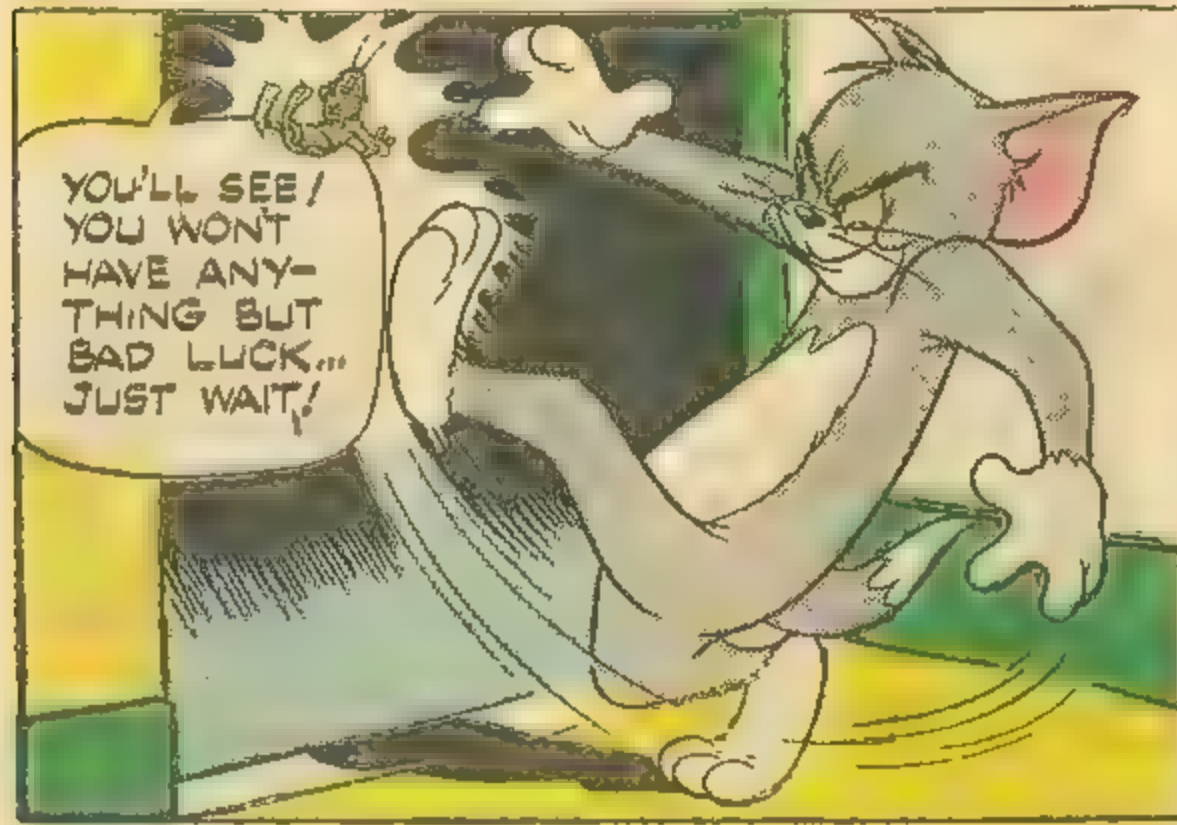


WHY, I WOULDN'T
KEEP YOU TWO
APART FOR ANY-
THING!



SO I'M SENDIN' YOU RIGHT
OUT THERE WITH HIM!

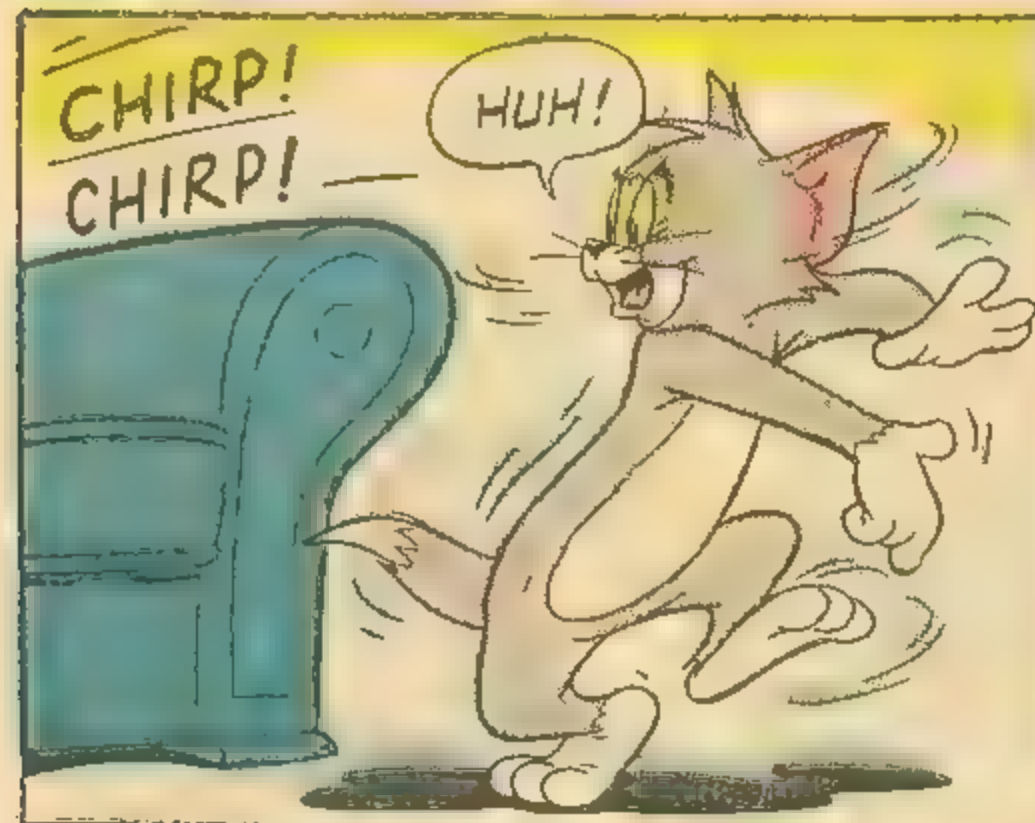
YOU WILL SUFFER
FOR THIS
CRUEL DEED.
YOU
VILLAIN!
BOO-HOO!



YOU'LL SEE!
YOU WON'T
HAVE ANY-
THING BUT
BAD LUCK...
JUST WAIT!

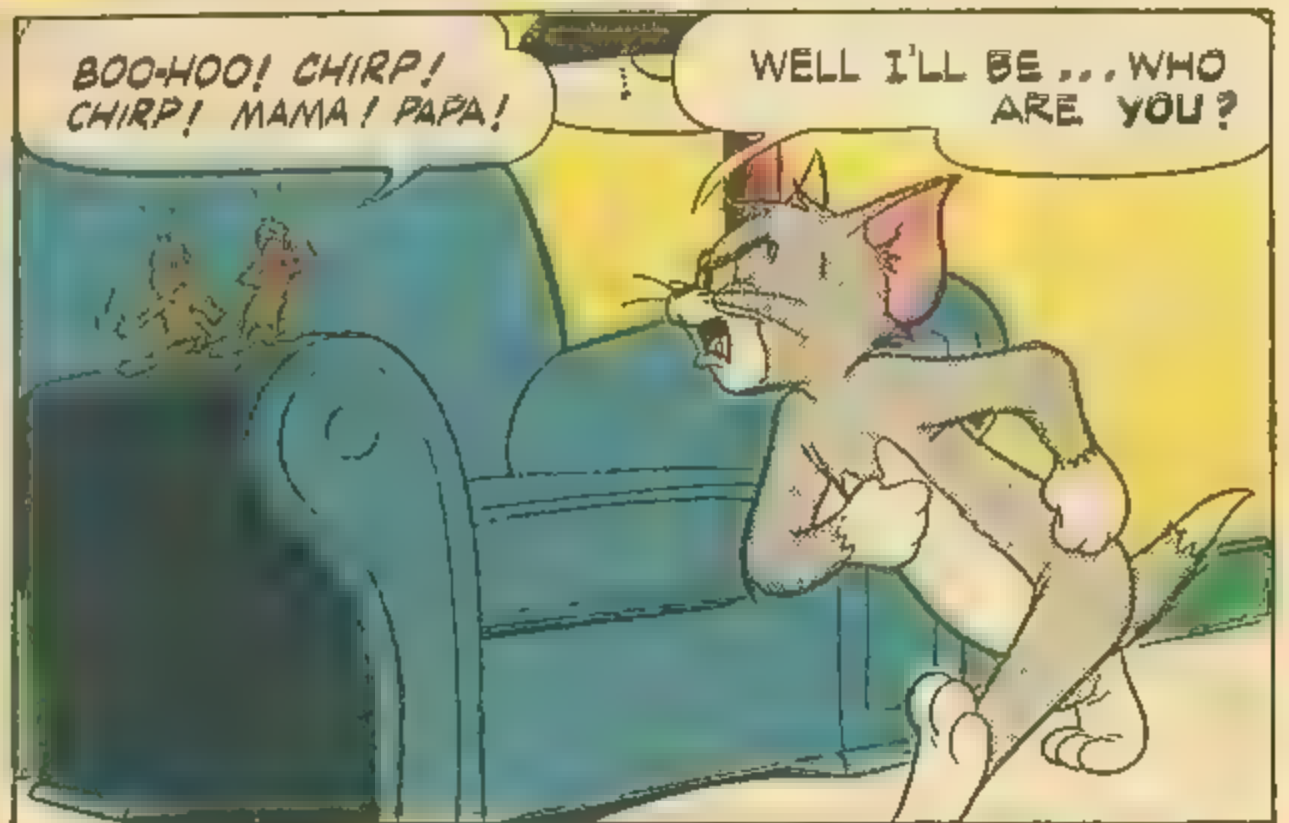


IF THERE'S ANY
WORSE LUCK
THAN A COUPLE
OF CREEKIN'
CRICKETS, I'D
LIKE TO SEE IT!



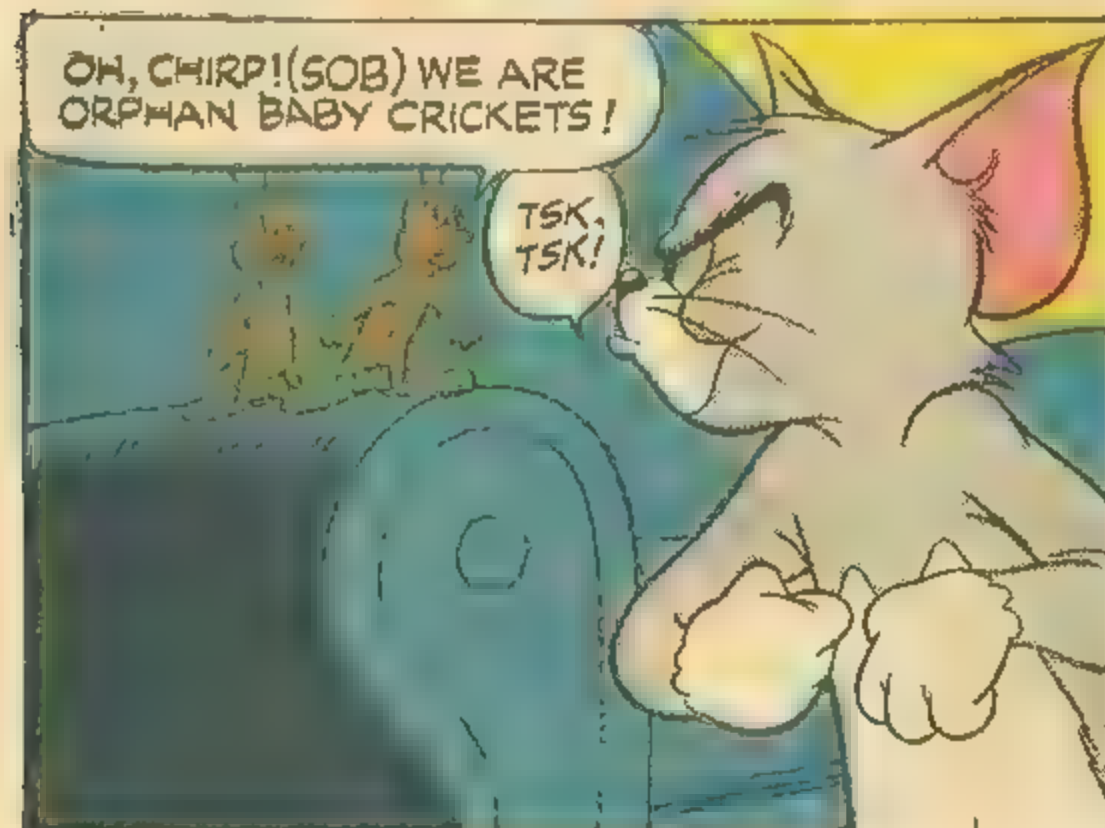
CHIRP!
CHIRP!

HUH!



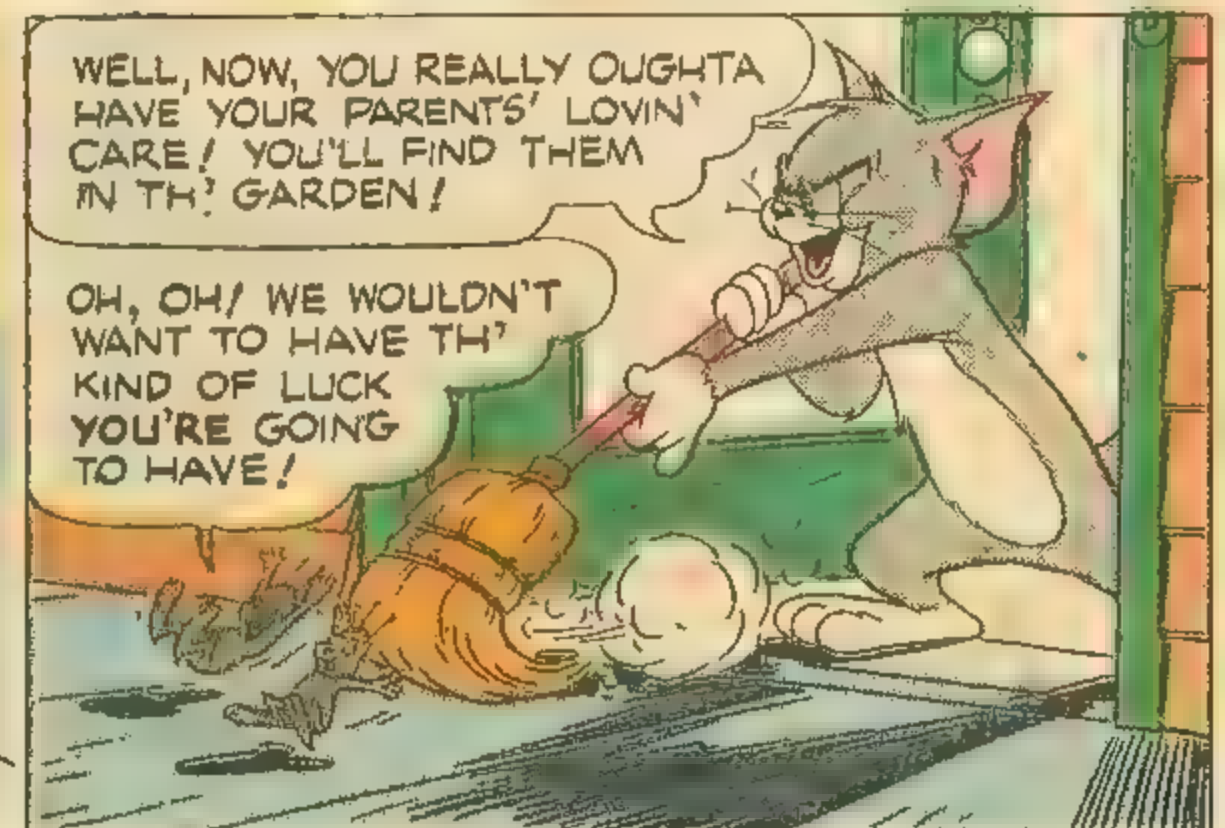
BOO-HOO! CHIRP!
CHIRP! MAMA! PAPA!

WELL I'LL BE...WHO
ARE YOU?



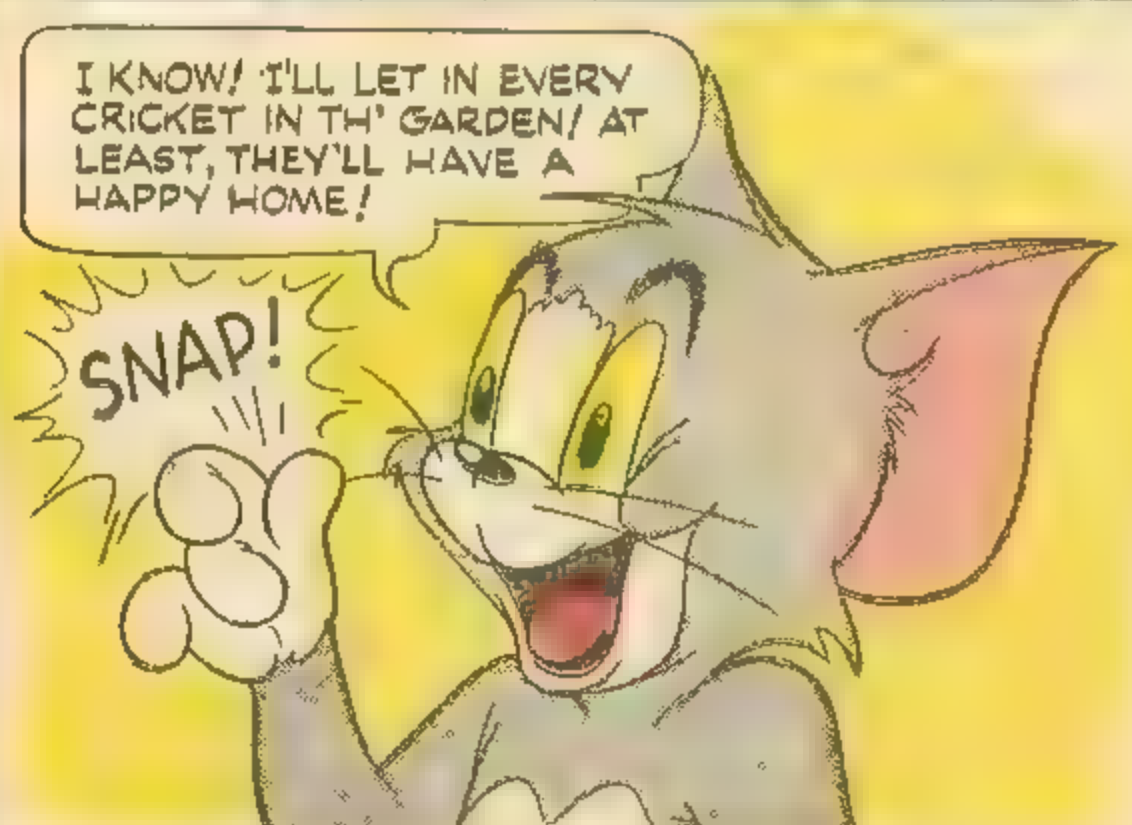
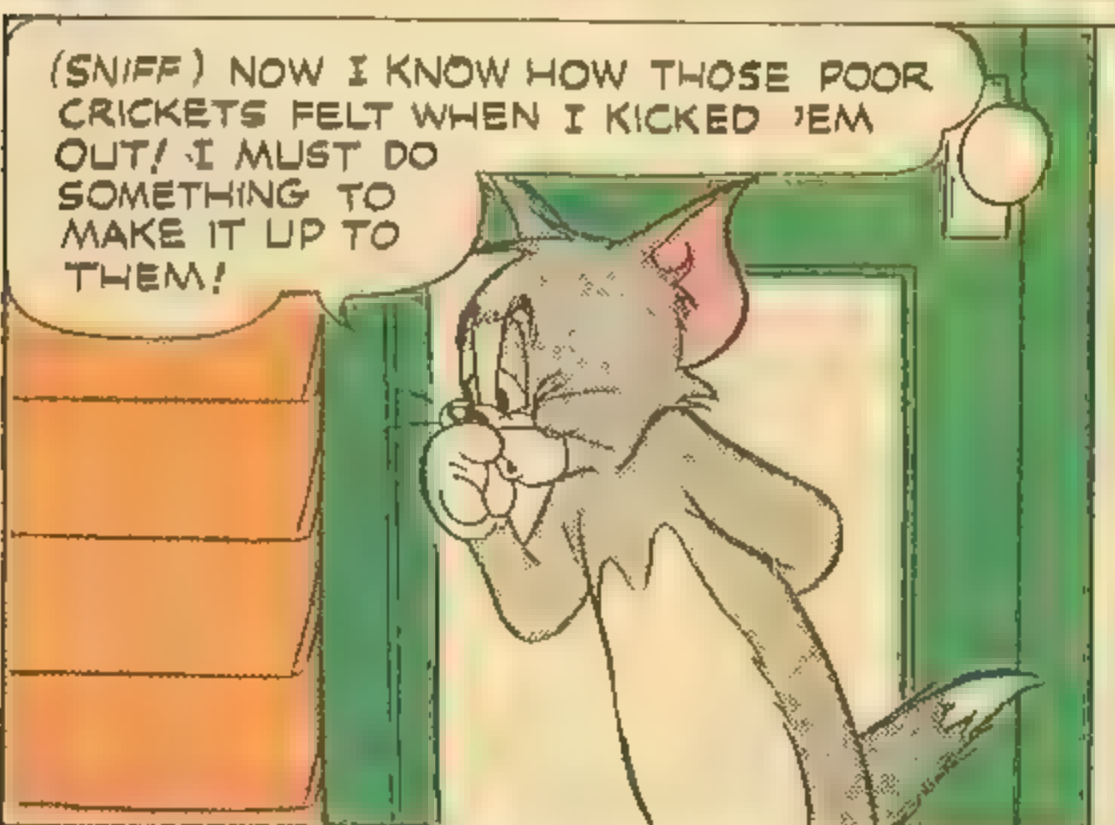
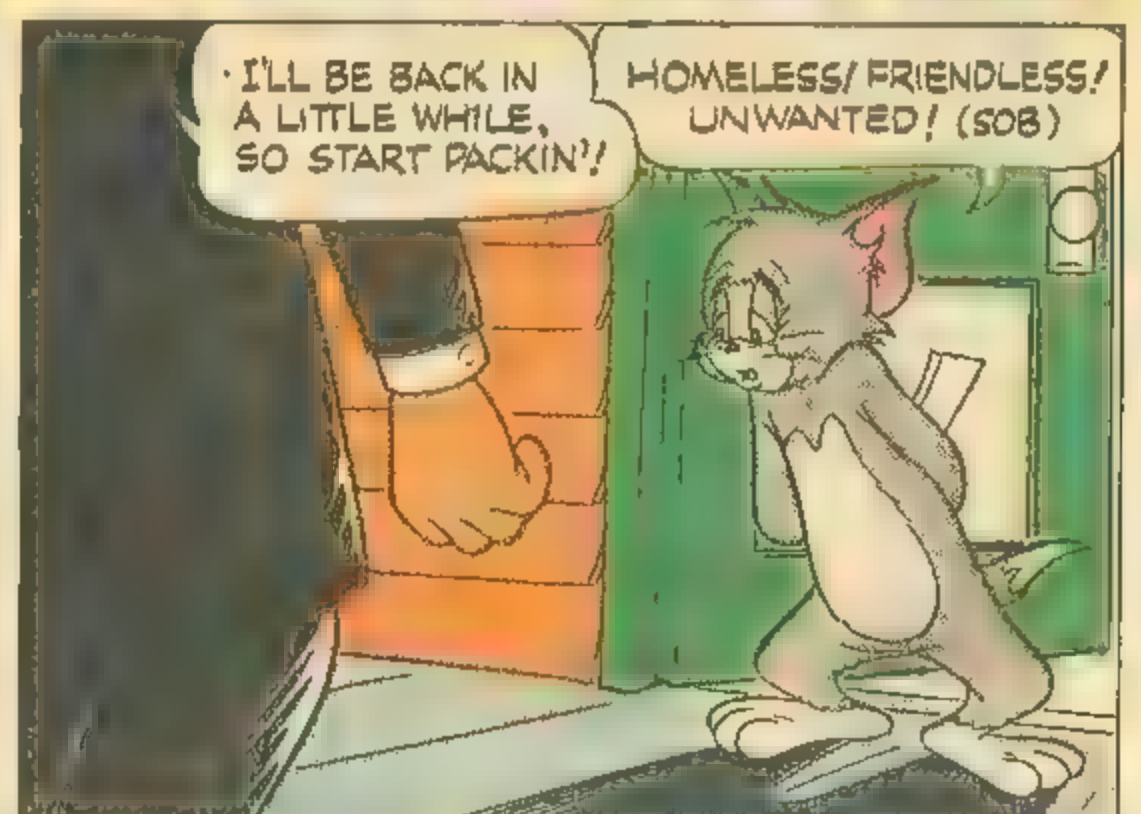
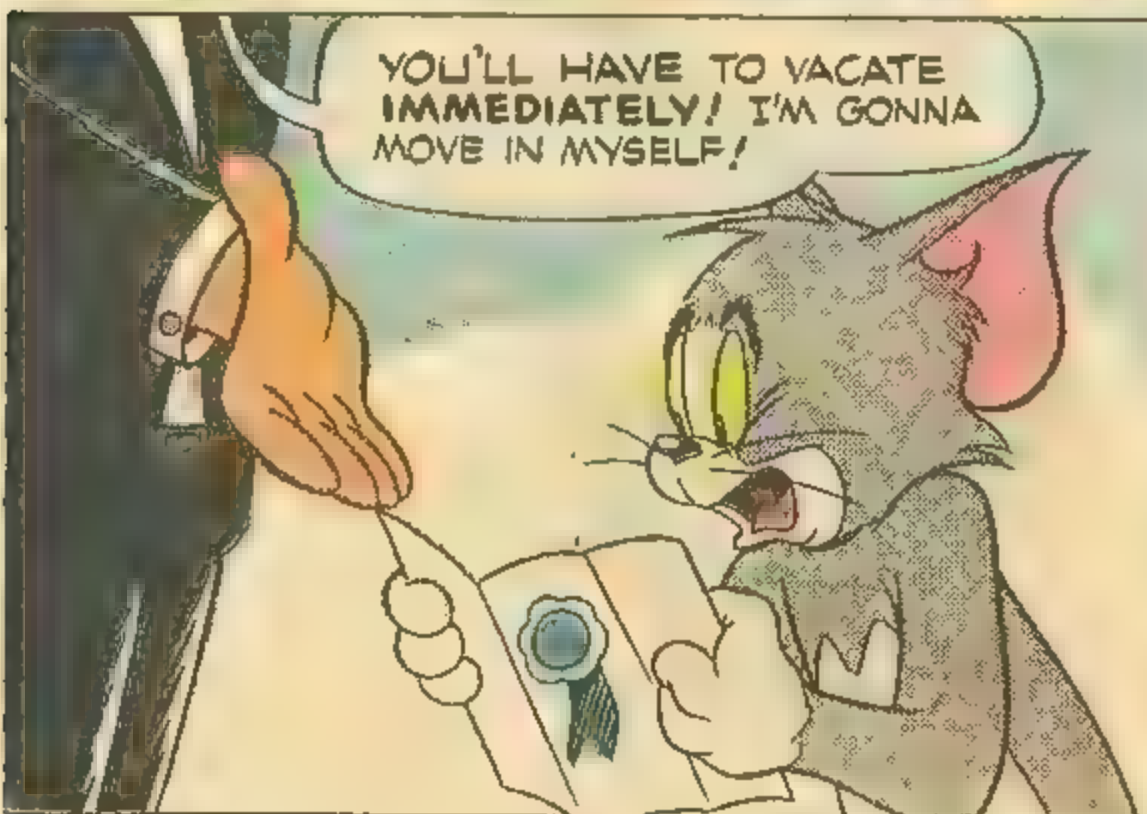
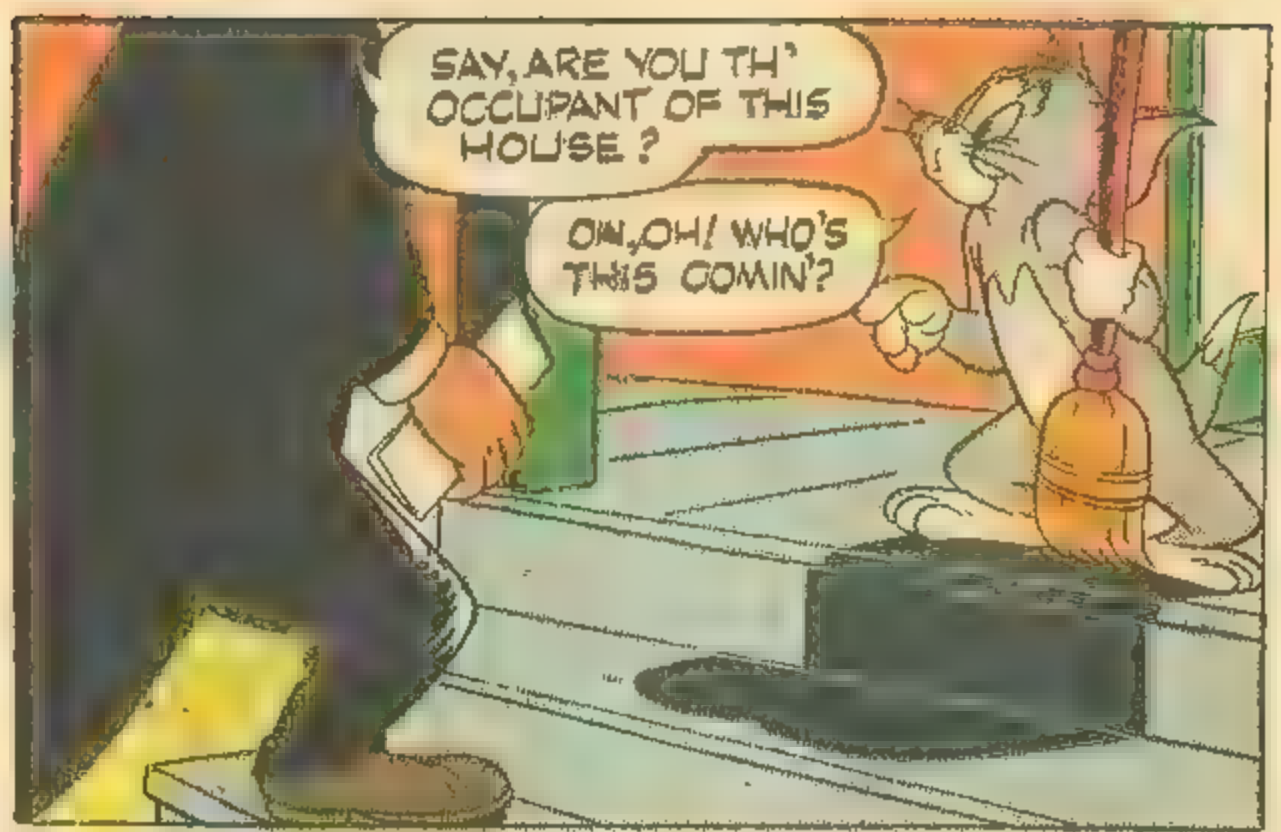
OH, CHIRP!(SOB) WE ARE
ORPHAN BABY CRICKETS!

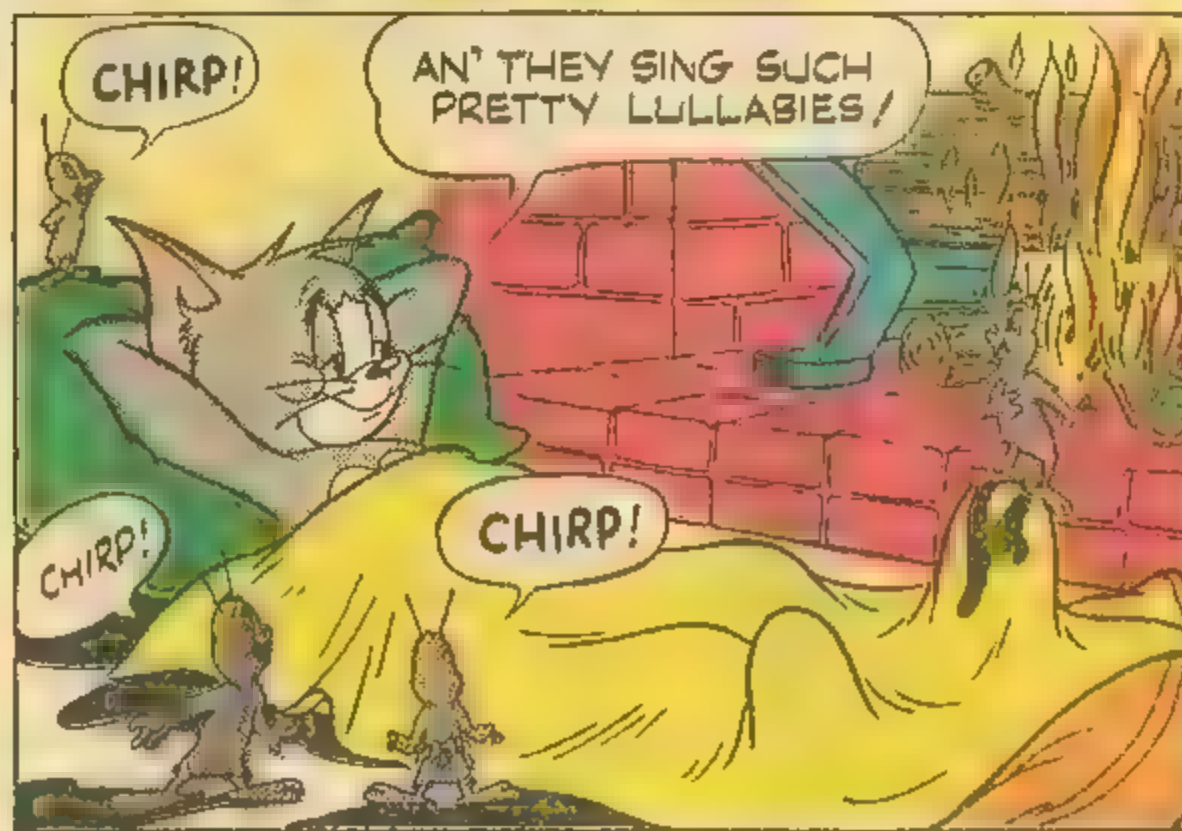
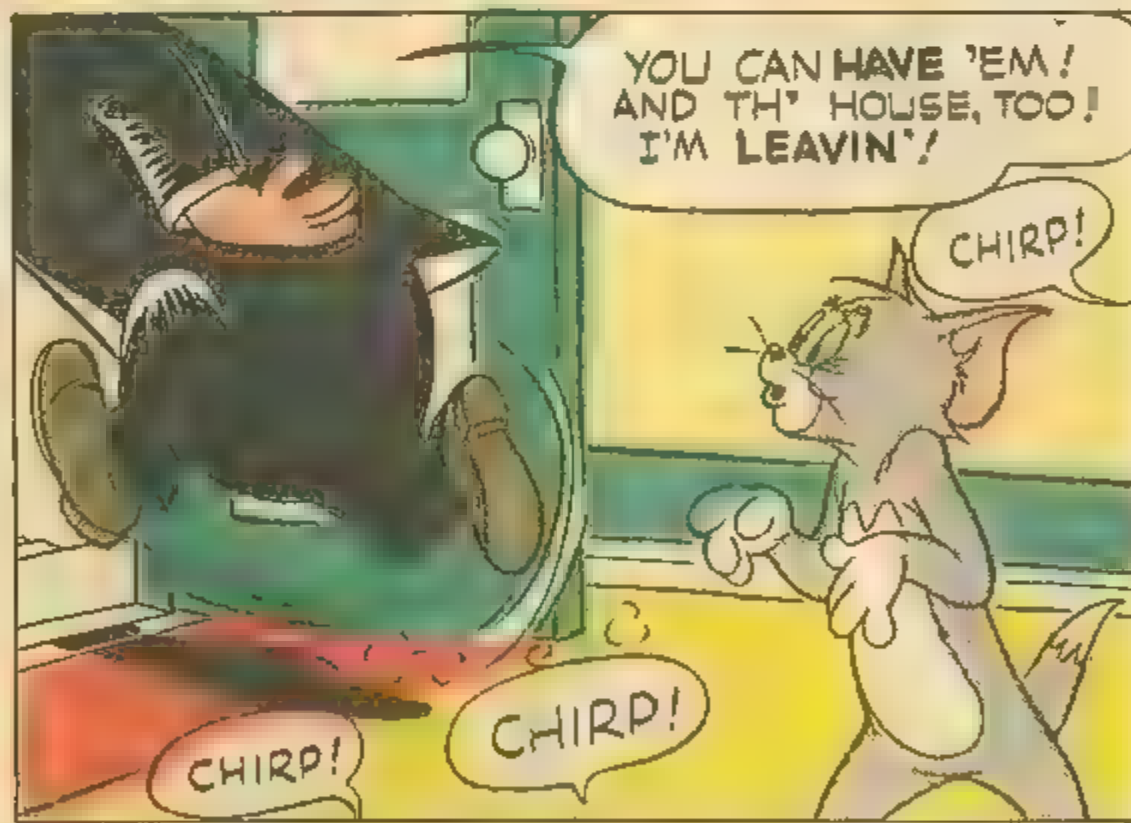
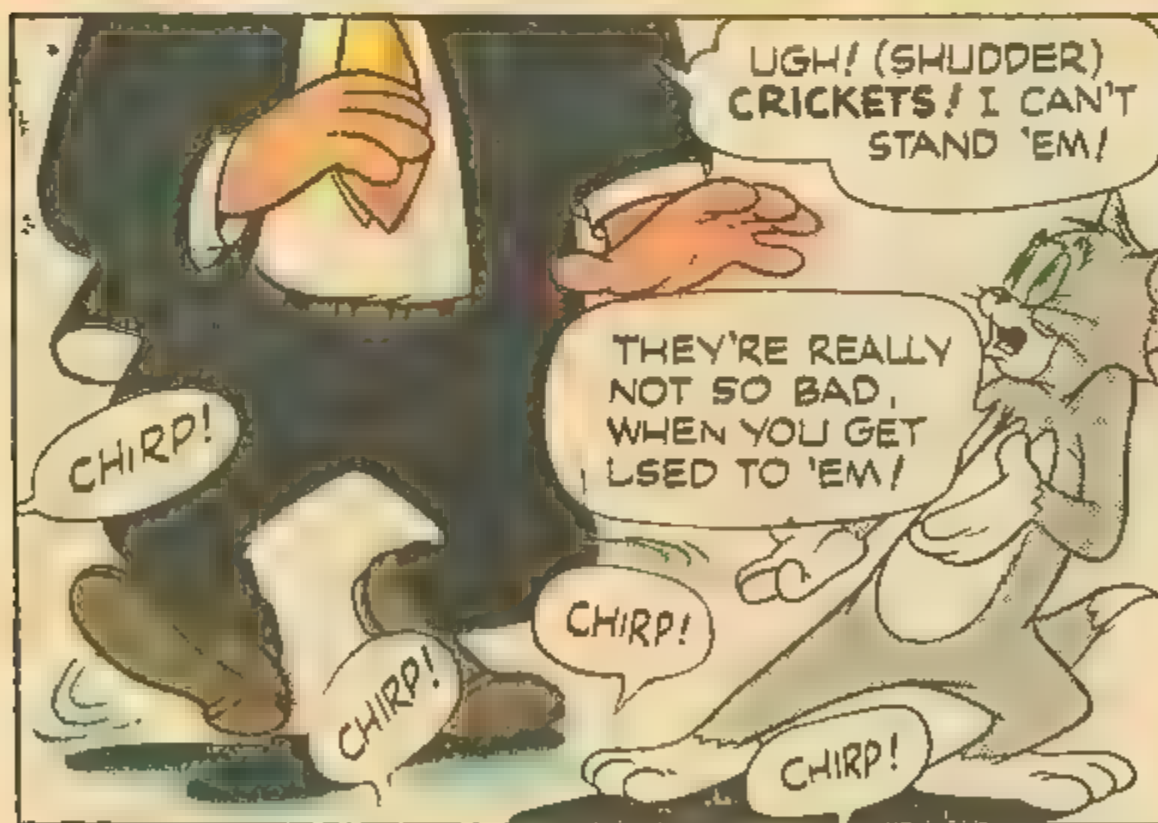
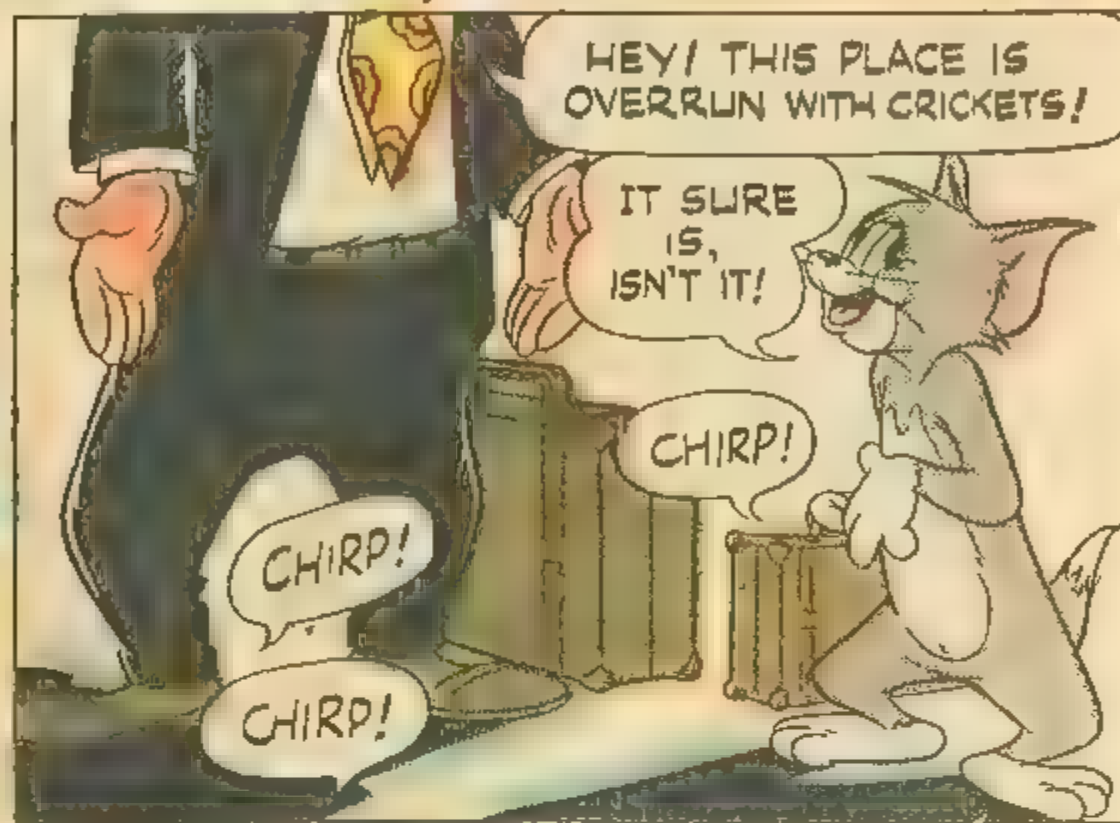
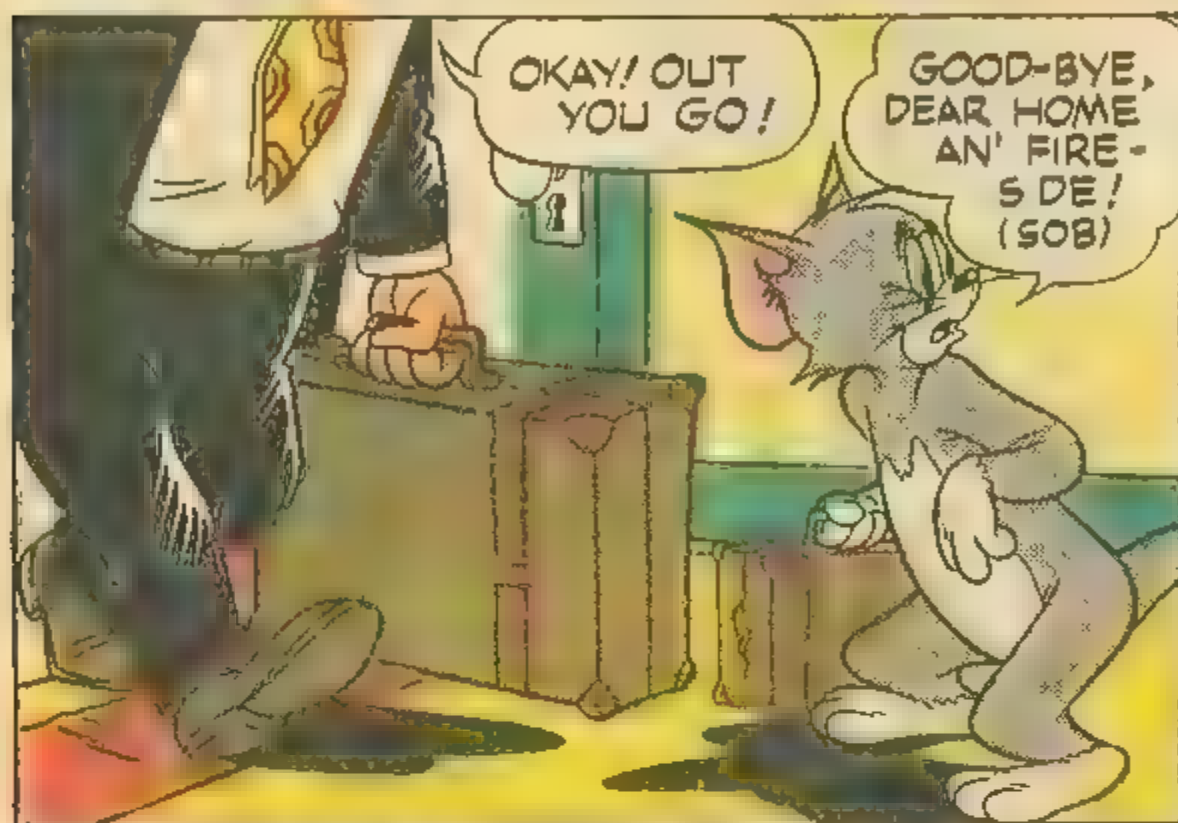
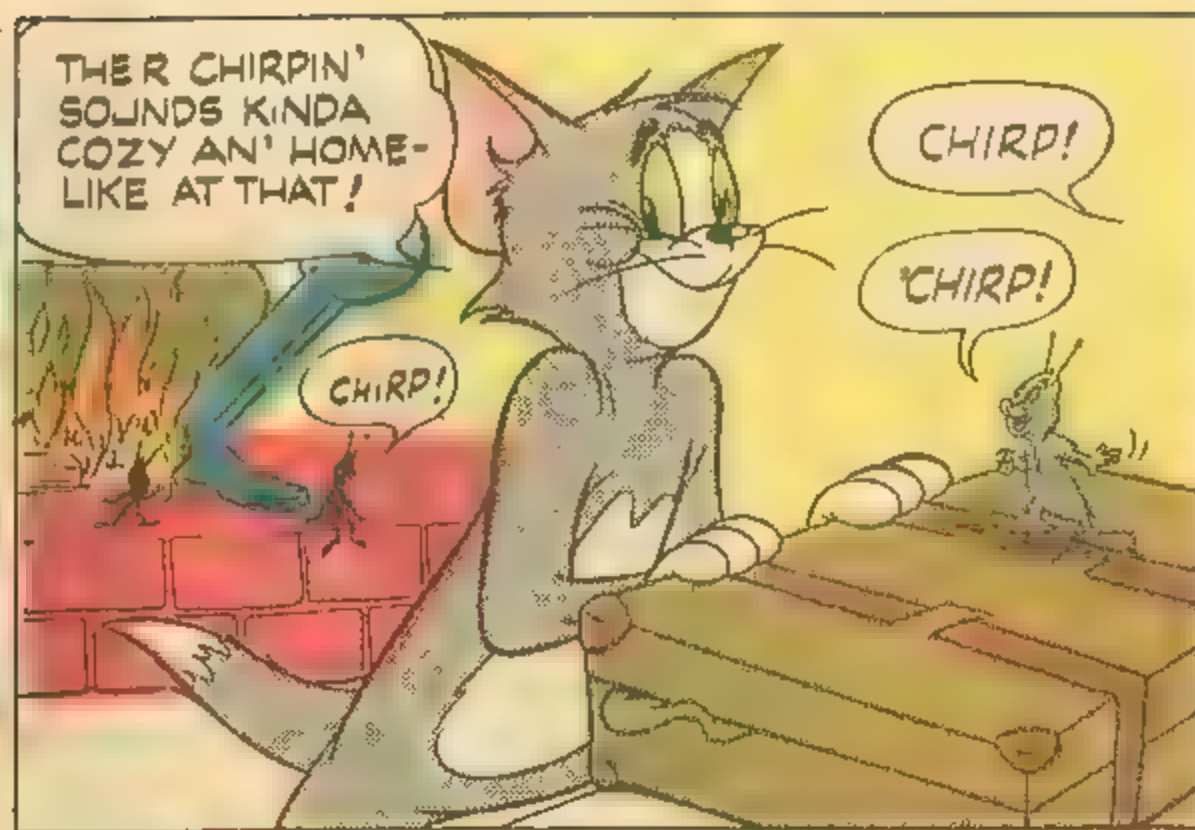
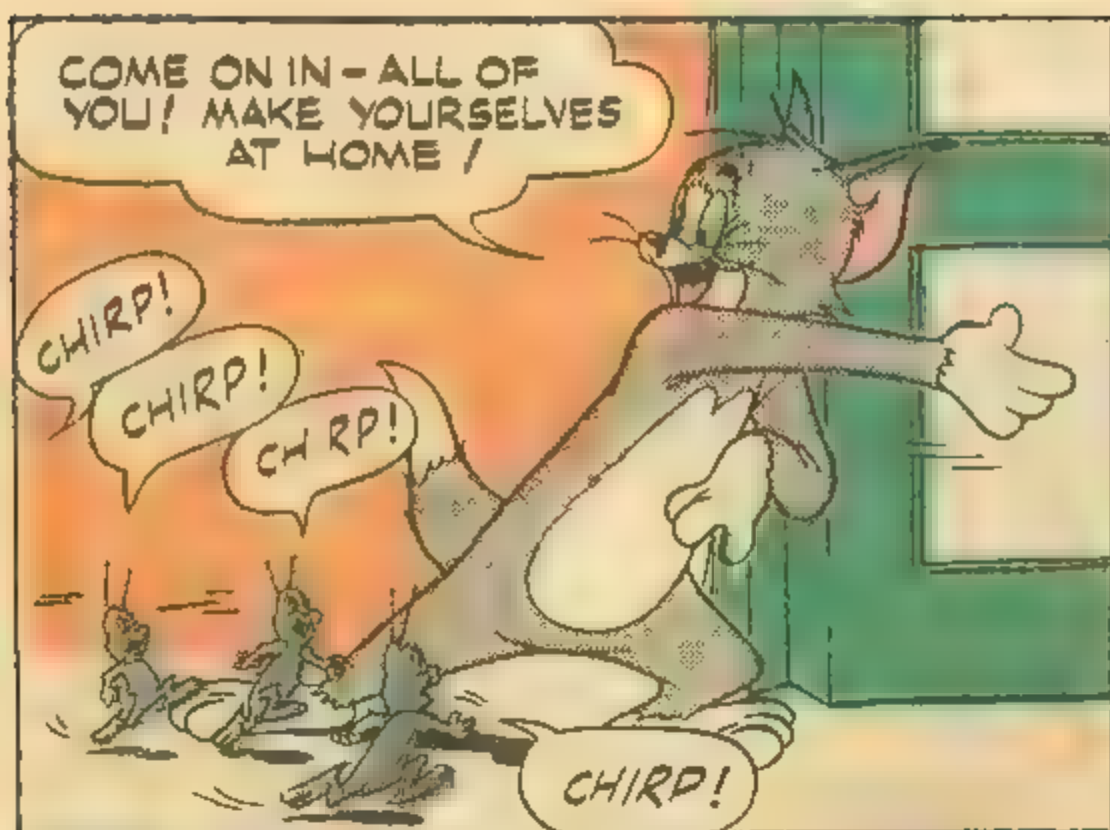
TSK,
TSK!



WELL, NOW, YOU REALLY OUGHTA
HAVE YOUR PARENTS' LOVIN'
CARE! YOU'LL FIND THEM
IN TH' GARDEN!

OH, OH! WE WOULDN'T
WANT TO HAVE TH'
KIND OF LUCK
YOU'RE GOING
TO HAVE!





M.G.M. presents
the
ADVENTURES
of
JERRY

"Whew!" puffed Jerry. "This is work!"

"And how!" agreed Tuffy. "But, we just have to clear the snow from this back entrance, Jerry! This last storm has kept Tom inside so much that he's trying to get friendly! After all, Jerry, a mouse can go only so far, and when it comes to that dumb cat, I can't go far enough. . . . in the other direction!"

Jerry dug the old teaspoon into the loose snow and lifted a good mouse-size portion off the tiny path they were clearing. "I guess you're right, Tuff!" he panted. "We do need an emergency exit, but by the time we get done, I'll be too tired to use it!"

The little mice were working under the snow-frosted shrubbery in front of the big house in which they had their apartment. Fortunately, for them, the snow had hidden the hole in the cement foundation which had recently become their secret entrance.

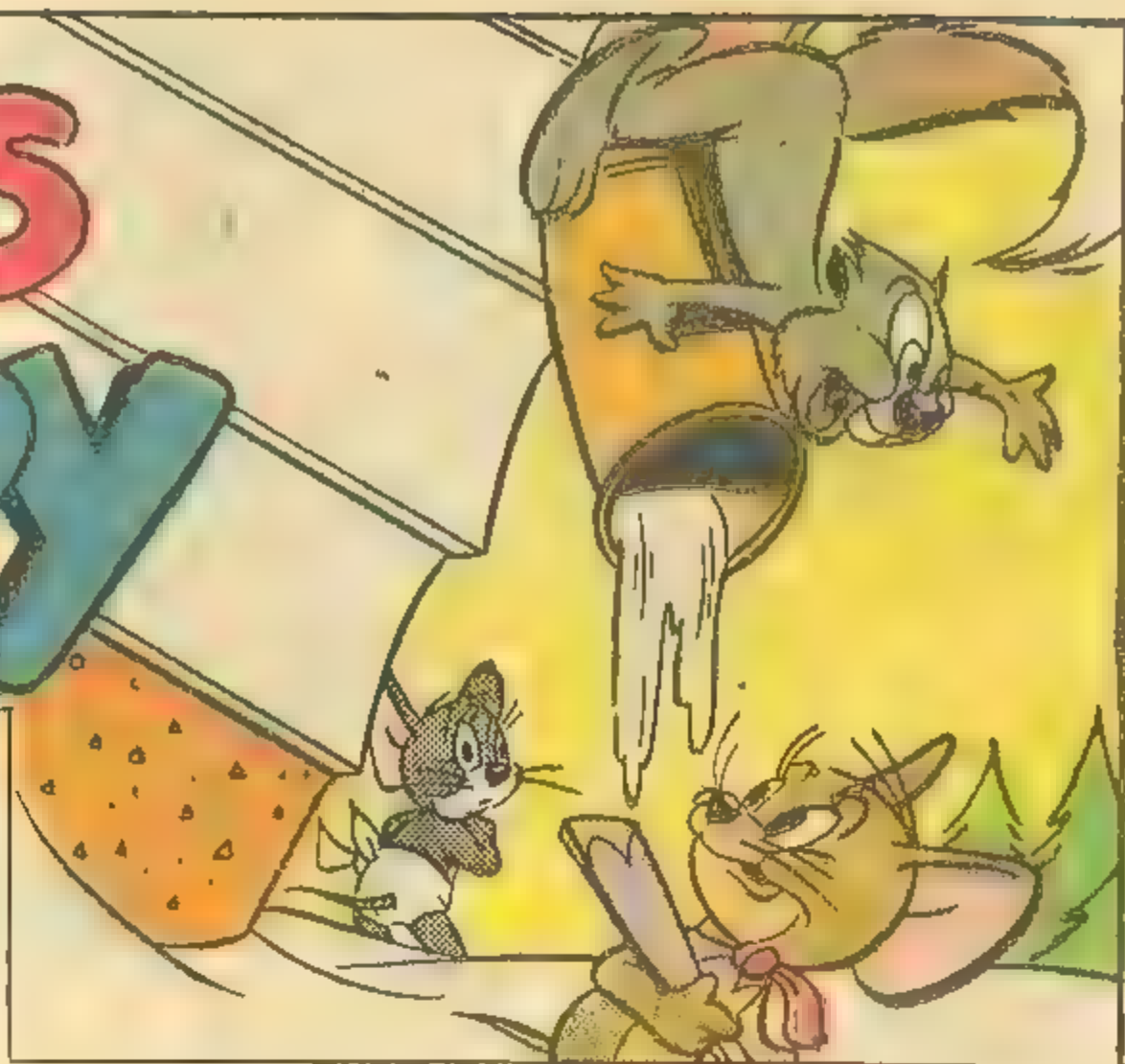
"Here, you take a hand at this!" Jerry said, handing the spoon to Tuffy.

"Well, straighten my teeth and call me 'Handsome'!" chirped a high voice. "You two aren't working, are you?" said Filbert, the squirrel, perched on the icy rain gutter above their heads, and grinning at them.

"I'm surprised you even know how to pronounce the word!" retorted Tuffy.

Filbert grinned more widely. "When it comes to 'working', PRONOUNCING it is about as close as I'll get to it!" he laughed. ". . . . Anyhow, why don't you call it quits for awhile? We're all going down to the old pond and do some ice-sliding! It's frozen solid as a mirror!"

"Not us!" answered Jerry. "First, we have to finish this job!"



Filbert shrugged his shoulders and said, "Suit yourself, but you'll miss a lot of fun!" And, off he scampered.

Finally, the path was cleared and Jerry and Tuffy walked wearily up it. They crawled through the break in the foundation and then trudged along the dark narrow corridor between the walls, until they reached their apartment under the hall stairs.

Jerry collapsed on the bath powder-puff that they used as a bed. He was just about to doze off, when Tuffy cried, "Jerry! Jerry! Don't do that!"

"Don't do what?" yawned the sleepy Jerry.

"Don't go to sleep!" squeaked Tuffy. "After all that exercise, if you go to sleep. . . . you'll stiffen up like a rusty hinge!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Jerry. ". . . . Well, what do you suggest I do?"

"You aren't going to like this," replied Tuffy, "but the only thing TO DO, is get some more exercise!"

Jerry just turned over and groaned. "You always have the most pleasant advice!"

Tuffy paid no more attention to his pal. He went to their little matchbox dresser and took out a bit of string and four shiny bobby-pins. "So long, Jerry! While you go muscle-bound, I'm exercise bound! That is, of course, unless you want to change your mind. . . . and go mice-skating with me!"

"You win, you win!" muttered the de-



feated Jerry, as he rolled off the comfortable bed.

The night was cold, but the moon was bright and it was a nice walk down to the frozen pond. Jerry and Tuffy walked slowly, with their bobby-pin and string "mice-skates" hanging over their shoulders.

"Now, aren't you glad you came?!" Tuffy asked, as they neared the pond and heard all the gay shrieks and laughter of the other animals.

Egor Beaver, Bonnie Rabbit, Lovelace Skunk and many other small animals from the meadow were running down a hill and trying to see how far they could slide when they hit the ice.

"Wait till they see us strut our stuff!" gloated Jerry. "...None of those kid tricks for us!"

He and Tuffy hurriedly tied on their bobby-pin skates, then ventured down to the edge of the pond.

"These things work fine!" cried Jerry happily, and he put his arms behind his back, bent forward and glided smoothly forth.

Tuffy took a deep breath. Then, he put his arms behind his back, bent forward.... and fell flat on his face!

"Yes....they work beautifully!" muttered Tuffy, as he sat on the ice and patted his bumped nose. "Maybe they just don't like working for me!"

But soon, Tuffy was able to slide along in a wobbly sort of fashion, and he and Jerry went skating towards the far shore, away from the other winter merry-makers.

"Hey, Jerry and Tuffy!" yelled Lovelace Skunk. "Better stay here with us. The ice out there is kind of shaky!"

"Not for us!" called back Tuffy. "We're kind of light!"

"You're kind of light-headed....to go skating on thin ice!" warned Lovelace.

But, Jerry and Tuffy wanted to try some fancy skating, and the ice at the front of the pond was all scratched up and bumpy.

"This is more like it!" exclaimed Jerry, as they hit the smoother section. "Watch me, Tuff! I'll show you how to do a 'Figure Eight'!"

"Never mind!" squeaked Tuffy. "I'm still working on 'One'!"

The two little fellows began to have such a good time that Jerry forgot his aching muscles and Tuffy forgot the time....and they both forgot about the THIN ICE!!!

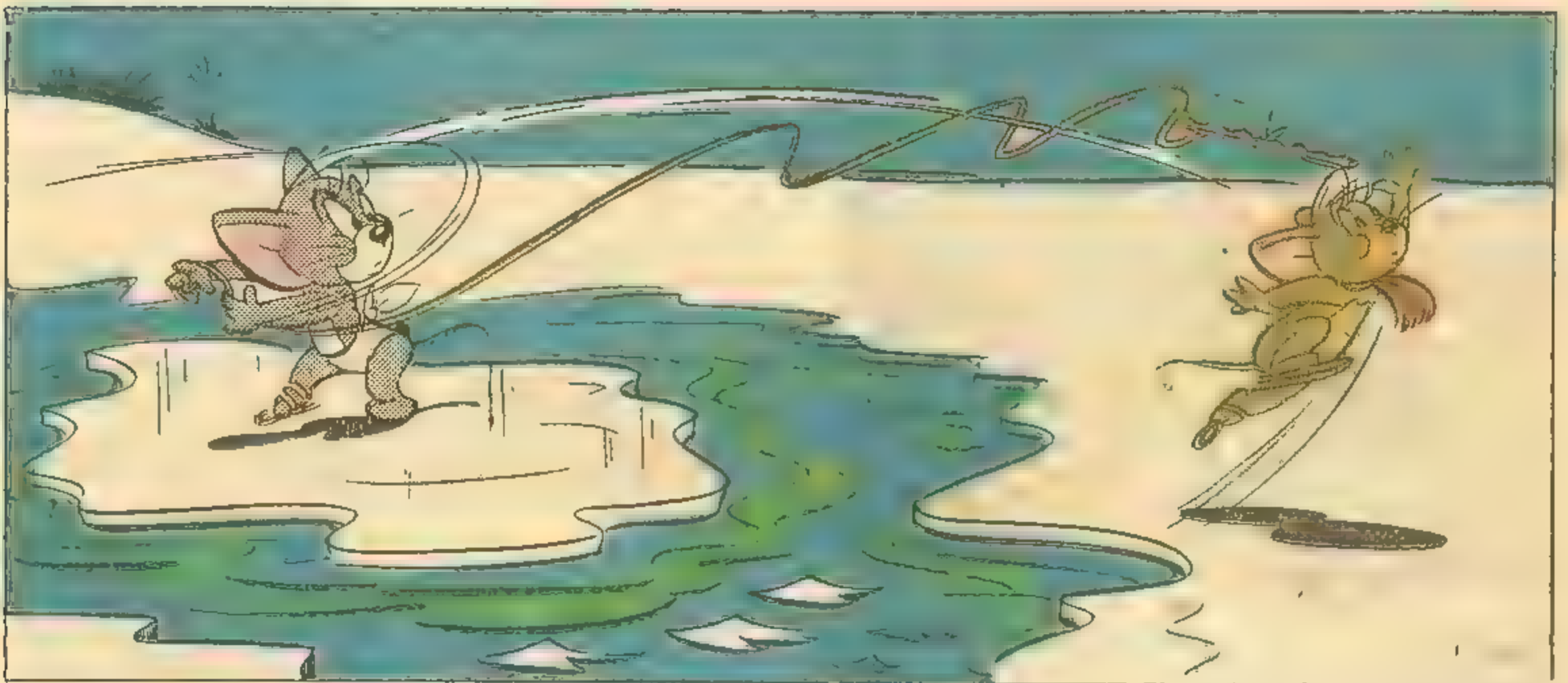
Suddenly, Tuffy shrieked, "Yipes! There must be an earthquake, Jerry! Everything's shaking!!!"

Jerry stood still for a moment, then started to say, "Don't feel a thing....", when he saw his pal outlined by the bright moonlight. "Ohhhh!" he gasped, then shouted, "Tuff, don't move!.... You're....You're on a floating island!!!"

"Ohhhhhh!" groaned Tuffy.

Jerry commanded, "You just stand





quietly, till I can get a stick or something to pull you to safety!"

"Here!" yelled Tuffy, as he hastily untied his bobby-pin skate. Then, he tied one end of the string to it, and, holding the other end, tossed the pin, almost like a harpoon, to his pal.

Jerry had to jump high in the air in order to catch it. He caught it. . . . but, jumping on ice is a tricky business. . . .

CRASH!!!. . . .

Jerry hit the slippery surface with his skates. . . . and one foot went one way and one foot went the other way!

With a twist of his body and a wild flailing of his arms, Jerry managed to stay upright. . . . BUT, the sudden twisting sent him spinning like a top!!

"Hey!!" cried Tuffy, as the string jerked him clean off the broken section of ice!

Then. . . . BAM!!!!

"Ouch!" he yelled, as he hit the spinning Jerry!

The two little mice were wound up in the string, like a caterpillar in a cocoon!

Finally, they landed in a dizzy, tangled heap.

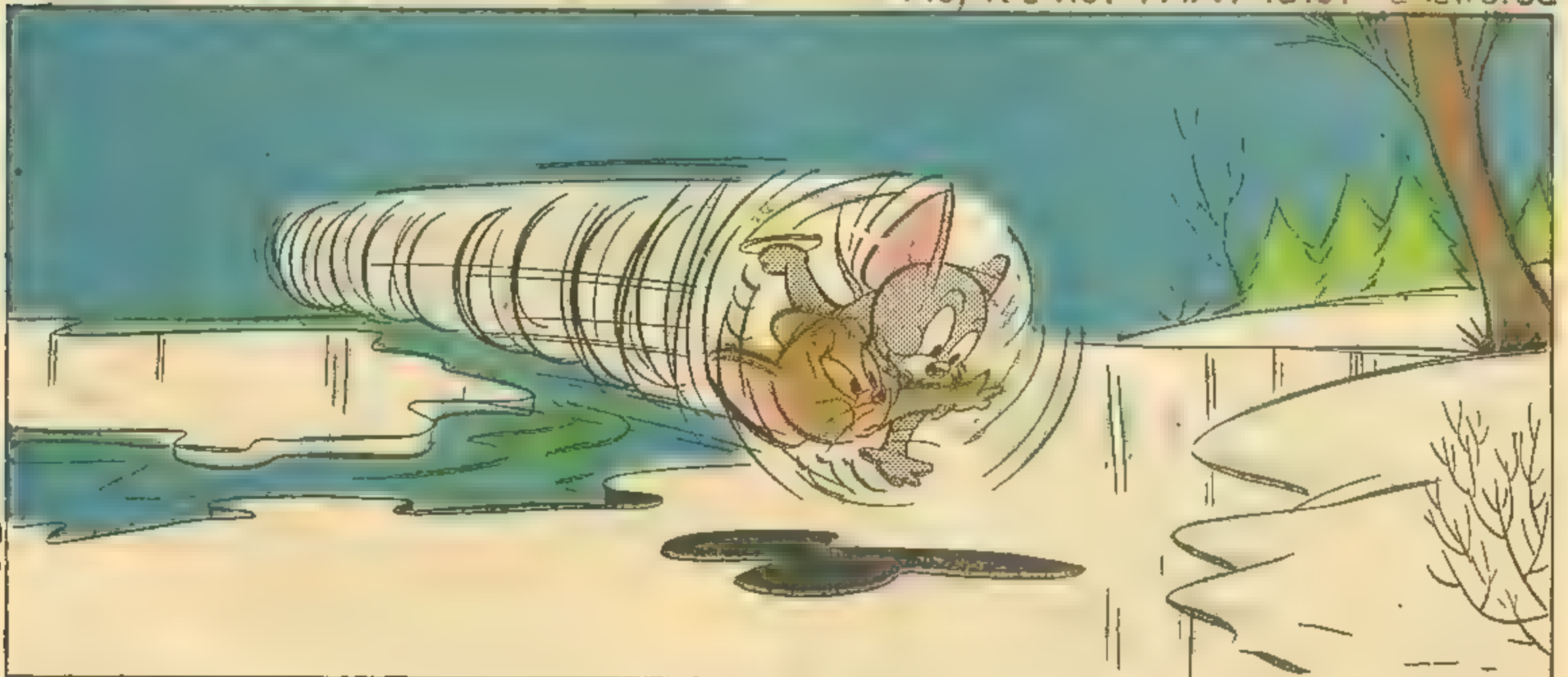
"Whew!" panted Jerry, after they had managed to set themselves free. "We'd better get out of here! Another few feet of spinning, and we both would have had a swim!"

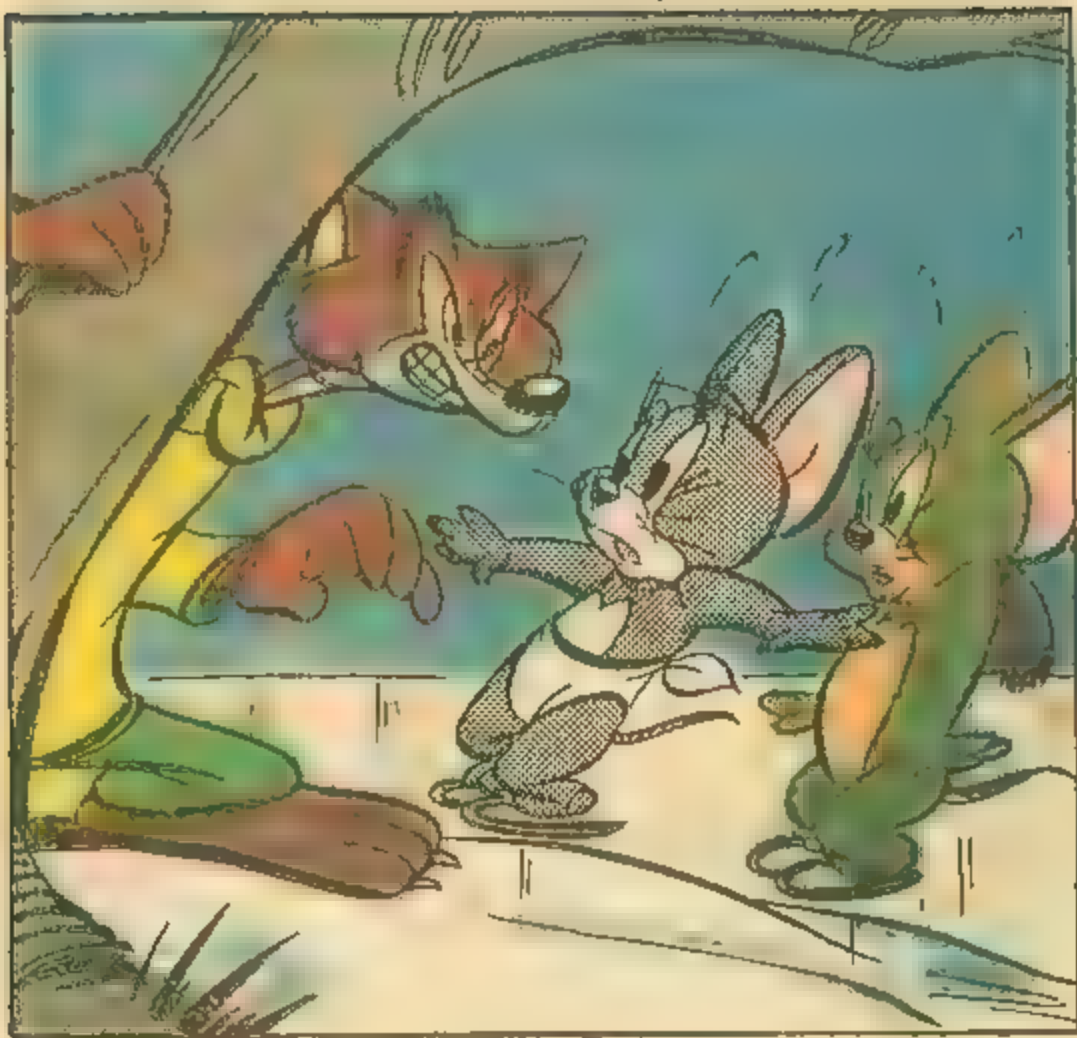
"And, we haven't got our warm bathing suits on!" added Tuffy, as they started back to join the other animals.

"Willickers!" exclaimed Jerry. "Where is everyone?!" For when they had arrived at the sliding end of the pond, there wasn't a soul to be seen.

"It's late. . . . Maybe they all went home to bed!" observed Tuffy.

"No, it's not THAT late!" answered





his pal.

Then, Jerry looked around. There wasn't anything to see, but black trees spotted with white snow. The ground was white and motionless. Both mice listened, but all was still.

"TOO still!" whispered Jerry. "Something's wrong! Let's hide!"

"Uh . . . uh!" exclaimed Tuffy. "Too late to hide! . . . Let's slide! Quick!" For out of the corner of his eye, Tuffy had caught the gleam of two crafty eyes! "Old Slinker, the fox!! . . . He was hiding in that hollow tree!!" Tuffy gasped to Jerry, as they went skating as fast as they could towards the far end of the pond!

But, Slinker had come a long way looking for food, and he was so hungry and angry, that he wasn't above chasing two small mice!

Down the hill he ran, across the ice he slid, and then with a mean grin . . . he coasted towards the fleeing Jerry and Tuffy!!!

"What'll we do?!" squeaked Tuffy, as Slinker got closer . . . and closer! "Shhhh!" cautioned Jerry "Save your breath!"

On and on they went, as fast as they could go . . .

But, the fox was gaining every second and they could almost hear his mouth water!

Tuffy was so tired that he was ready to fall down! He slipped and almost tumbled, but Jerry grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the way of the on-

rushing fox!!!

Just in time! . . .

"J-J-Jerry . . . you g-g-go on without me!" stammered Tuffy, as they lay against a snowdrift, catching their breath.

"No need to hurry now!" calmly replied Jerry. "Slinky's busy cooling off!"

There was a great splash . . . and a loud foxy howl!

"He just went in for a swim!" continued Jerry. "I figured he'd be so busy chasing us, he wouldn't notice the ice was thin!"

Jerry and Tuffy left the pond and started home. They were tired and happy.

"I don't care if sleeping does make me as stiff as a board!" Jerry sighed. "I don't feel like moving an inch for at least six weeks anyhow!"

"Me too!" agreed Tuffy. "In fact, I'm so tired, I'd even let Tom sing me to sleep!"

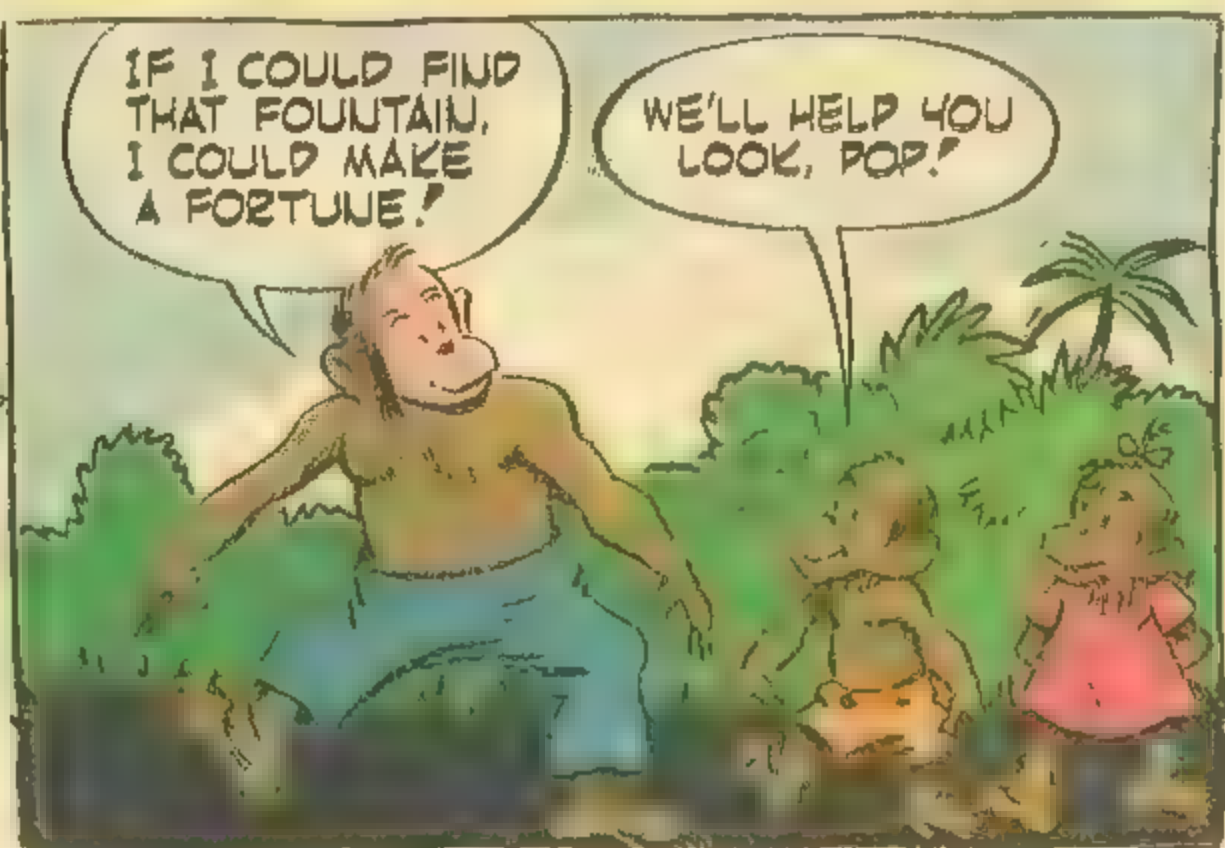
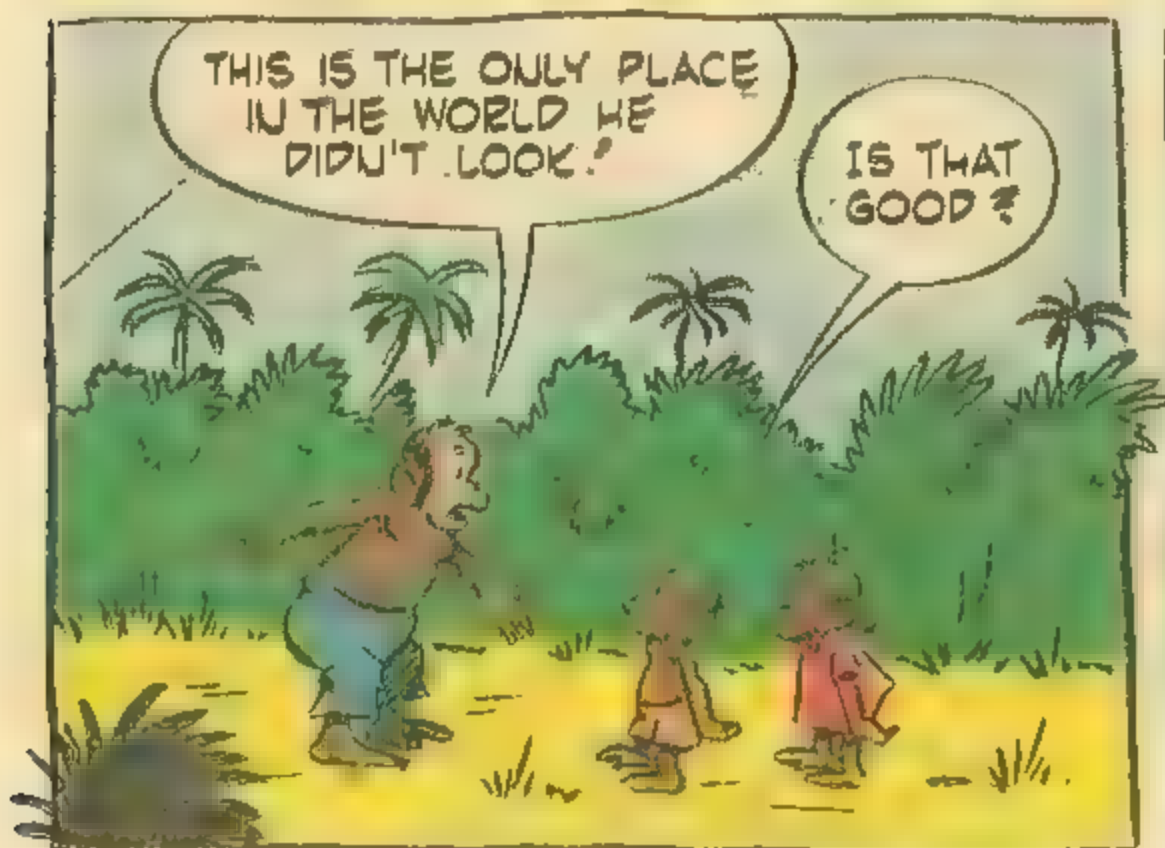
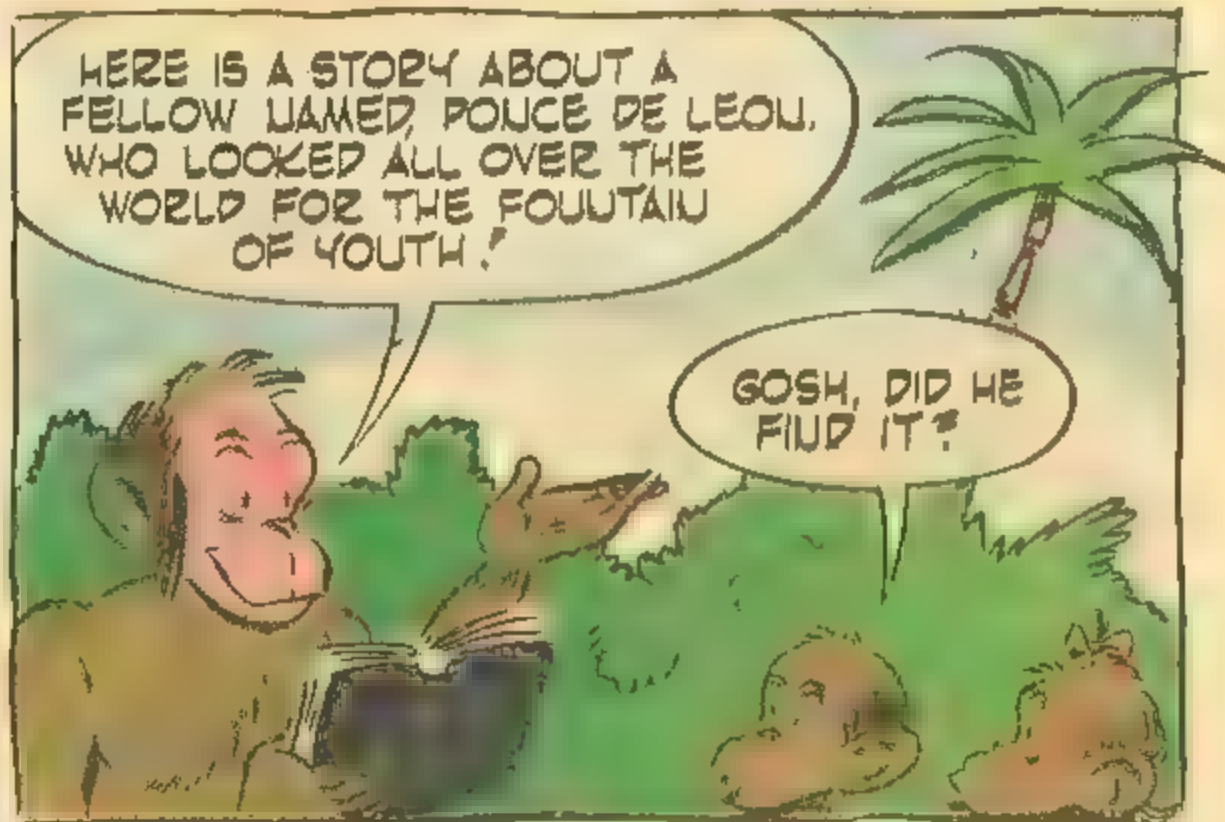
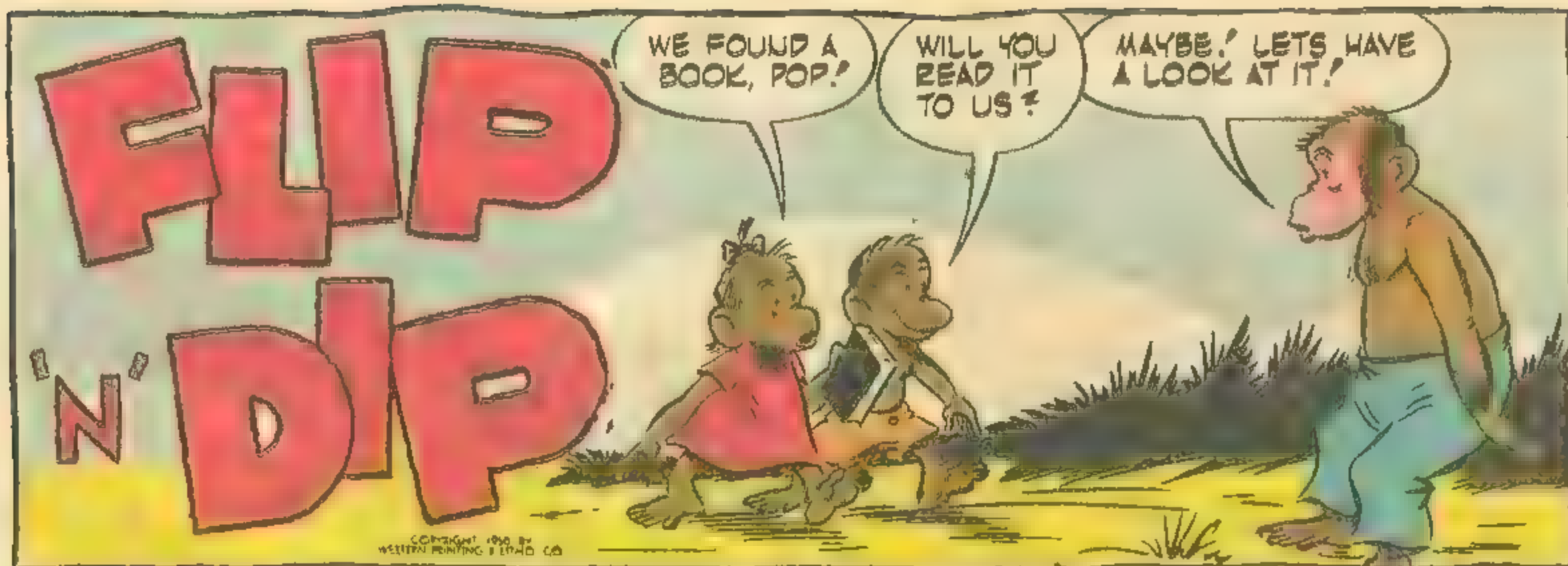
As they were nearing the edge of the meadow, a woe-begone creature dashed hurriedly by them. It was Slinky . . . and he was wet, cold and bedraggled from stem to stern! . . .

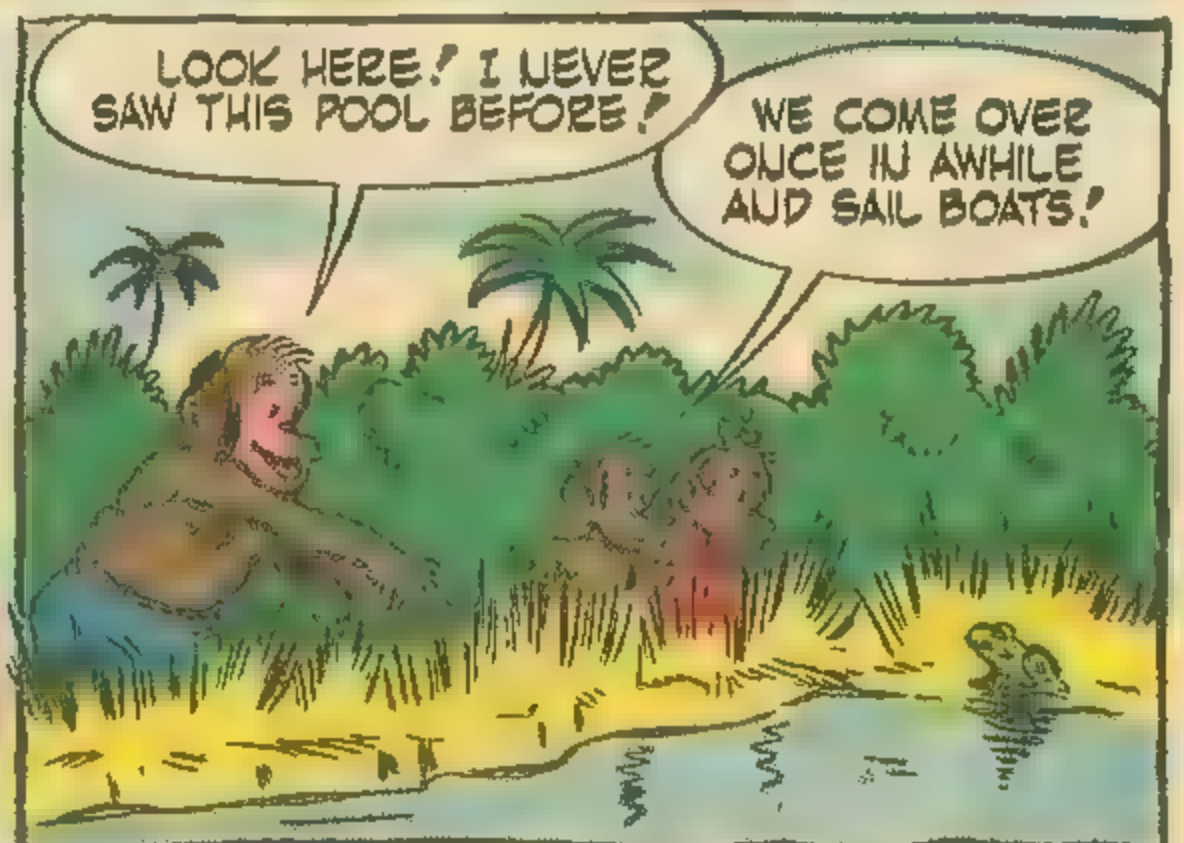
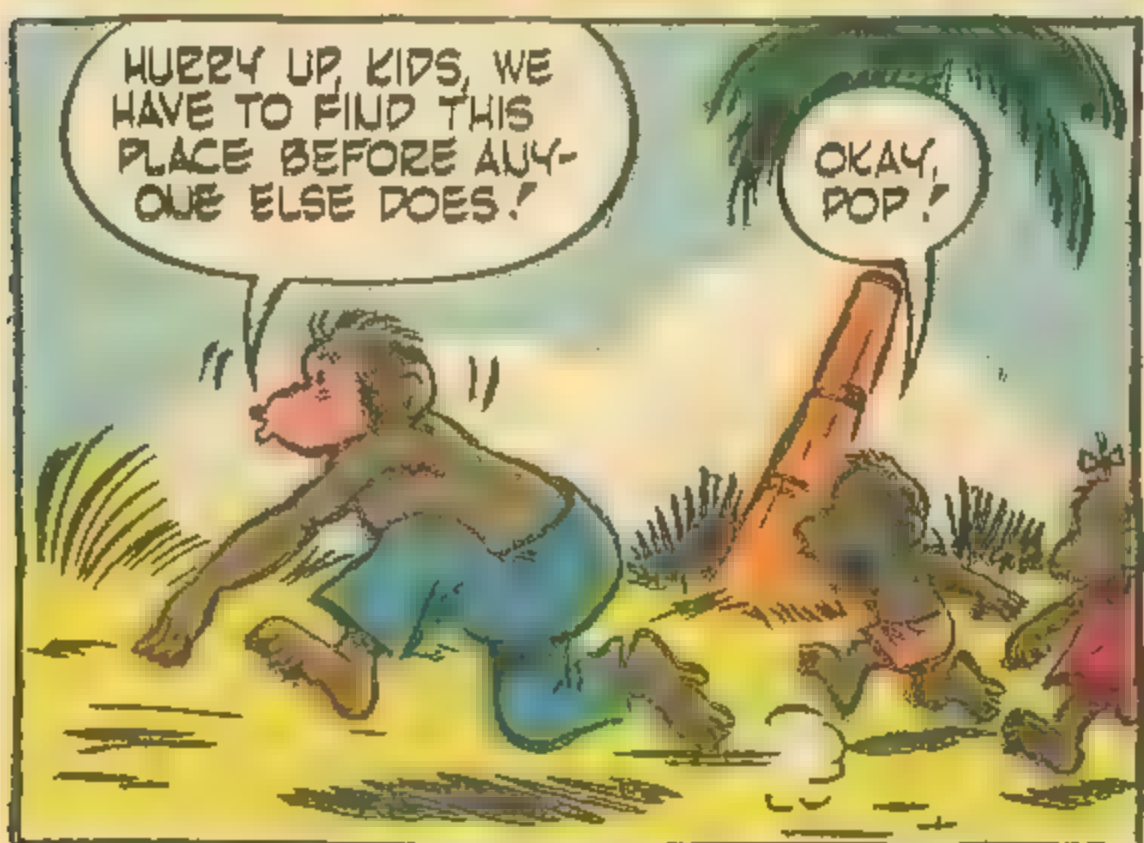
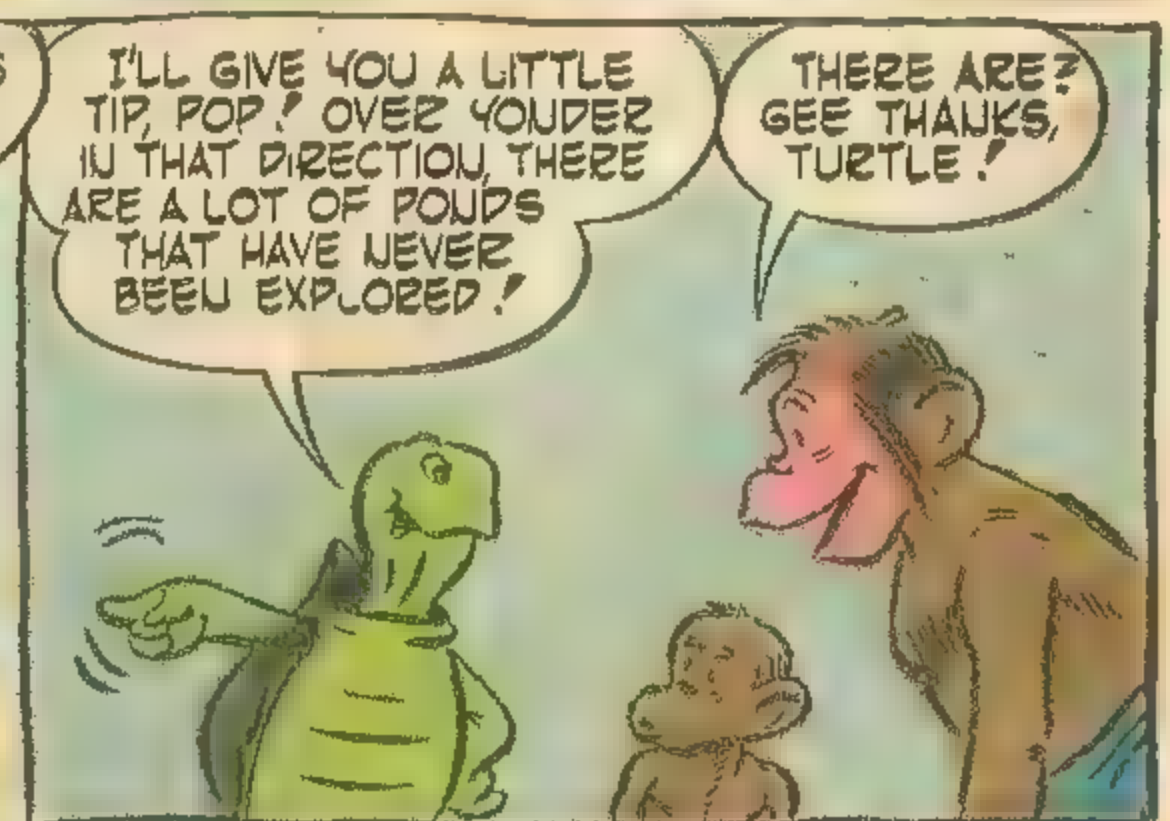
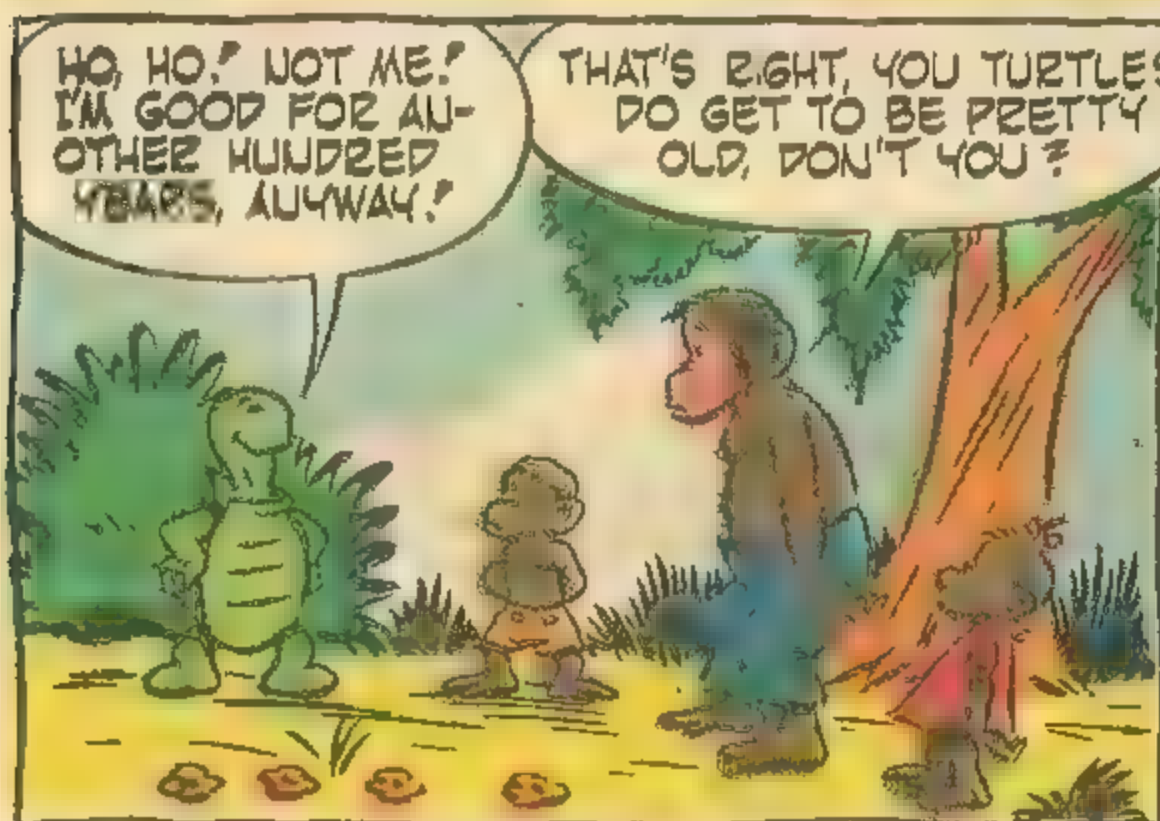
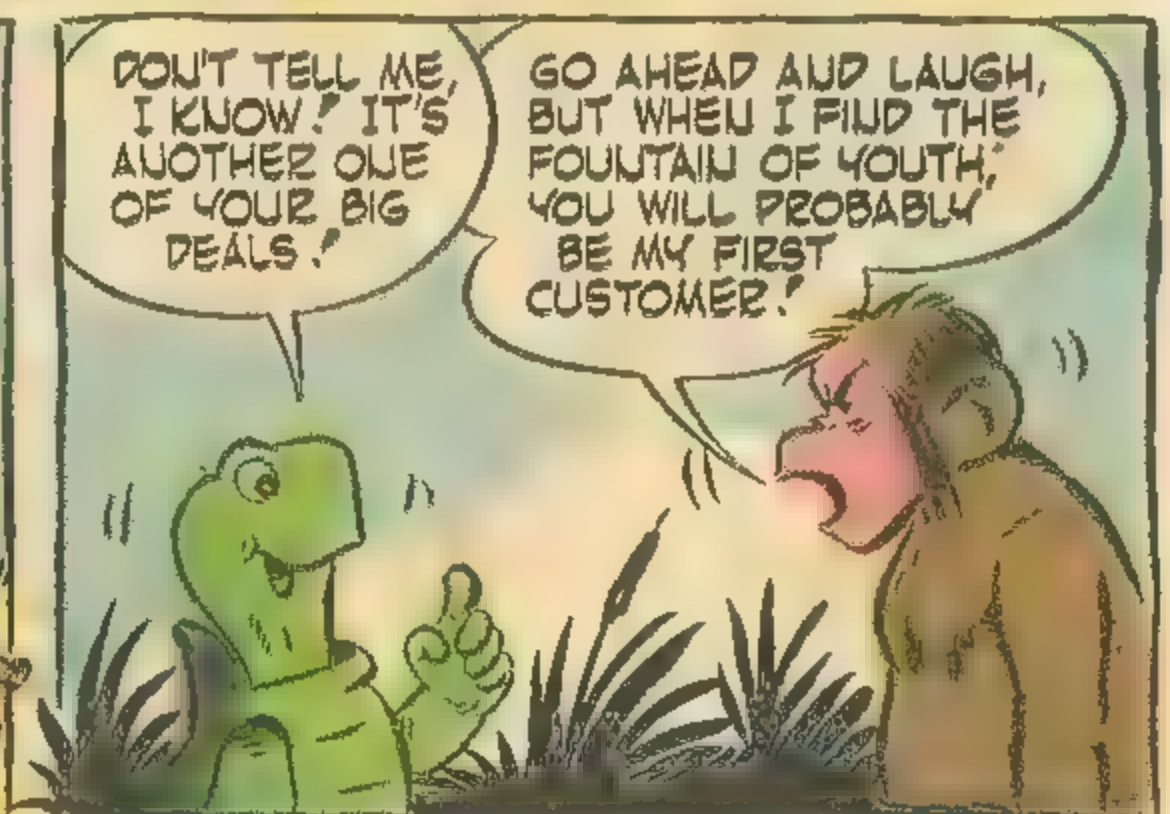
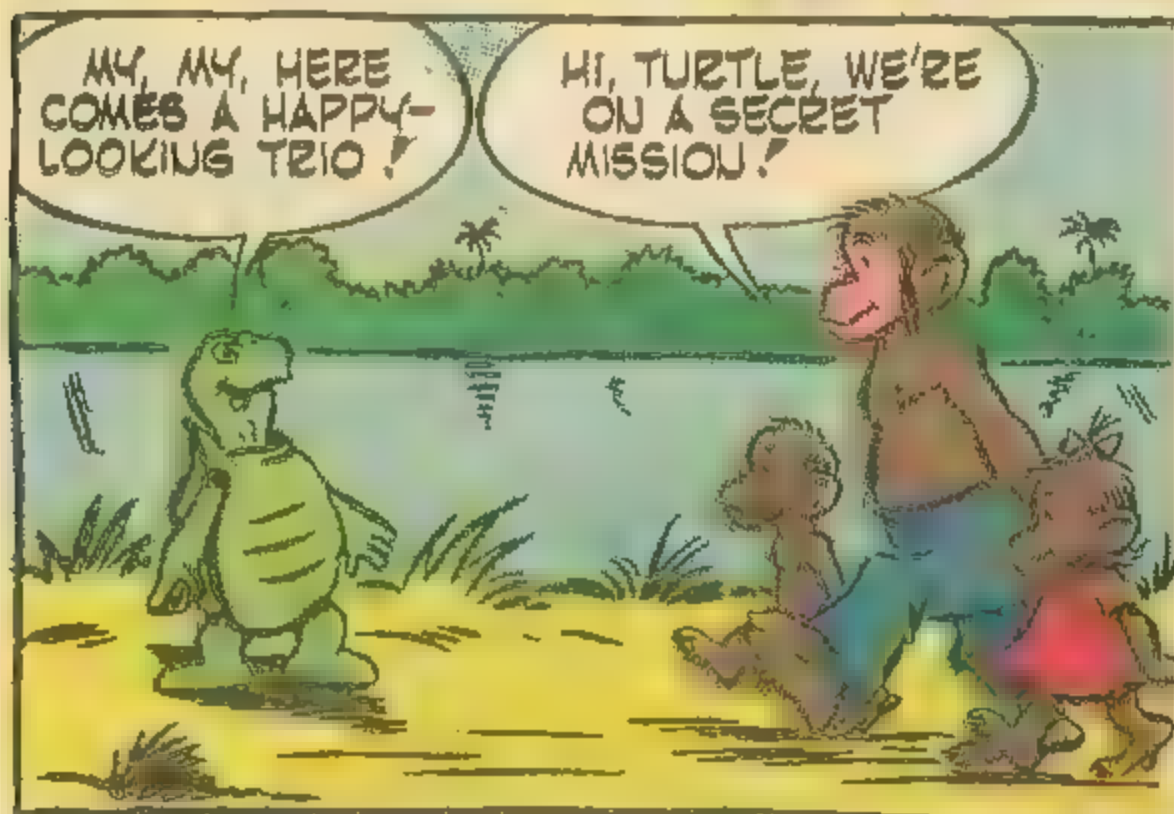
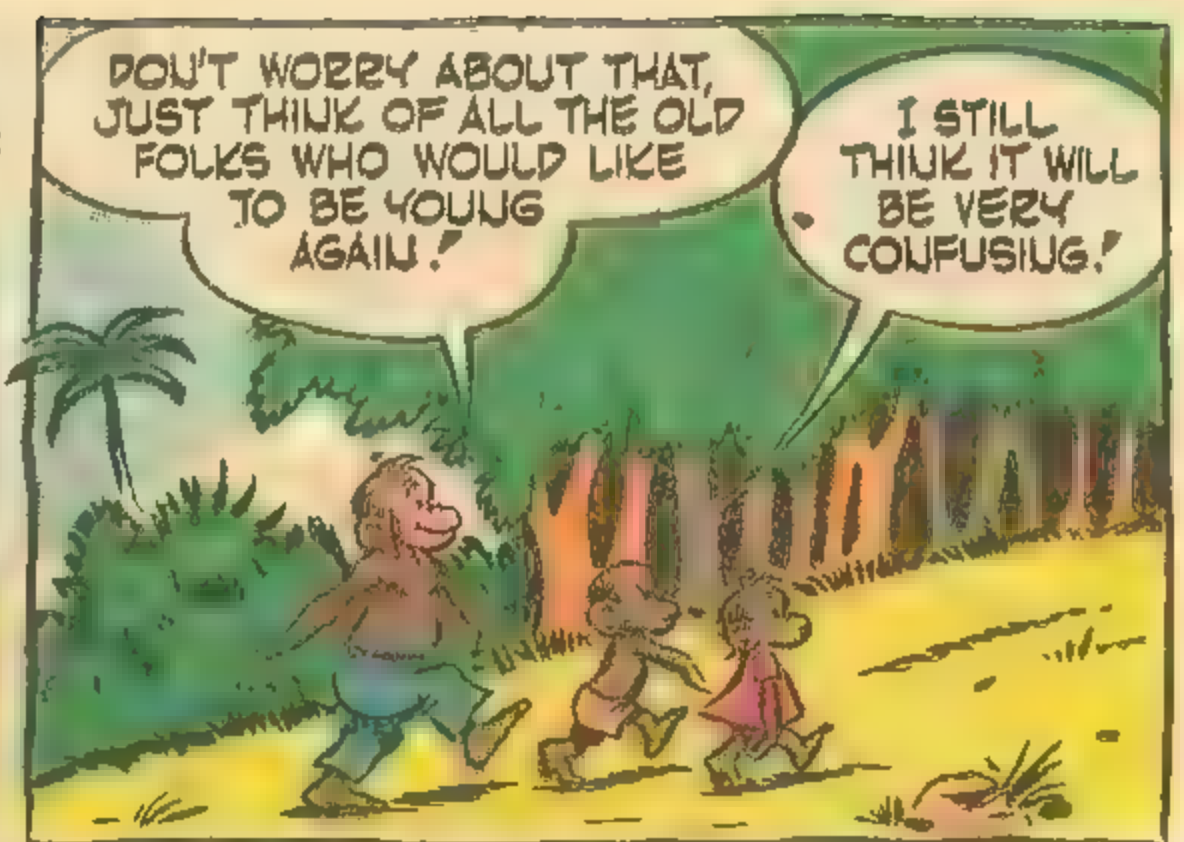
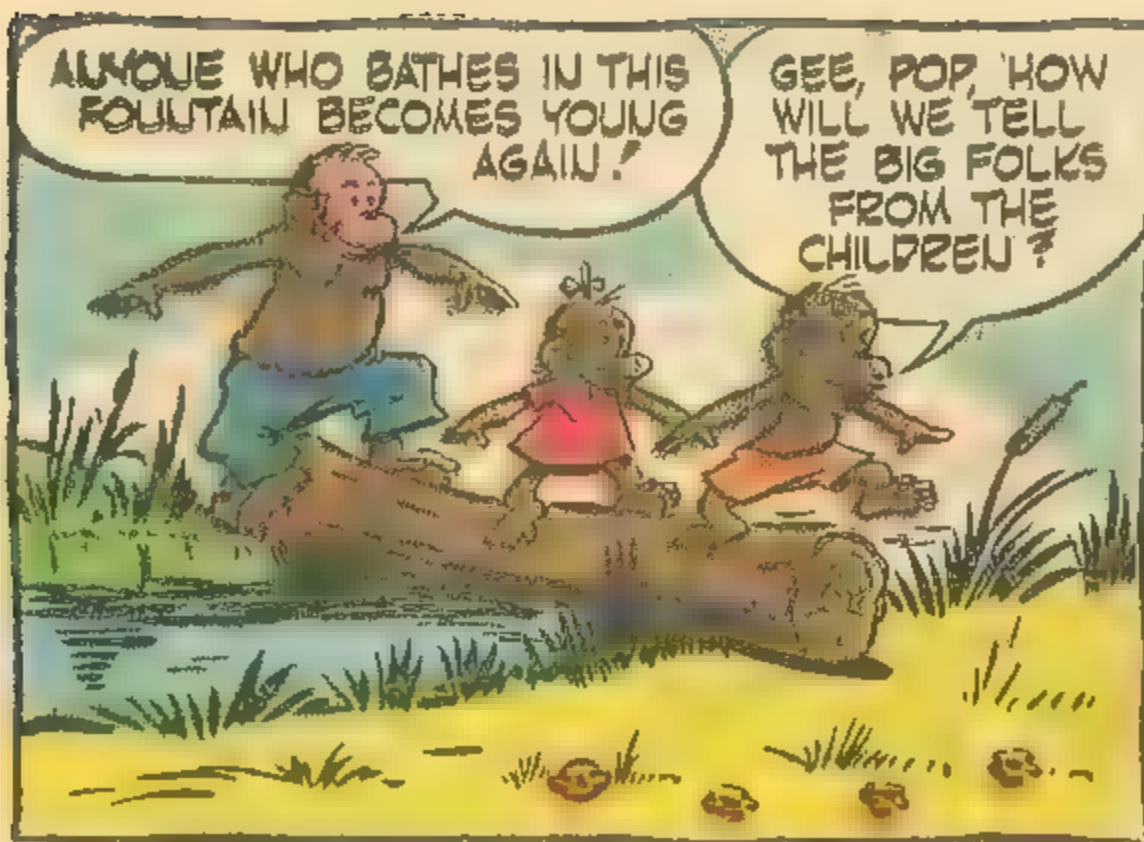
"Ha! Ha!" laughed Jerry, after the retreating fox. "There's only one thing about that guy that didn't get wet!"

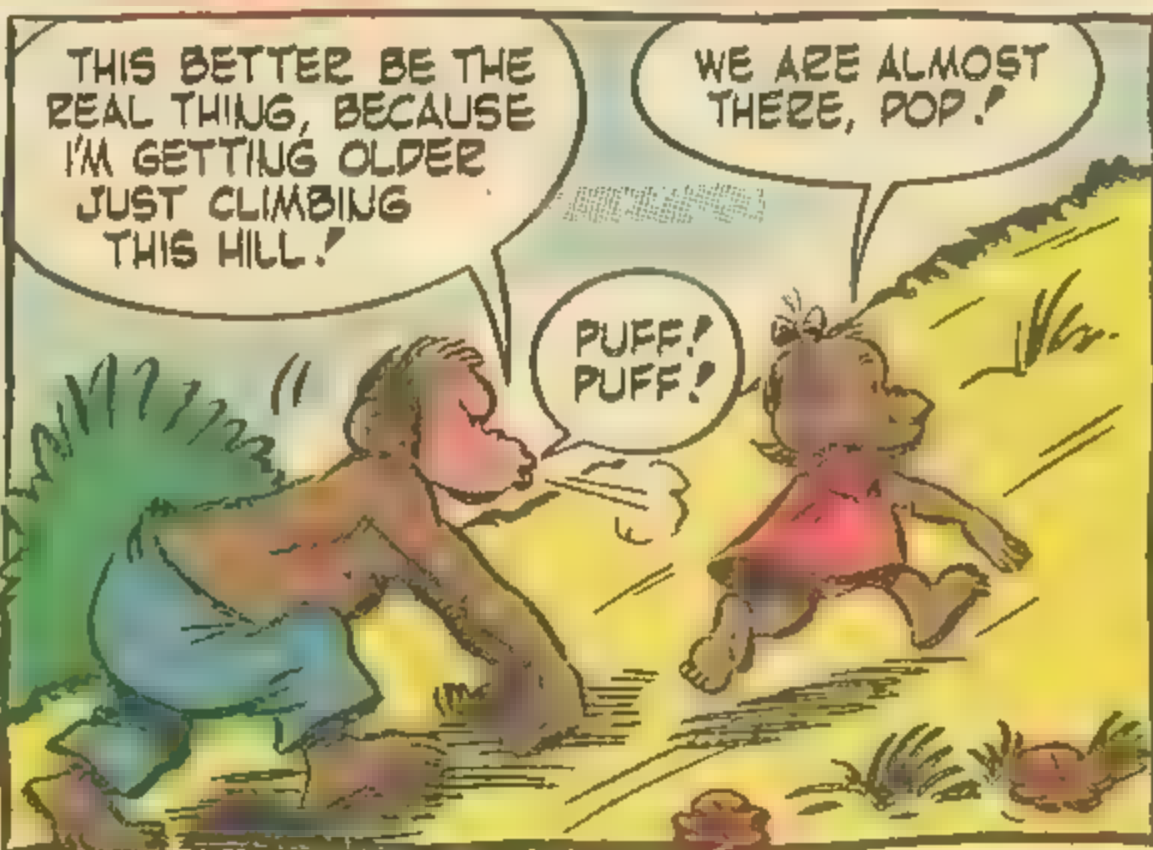
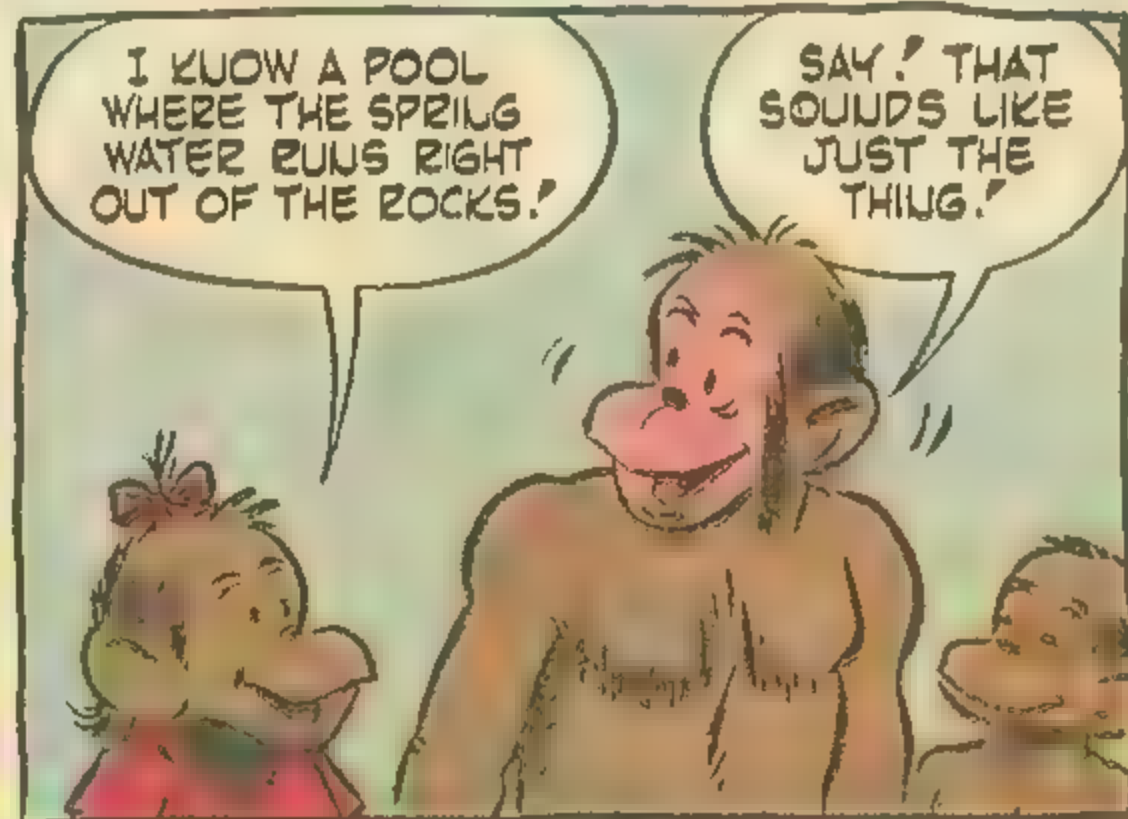
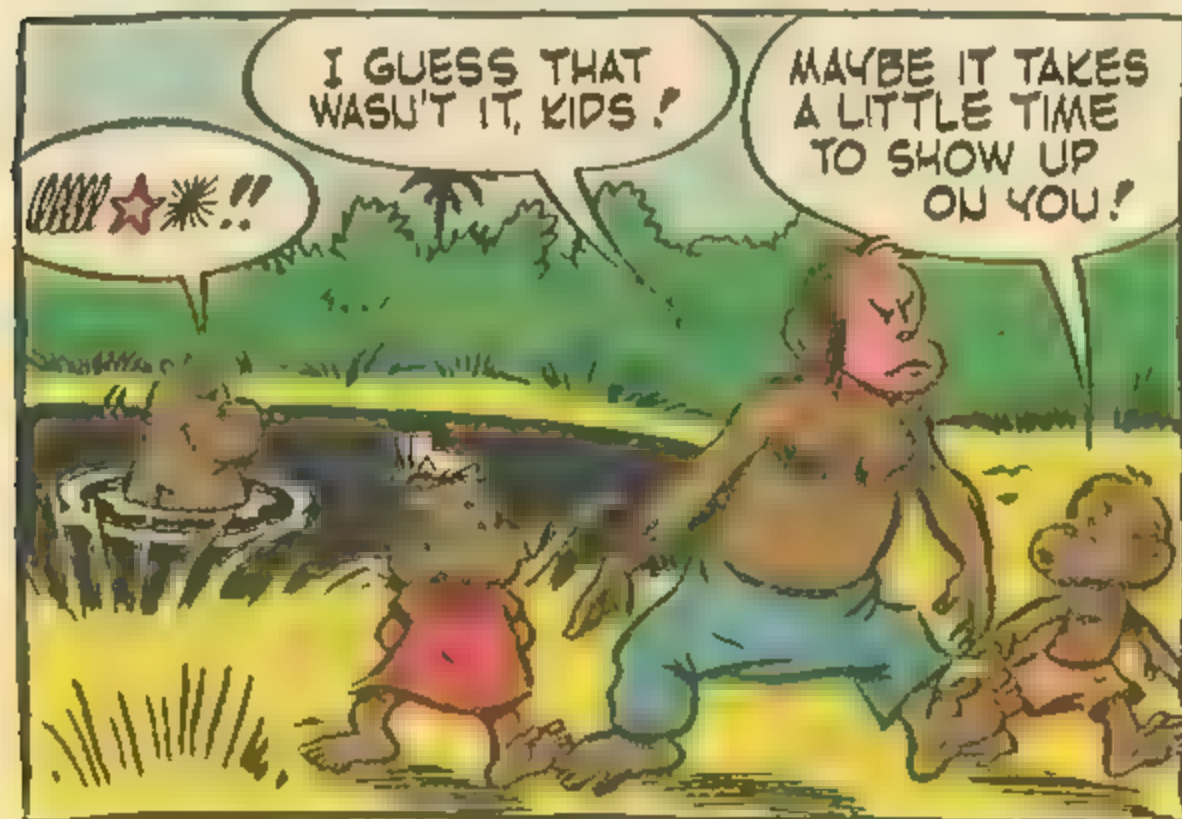
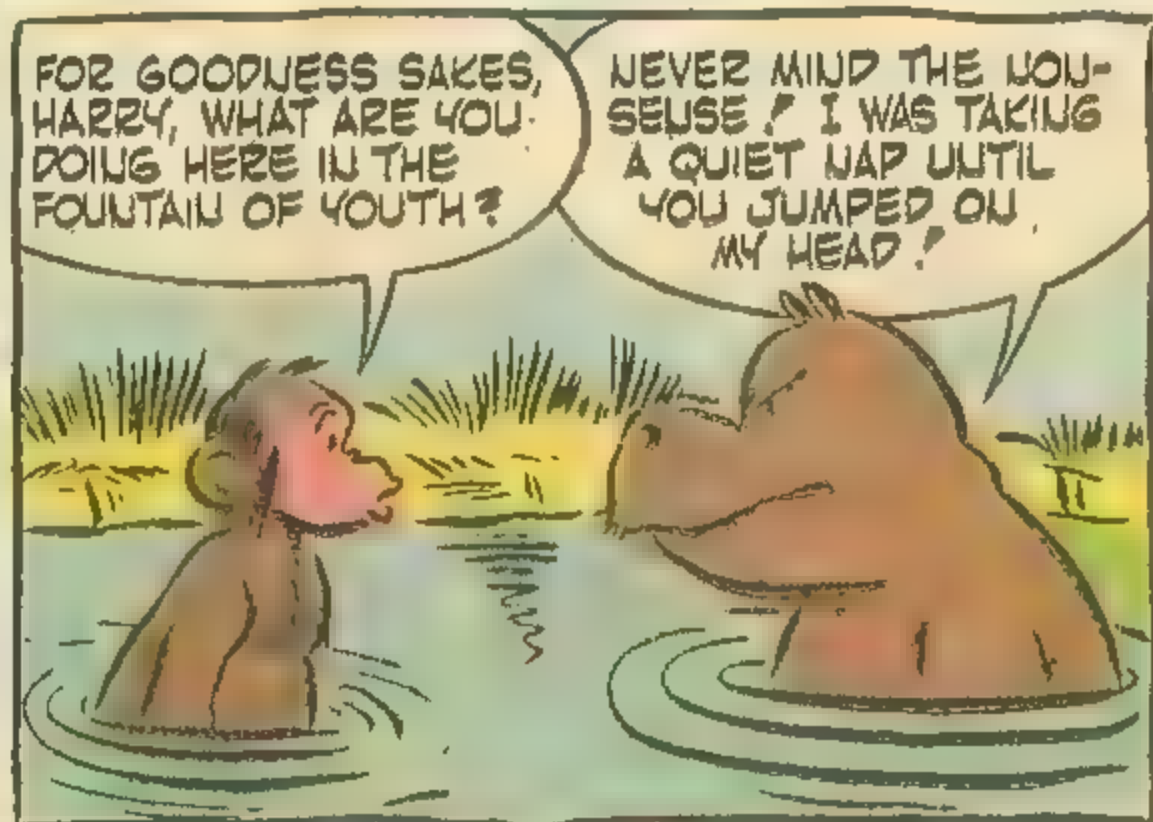
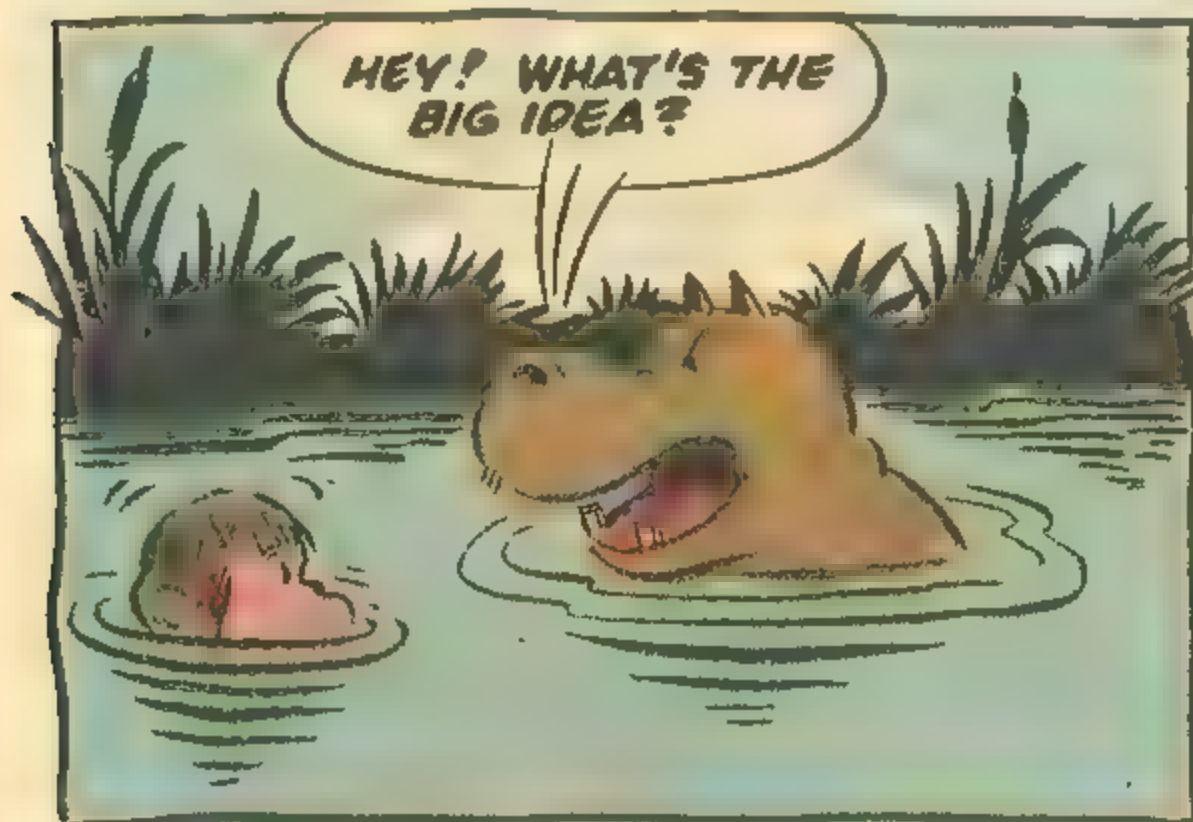
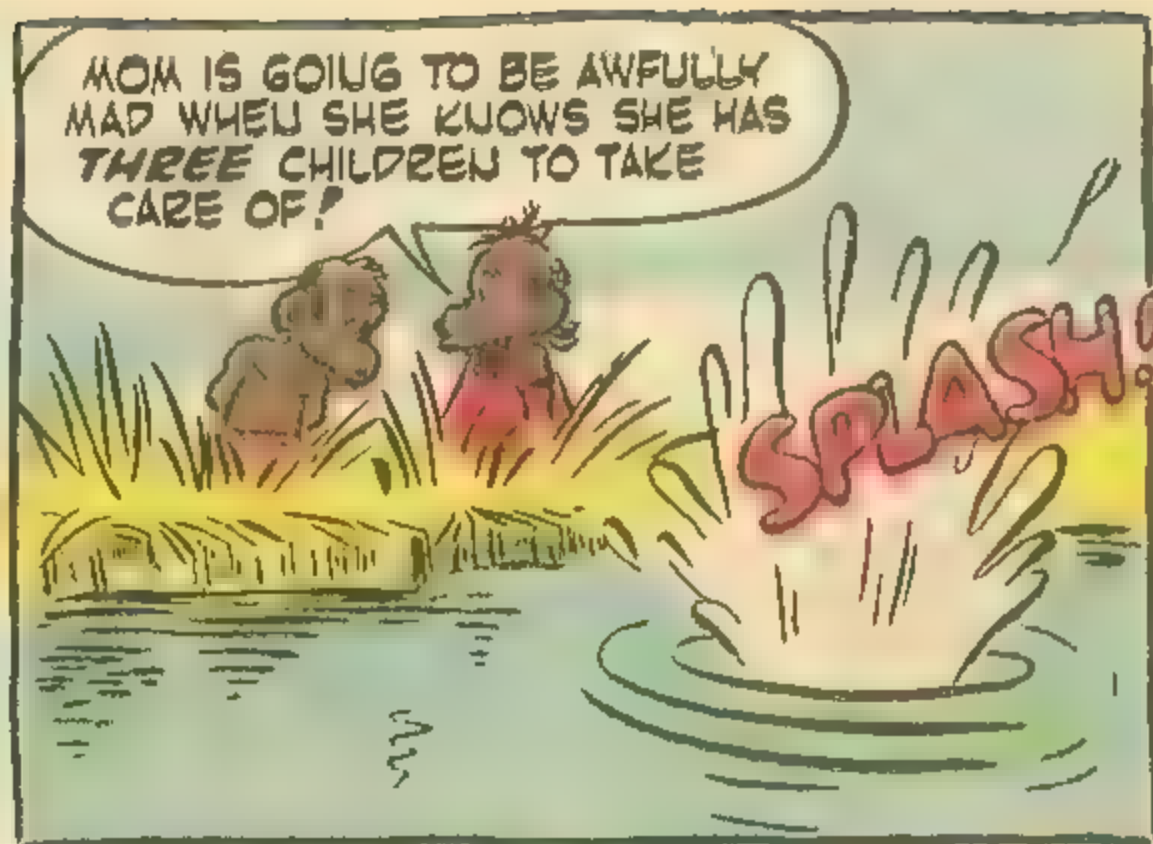
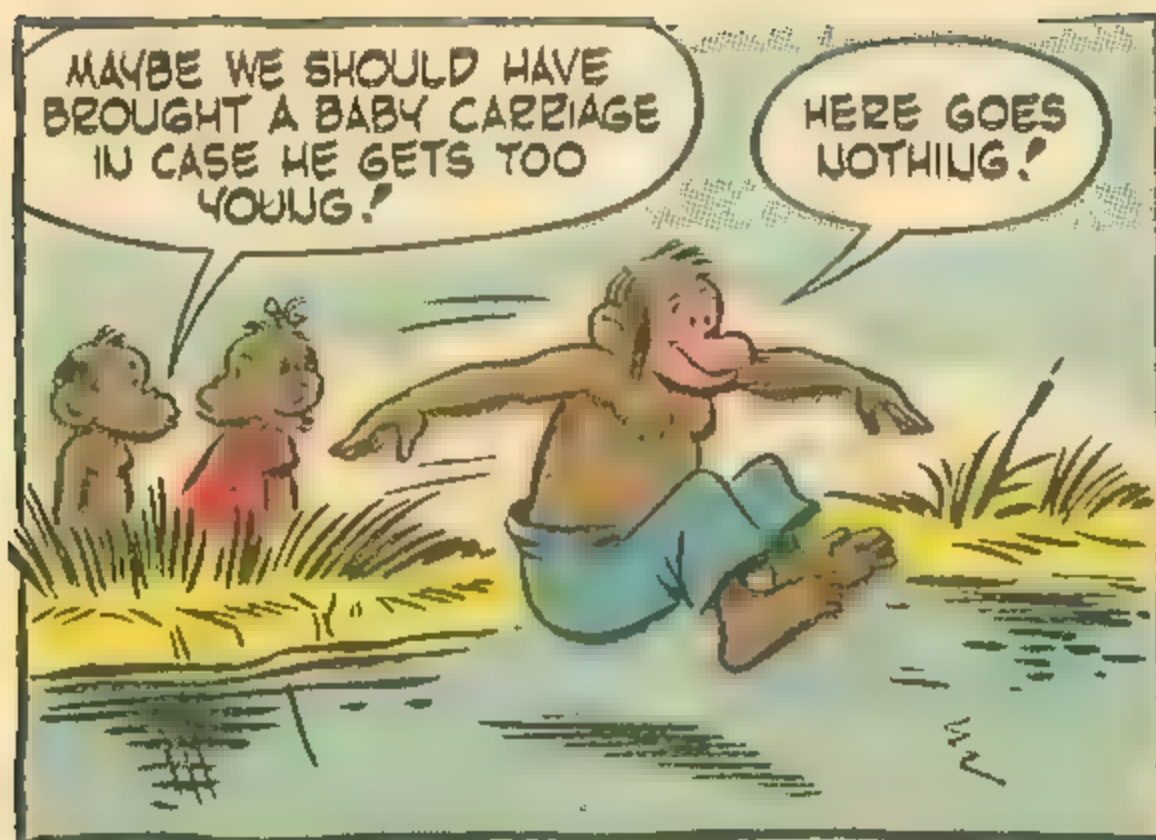
"What?!" queried Tuffy.

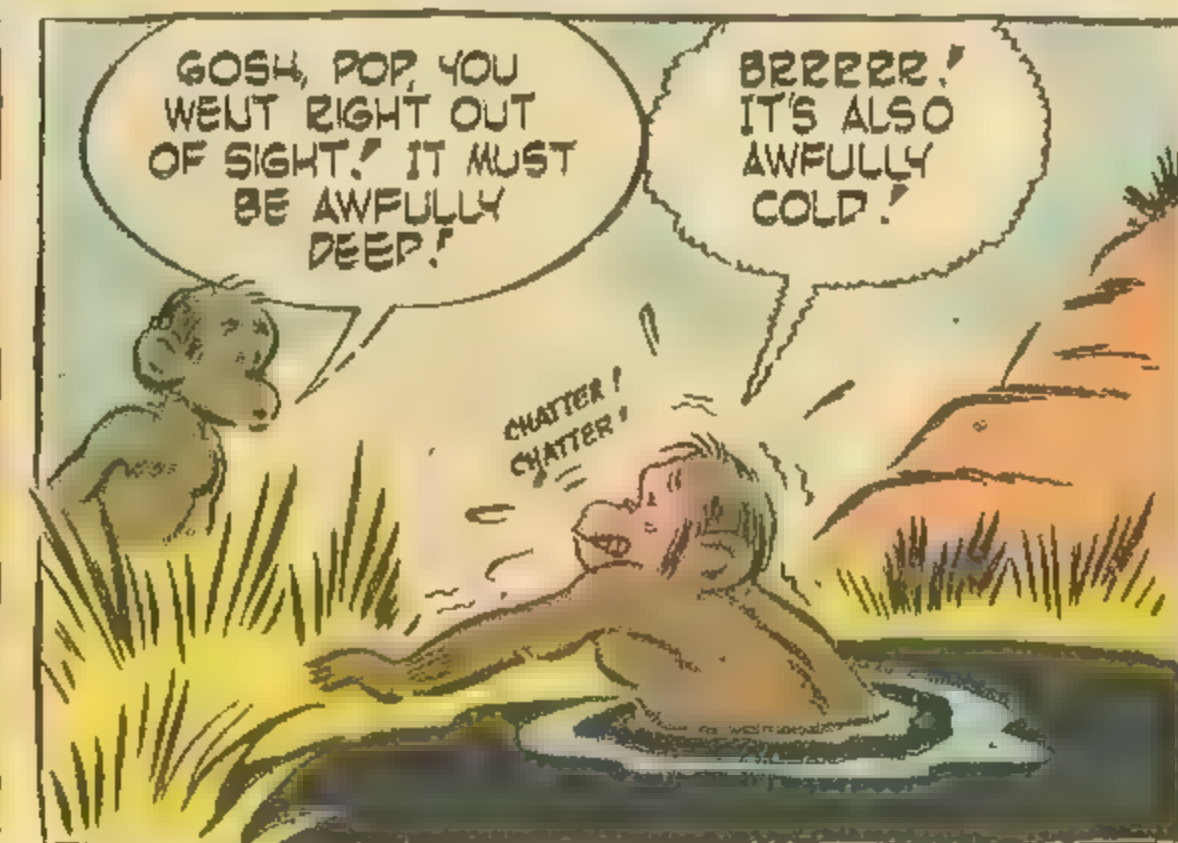
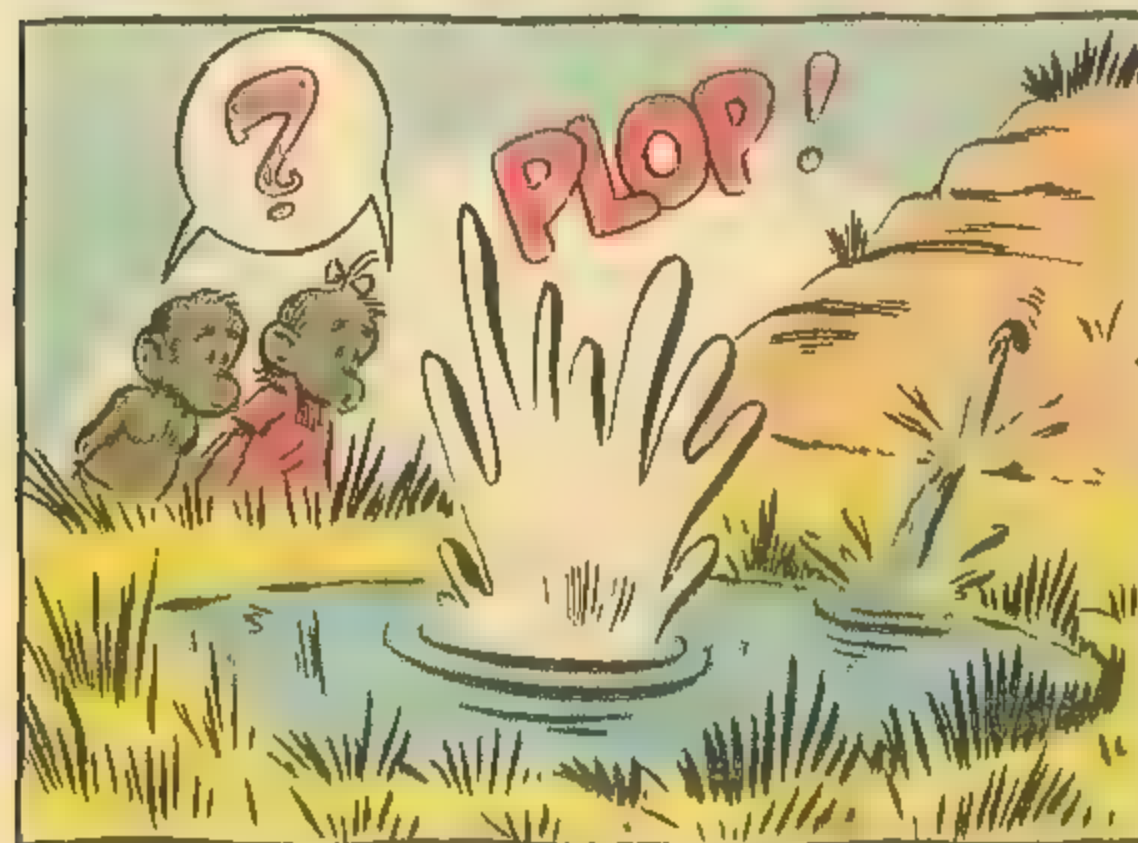
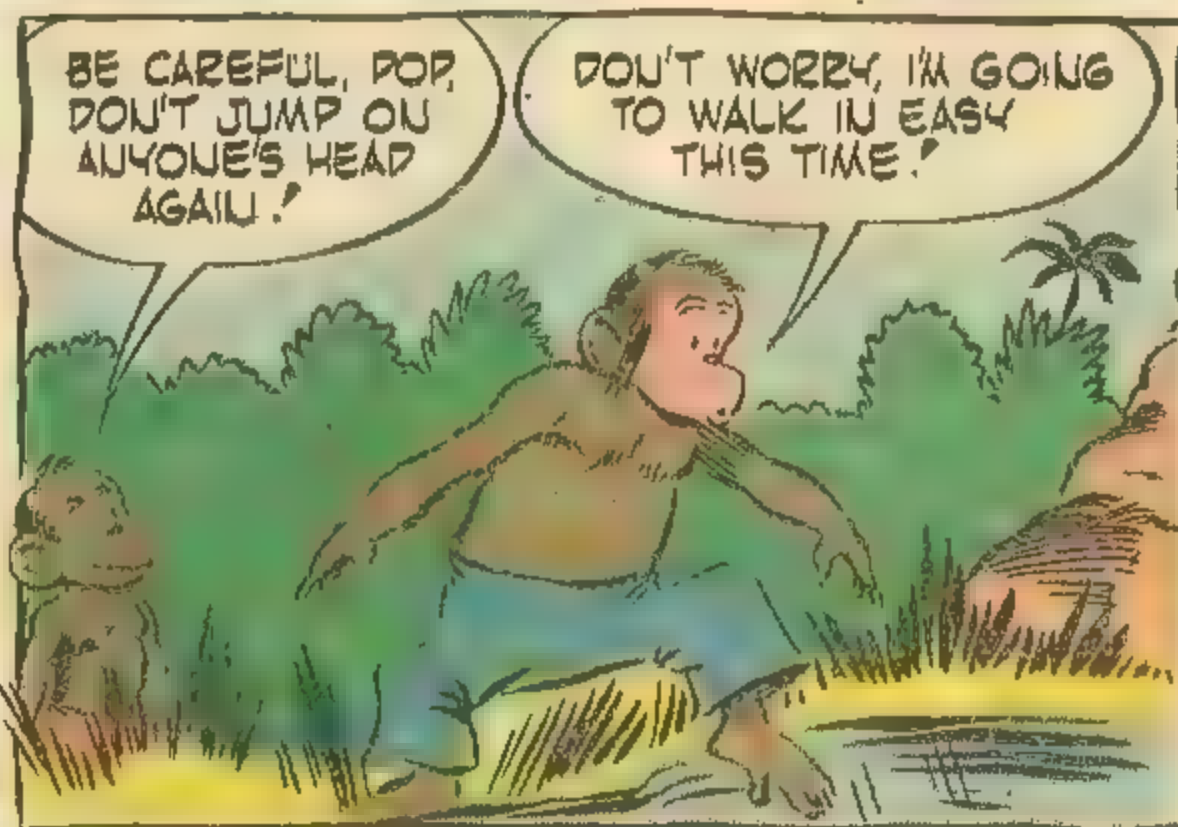
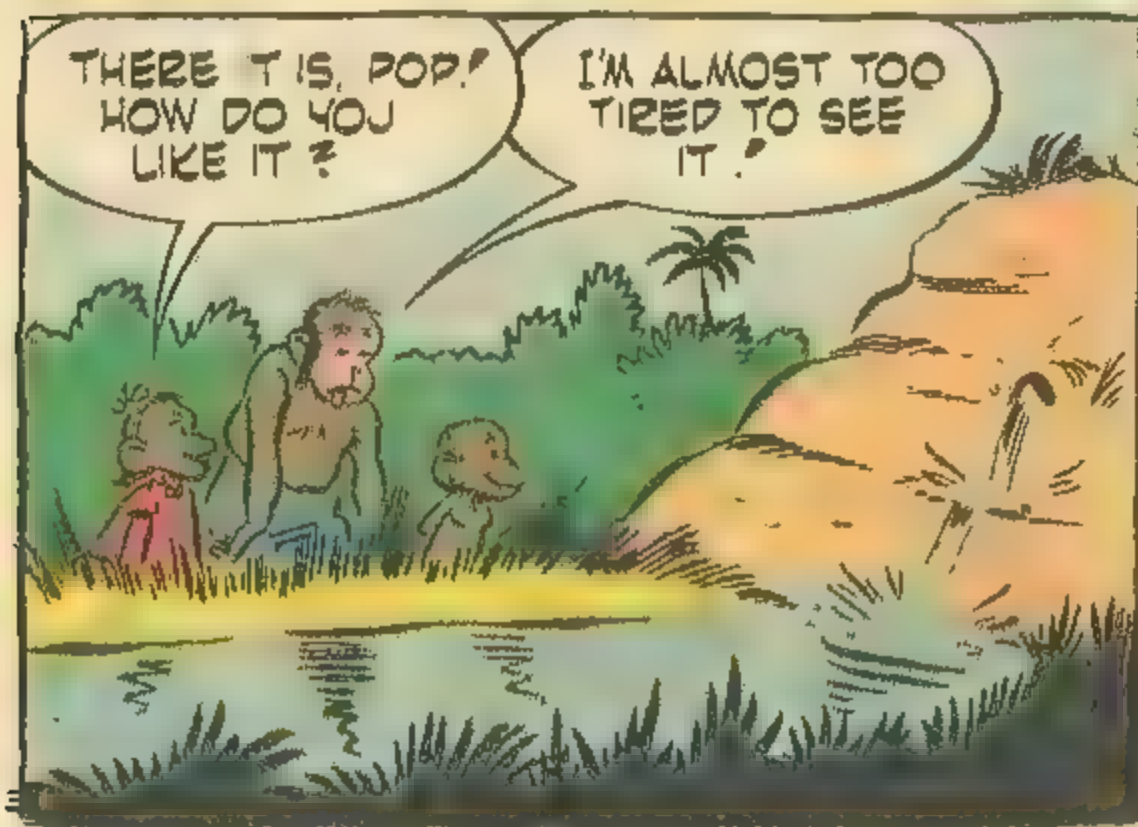
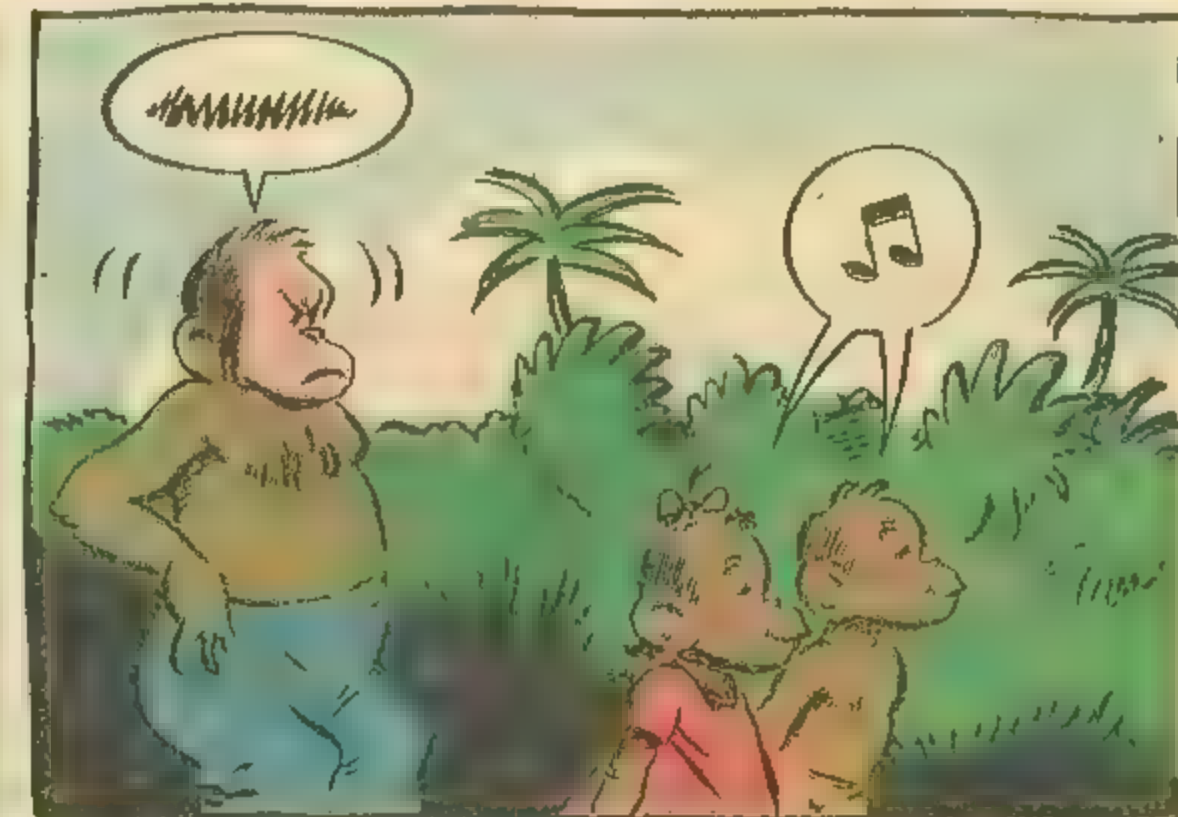
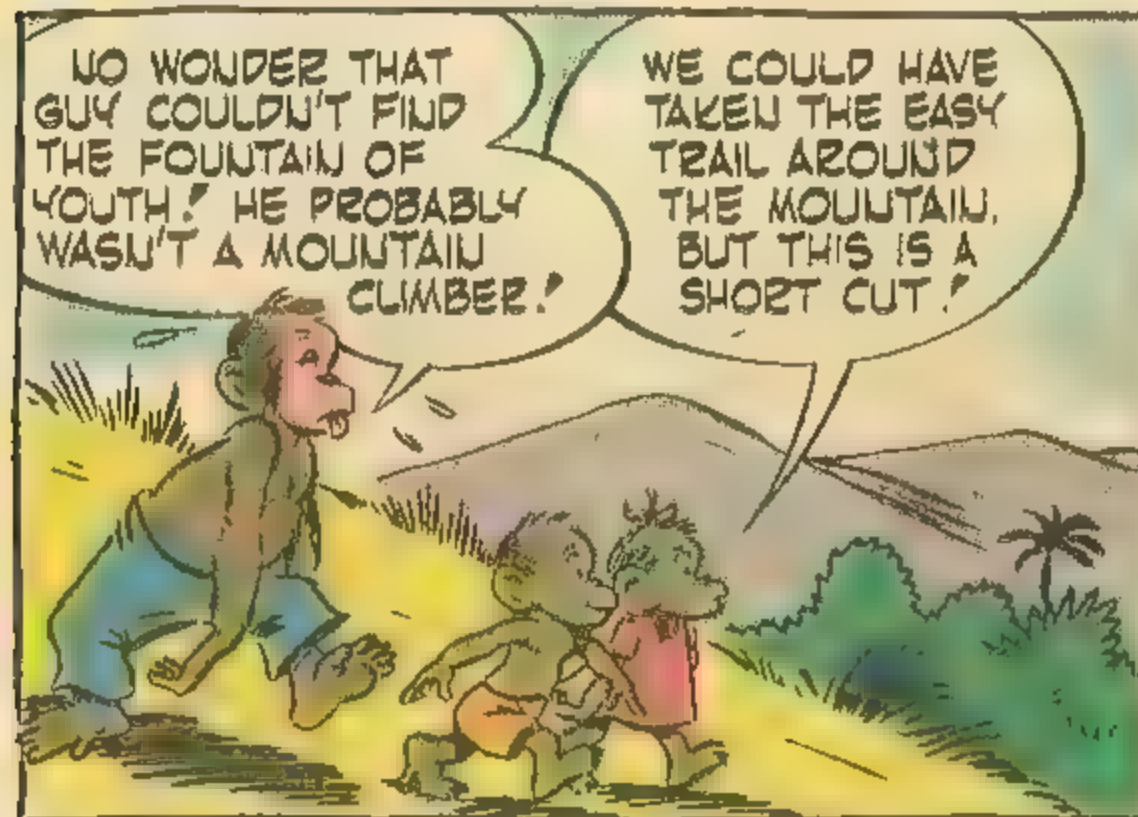
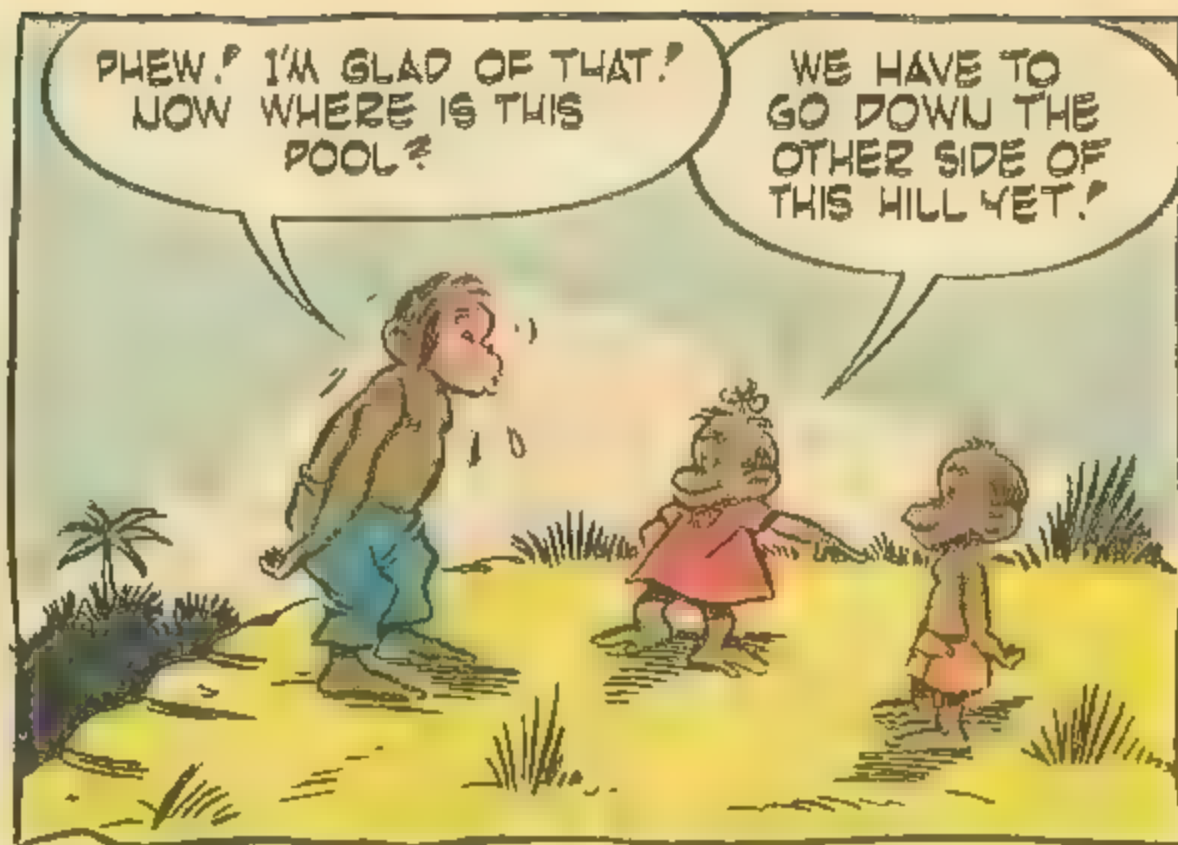
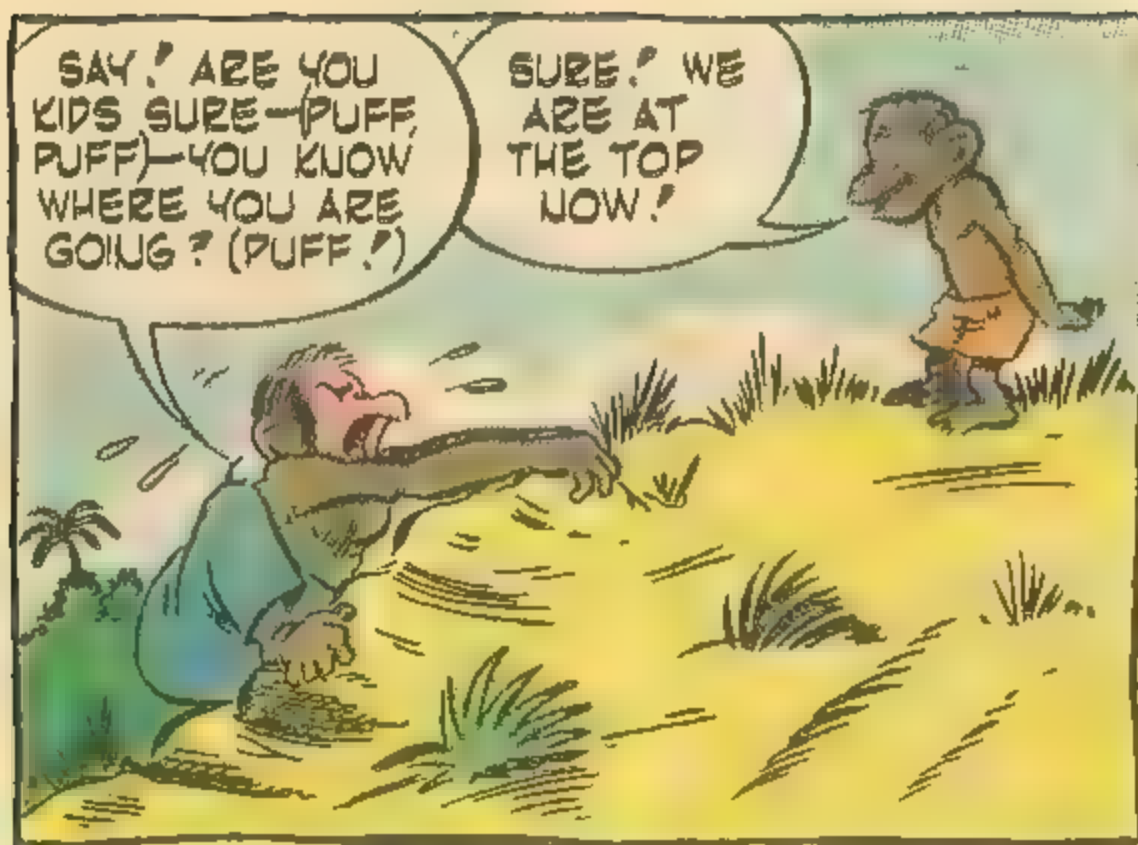
"Well," continued Jerry, "you'll have to agree that that swim didn't WHET his appetite for mice! . . . From now on, he'll leave us alone!"

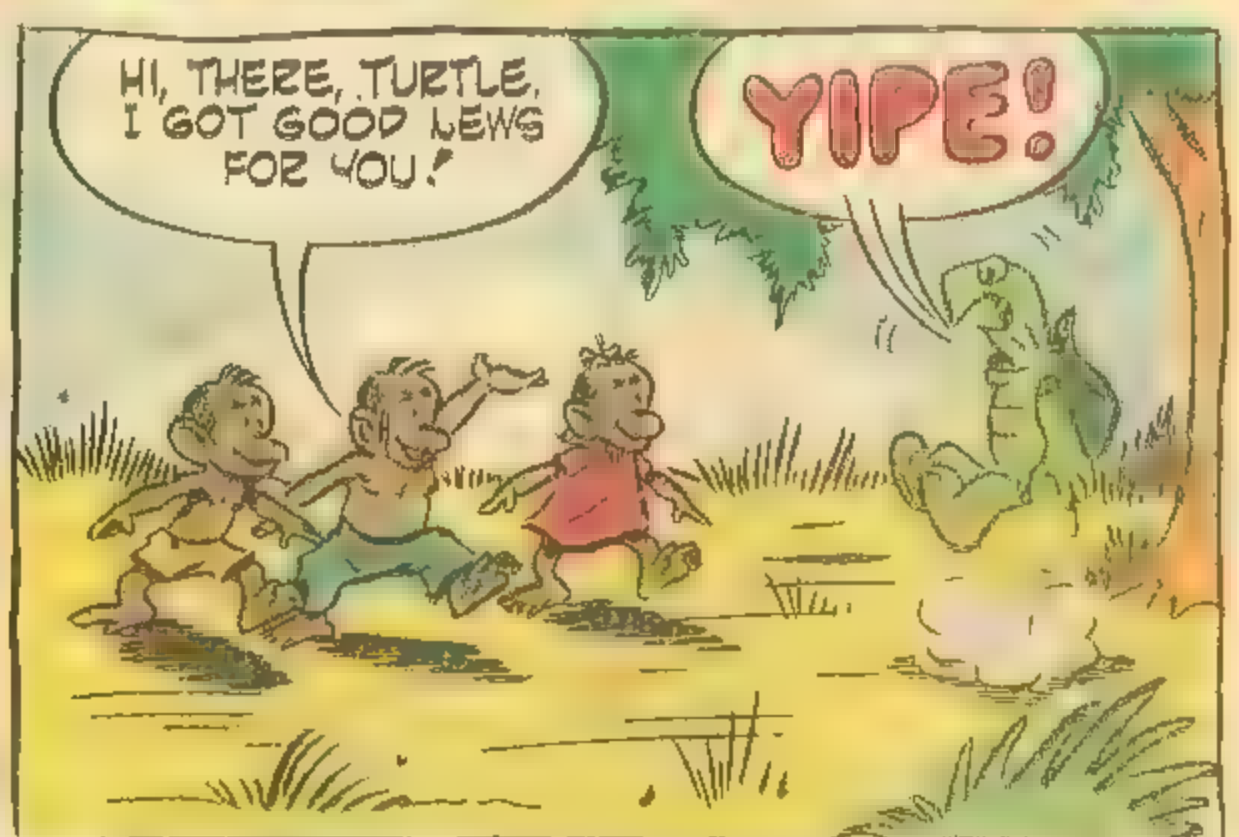
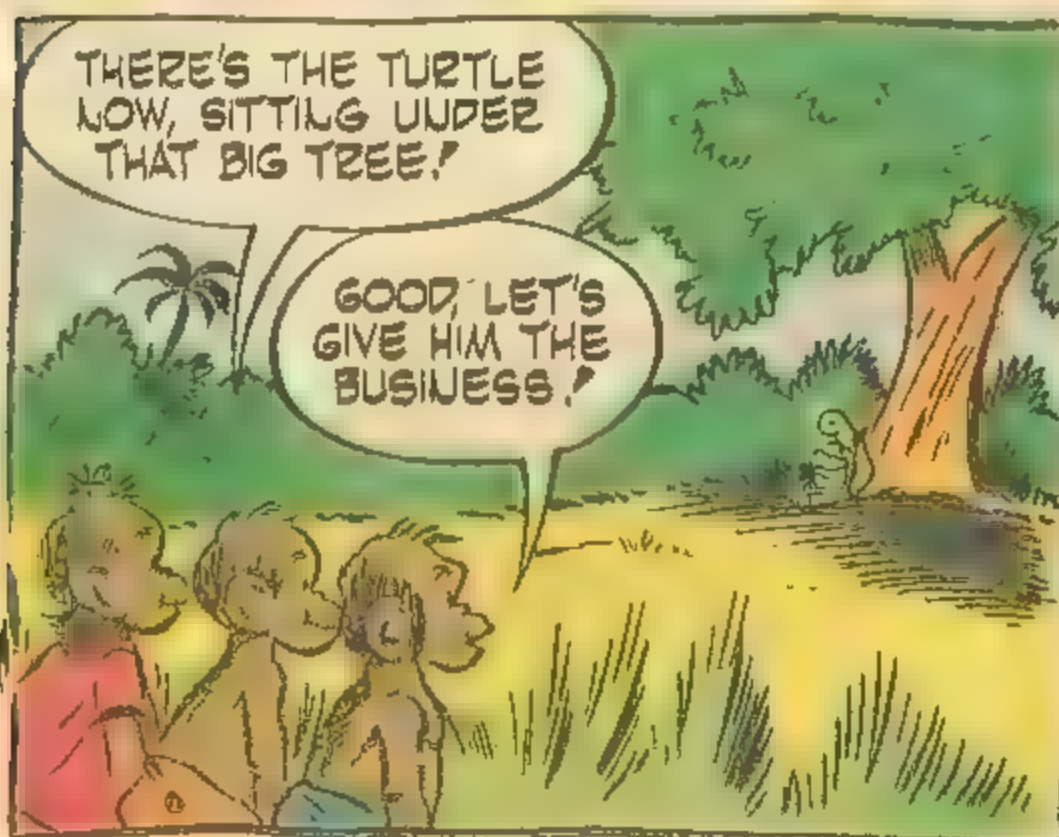
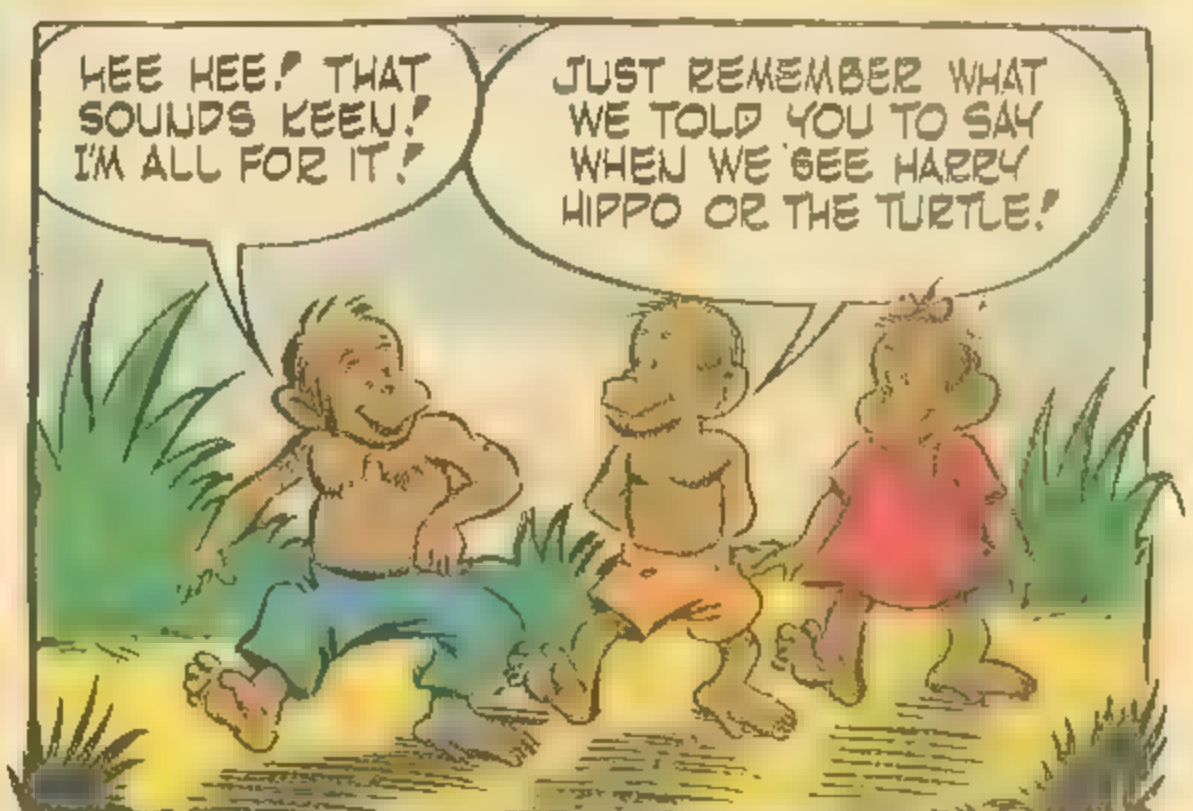
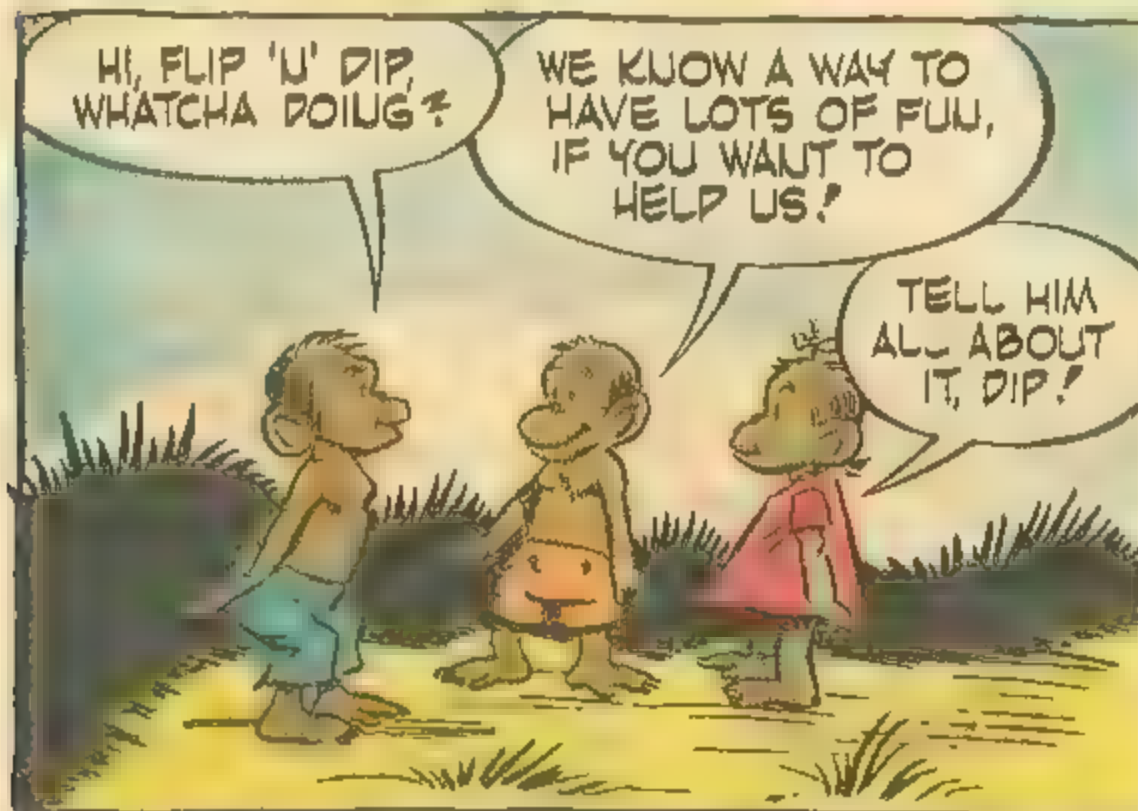
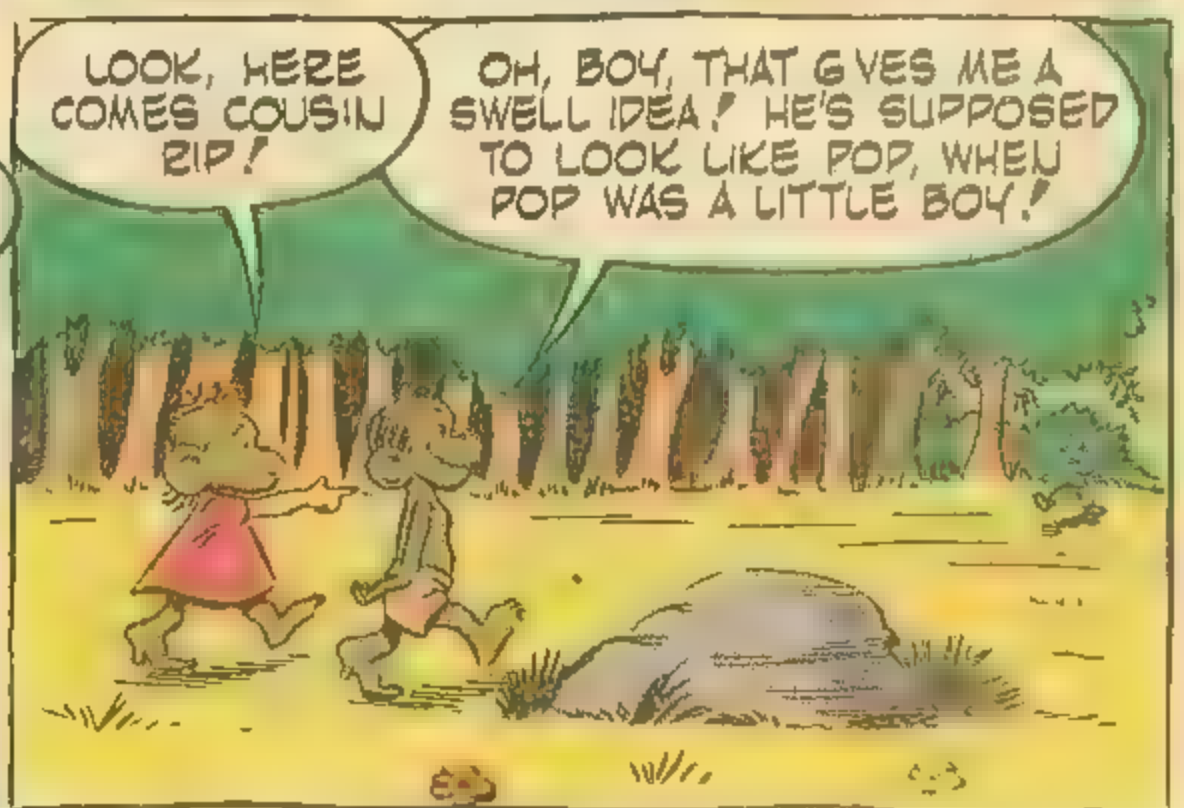
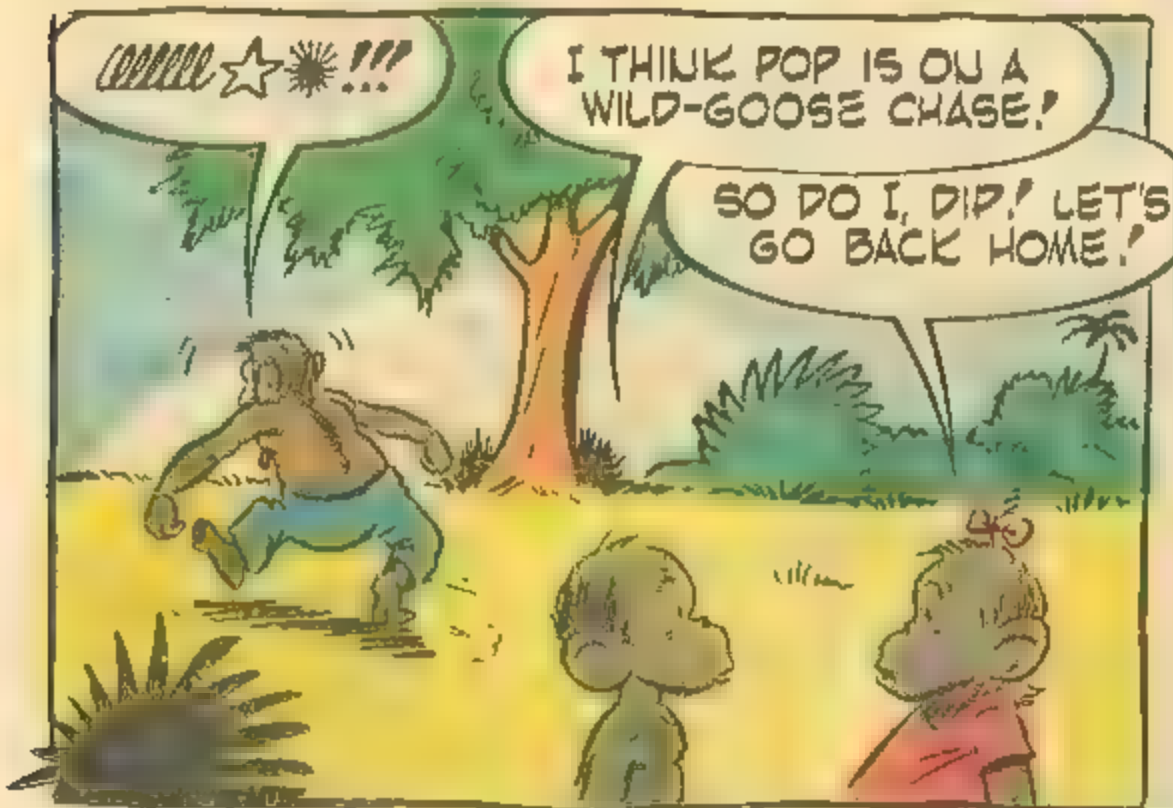
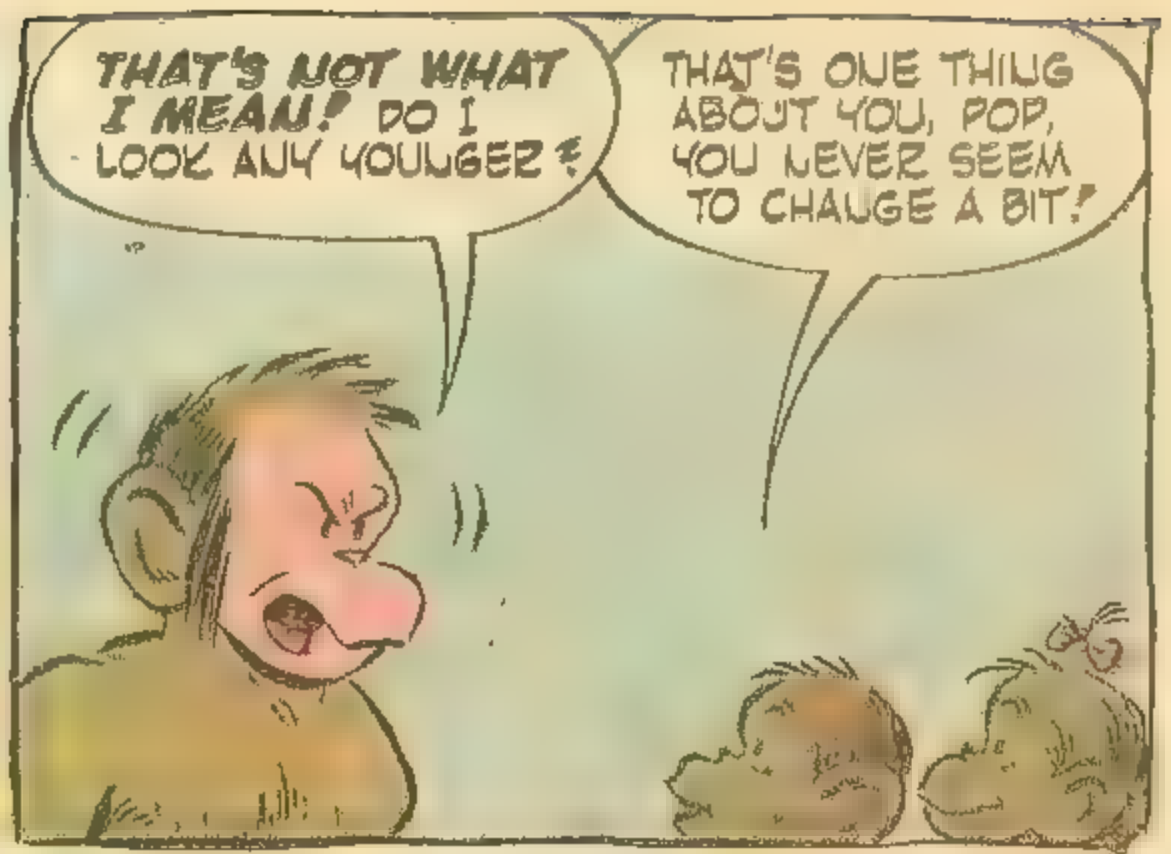
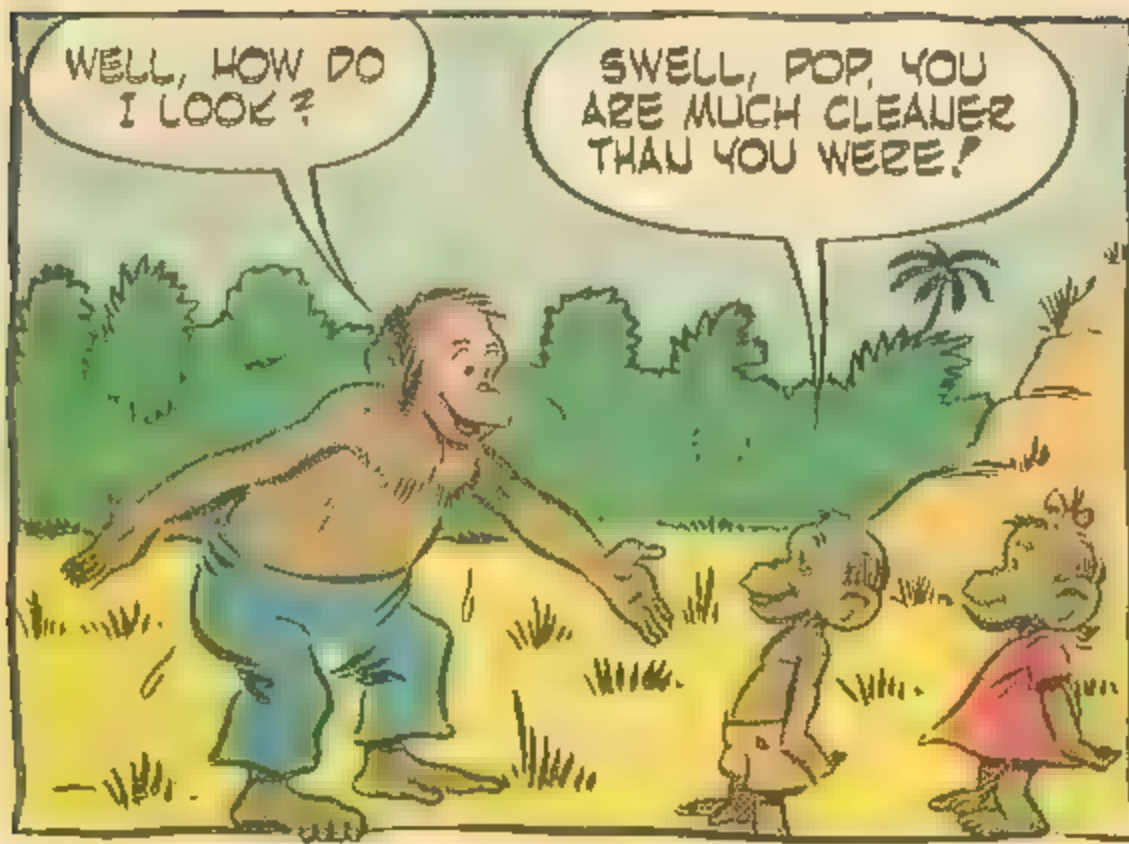


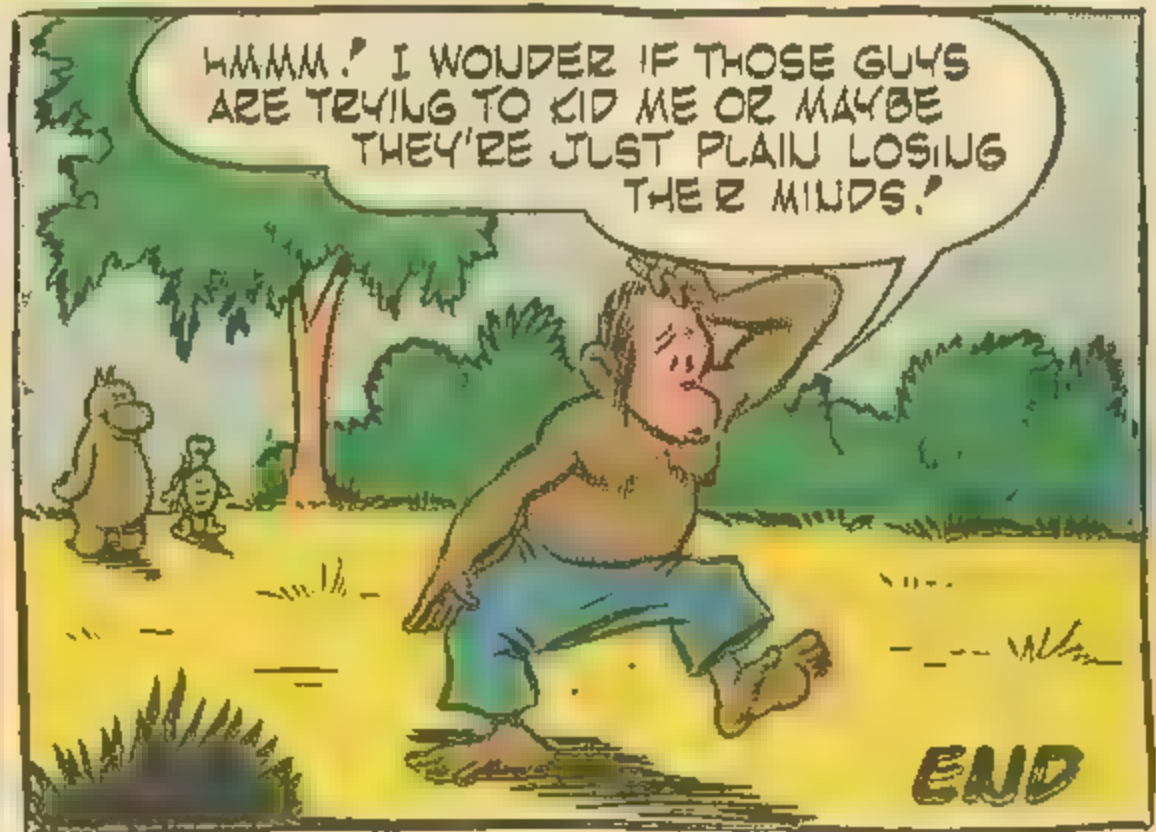
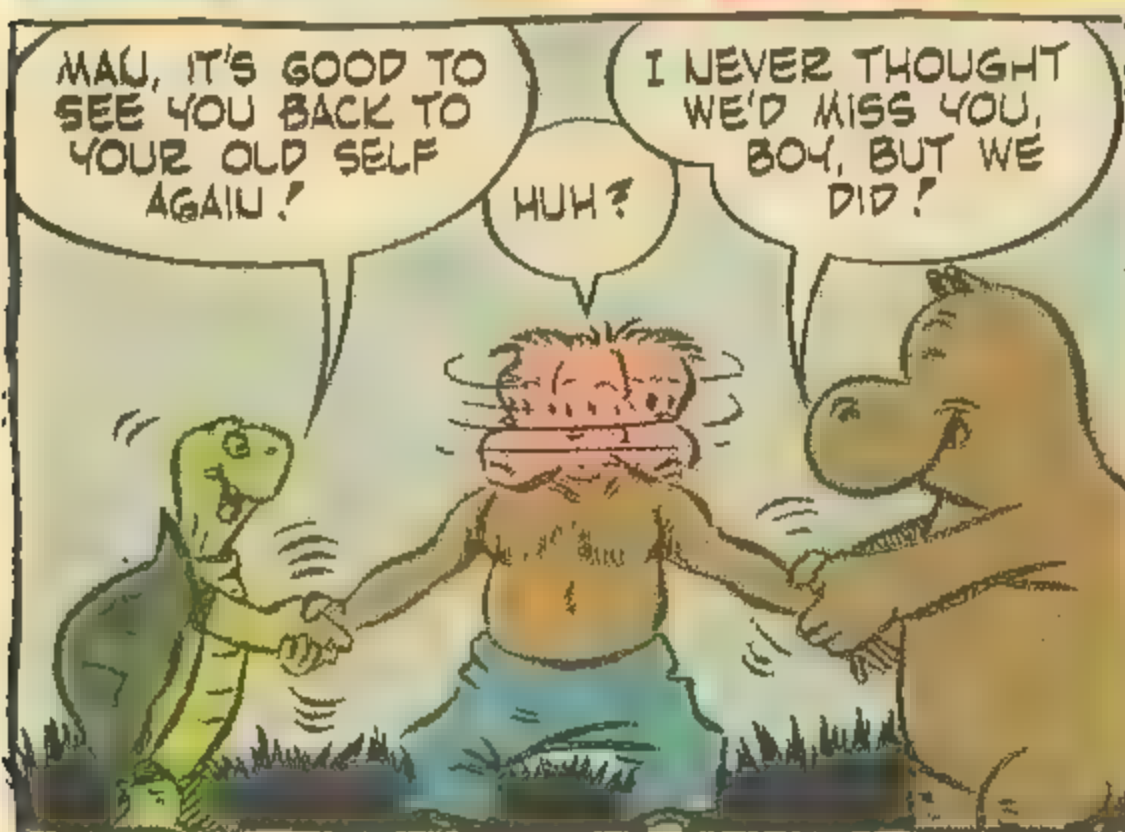
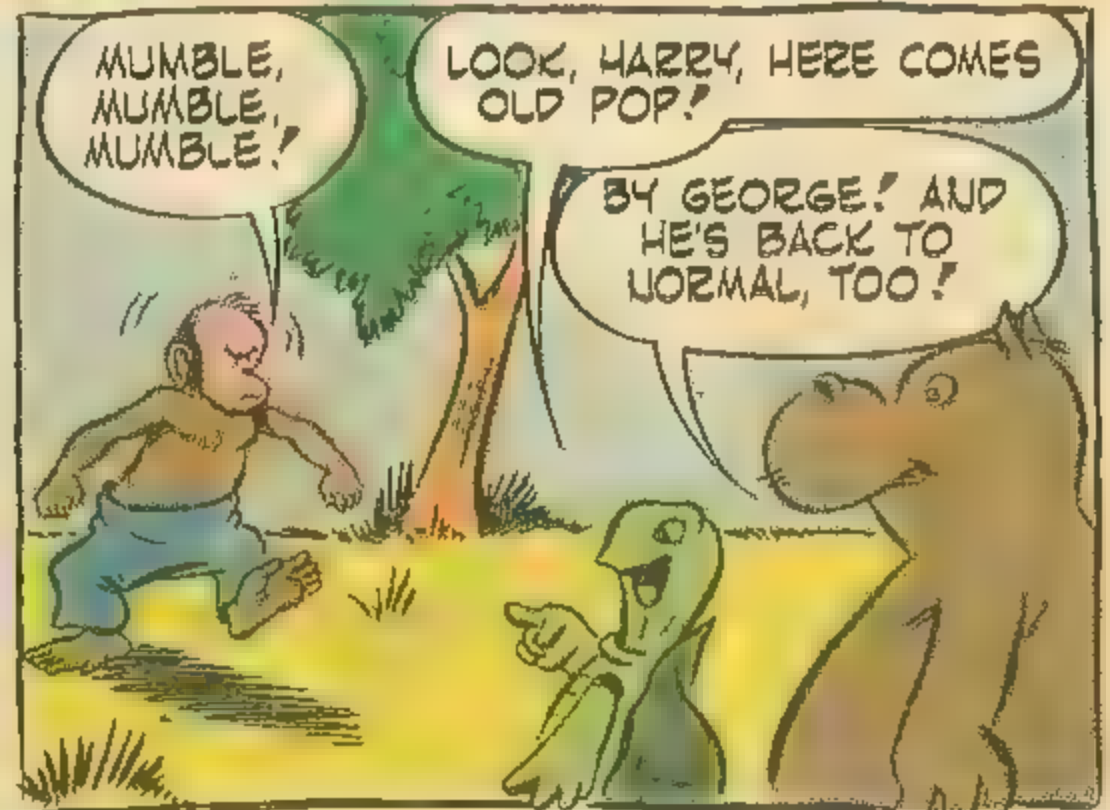
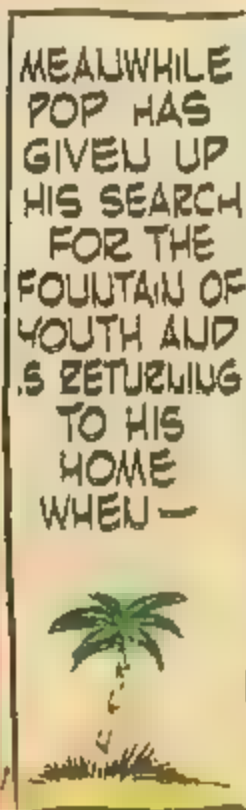
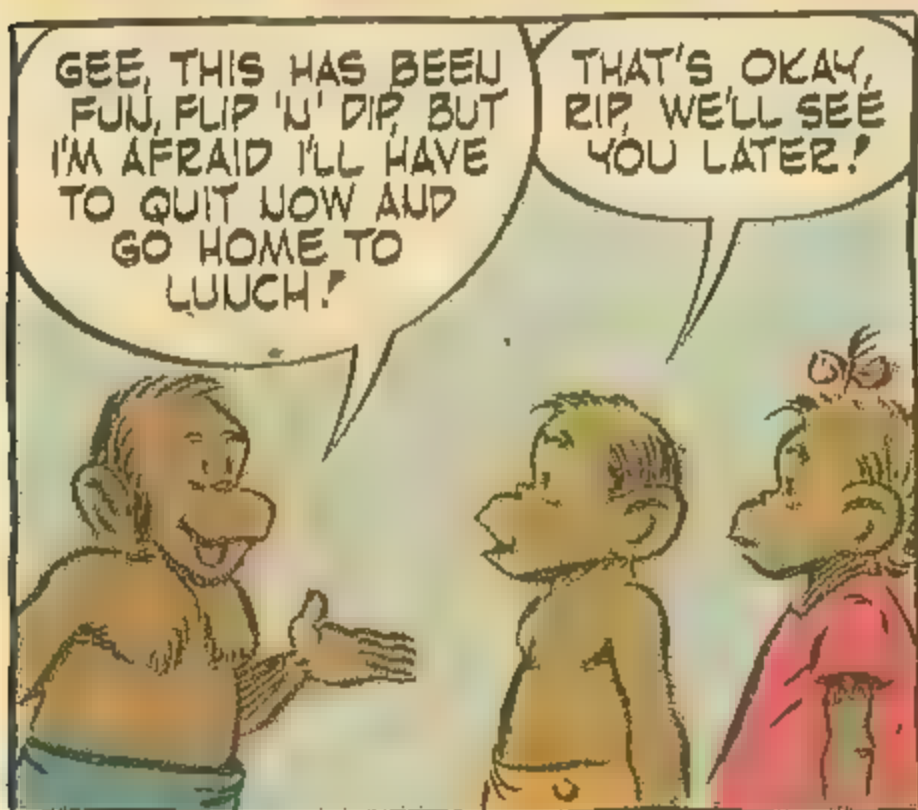
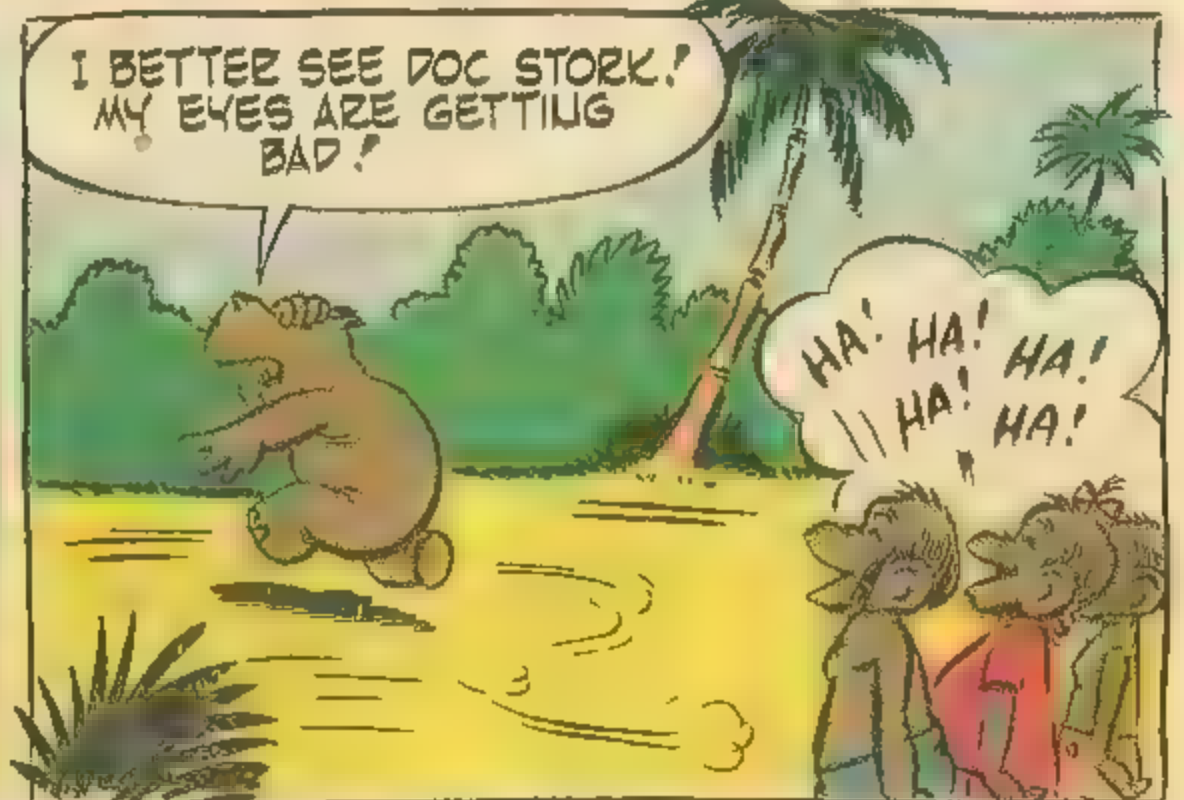
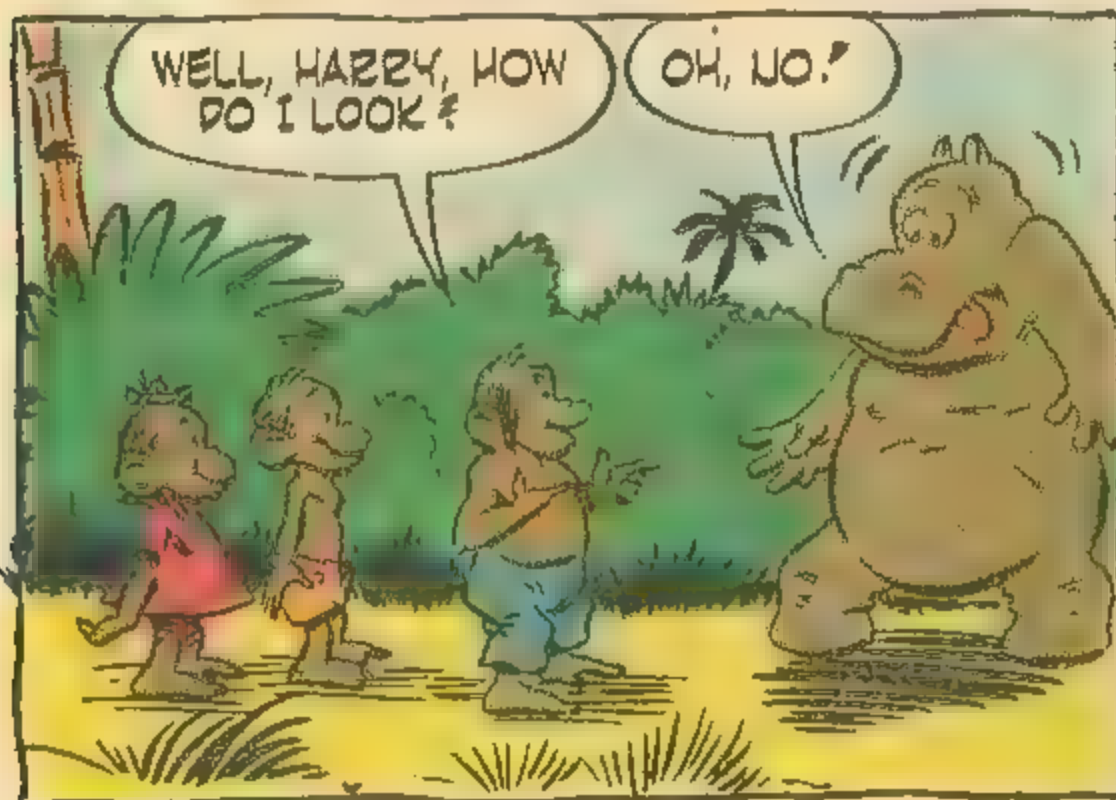
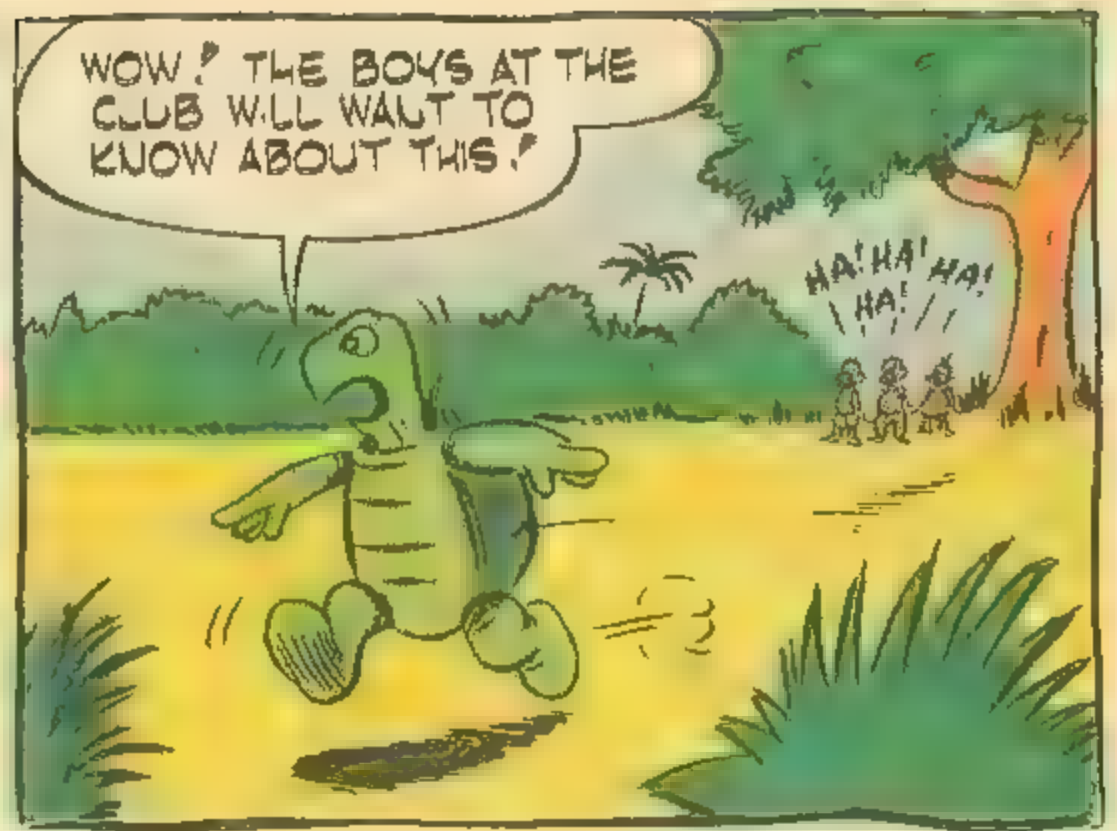
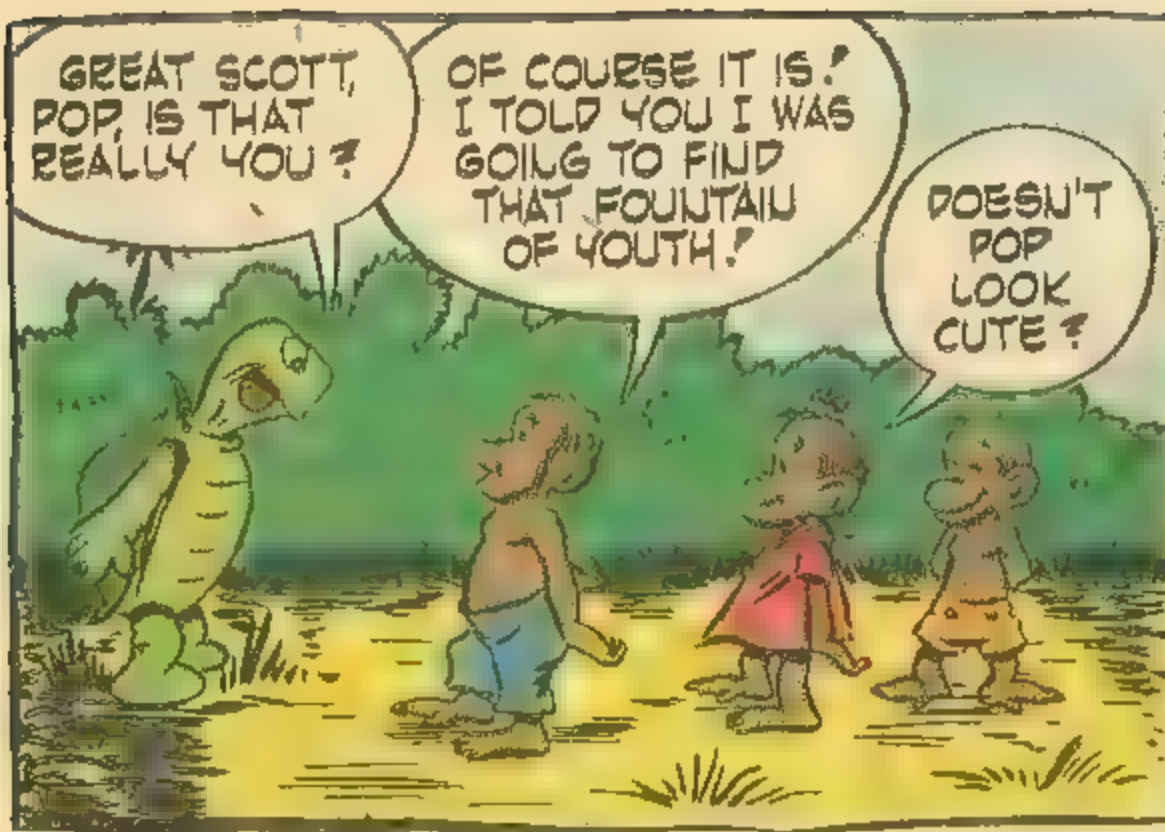












M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

WUFF,

the

PRAIRIE DOG

C'MON, WUFF! SINCE WE'RE
HEADED FOR GREEN MOUNTAIN,
WE'D BETTER GET GOING!

YEAH, IT
WILL TAKE
US A GOOD
WHILE...I'VE
GOT TH'
SLED TO
BRING TH'
EVERGREEN
BOUGHS
BACK ON!

I'VE PACKED A LUNCH FOR YOU,
BOYS! NOW BE CAREFUL... AND
GET HOME BEFORE DARK!
REMEMBER CHARLIE
COYOTE!

AW, WE'RE
SAFE...
IN TH'
DAYLIGHT
ANYWAY!

AREN'T YOU GLAD THAT MISS
TWINK ASKED US TO GET TH'
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS FOR
TH' SCHOOL PLAY?

YEAH!...
IT'LL BE FUN!

OL' CHARLIE COYOTE
WILL NEVER THINK OF
LOOKING FOR US
UP ON GREEN
MOUNTAIN!

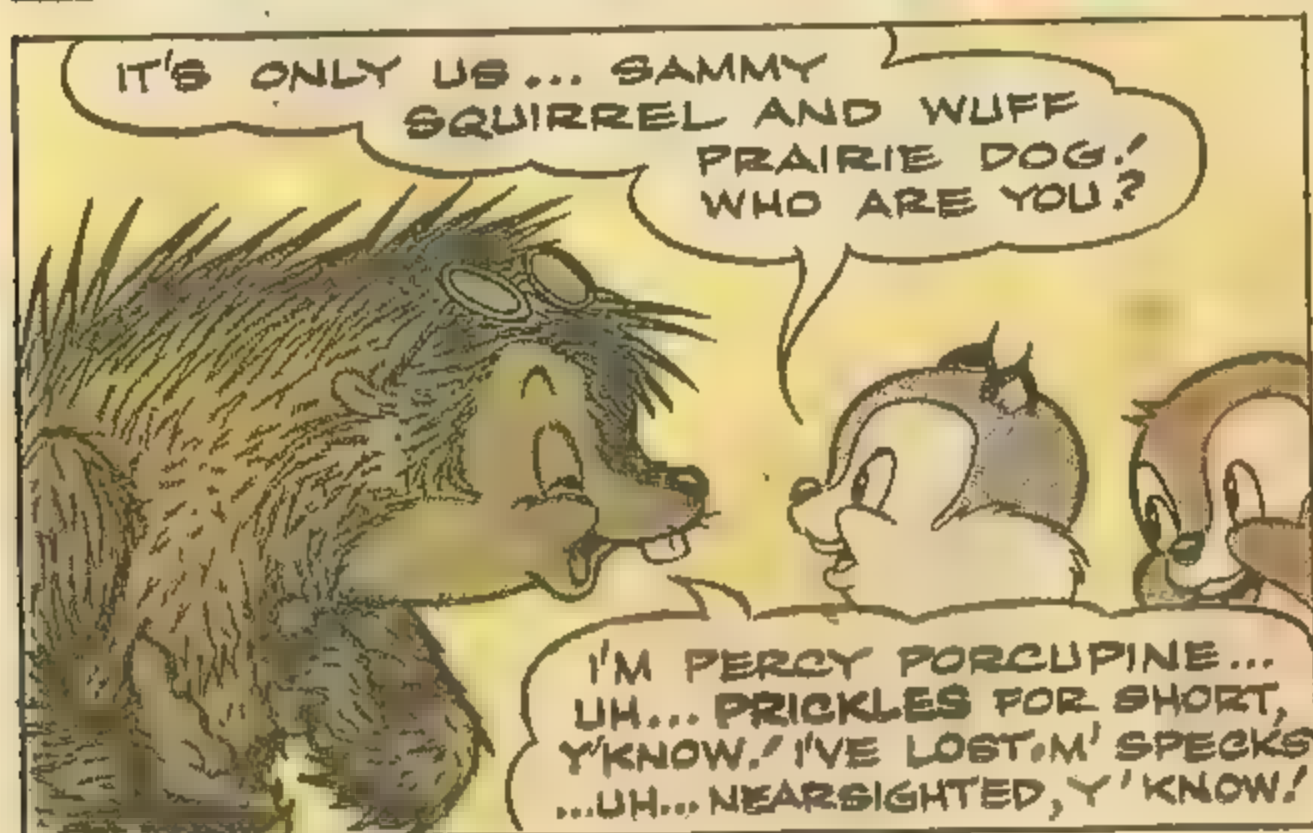
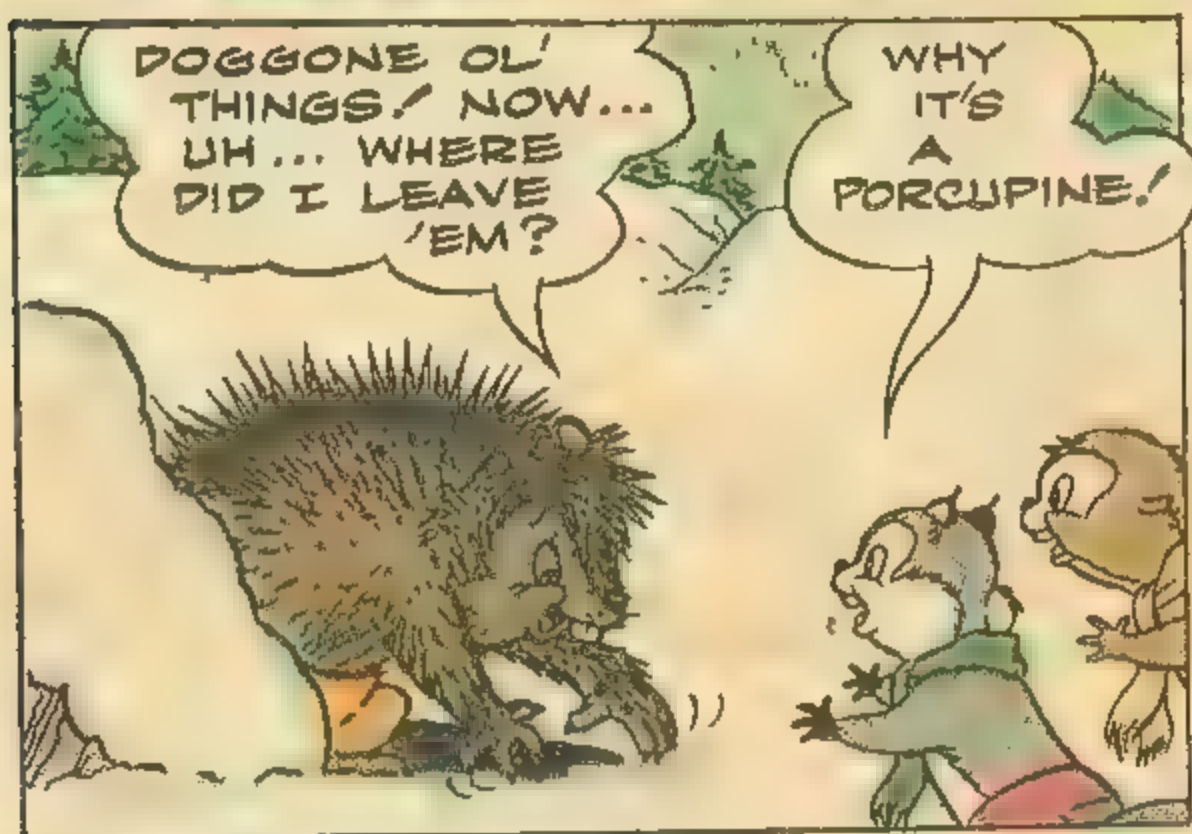
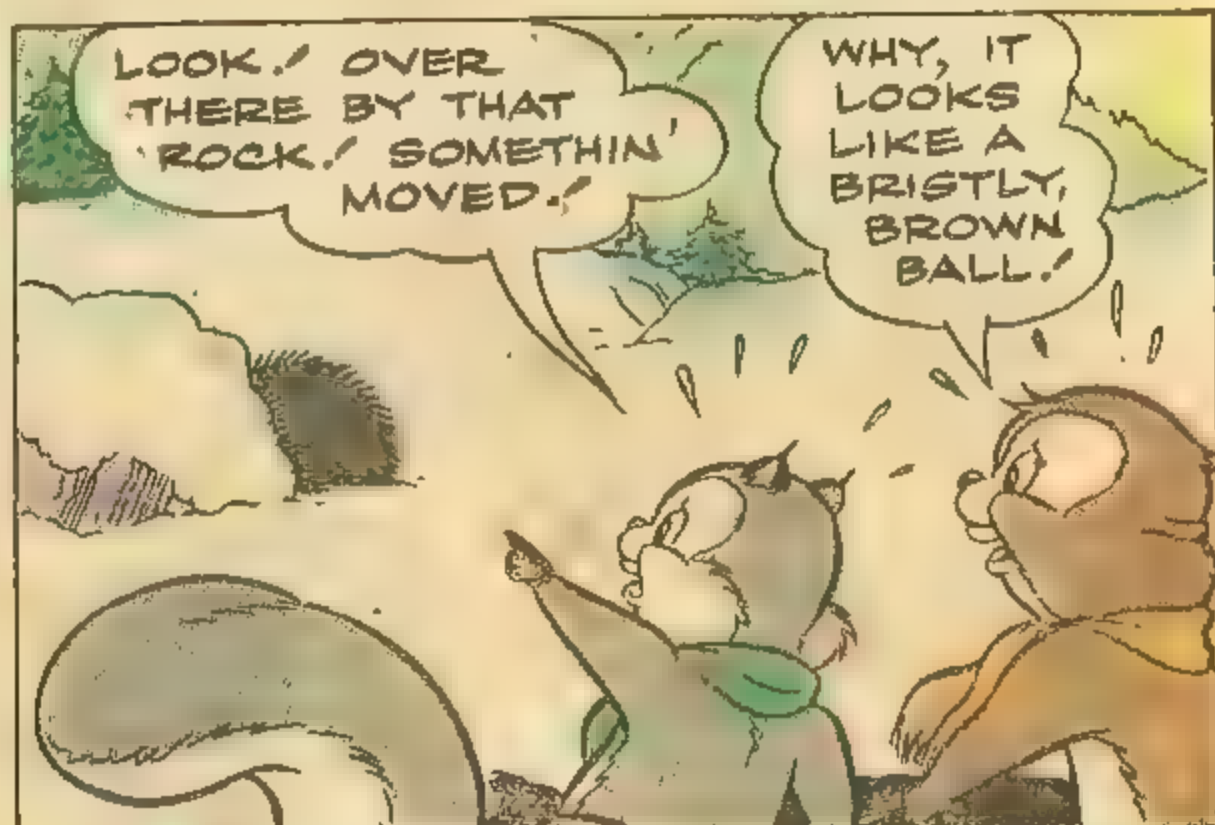
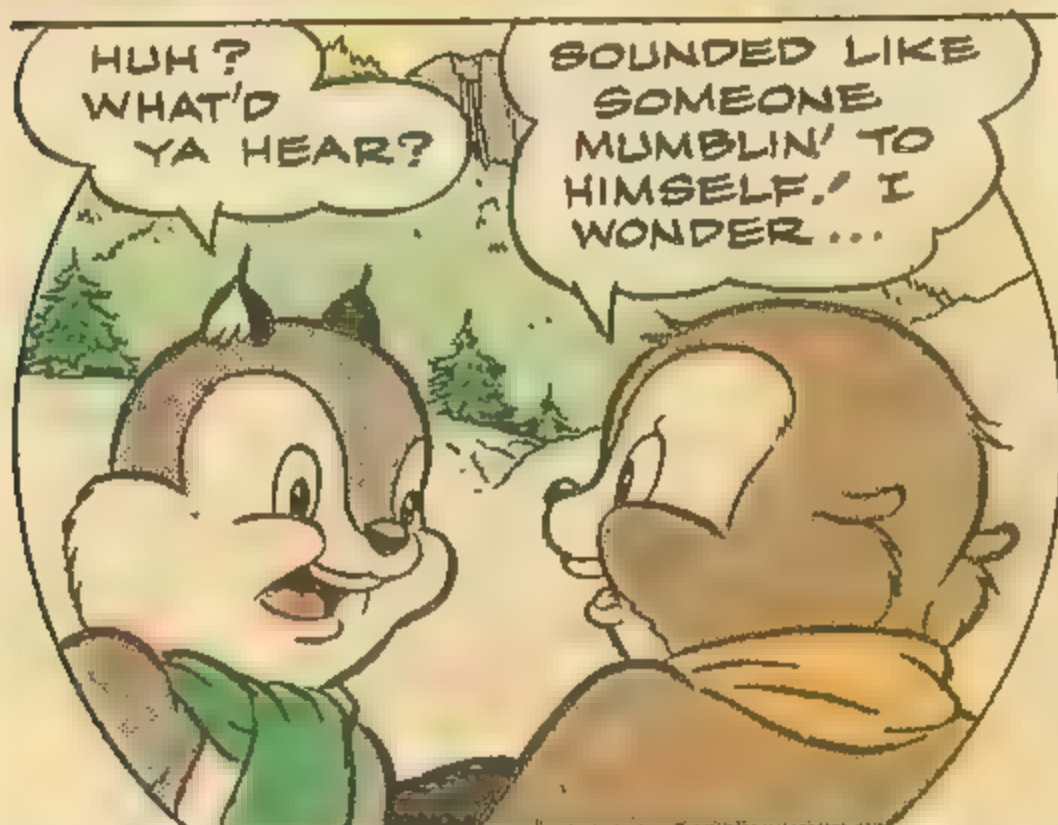
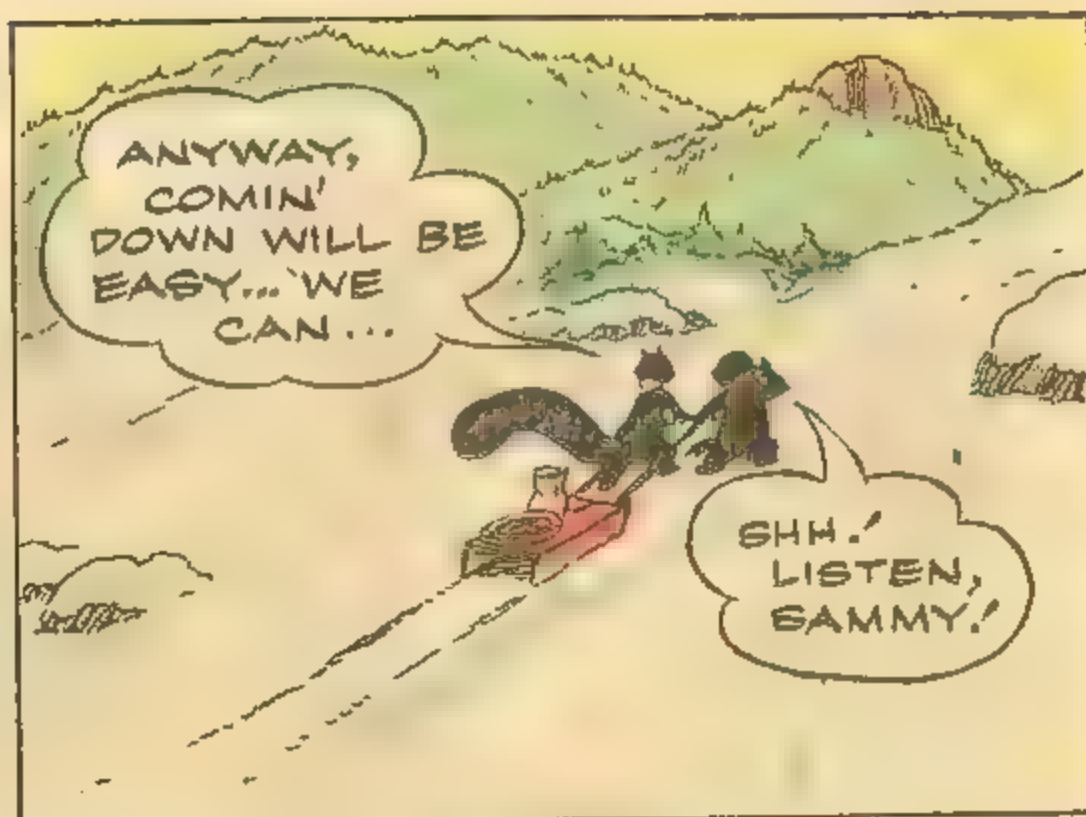
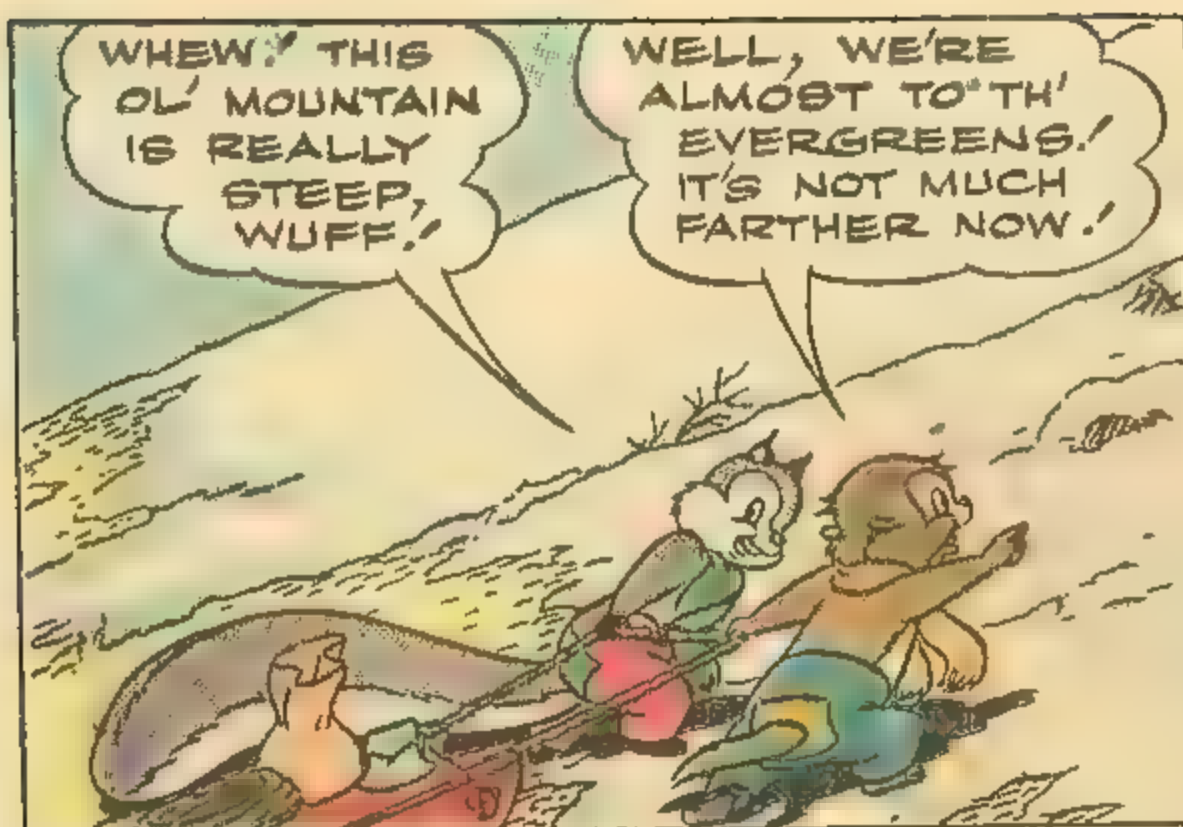
OH, HE
WON'T,
WON'T HE?
HO, HO!

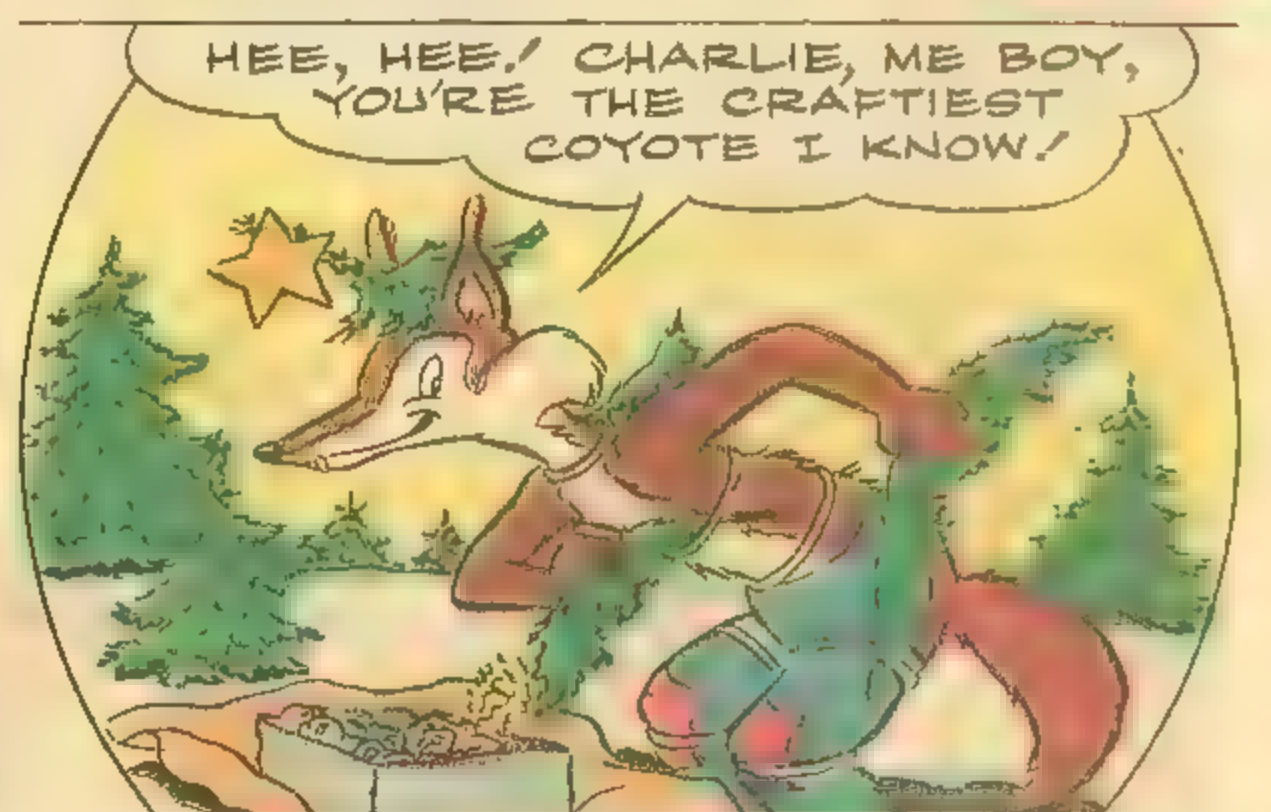
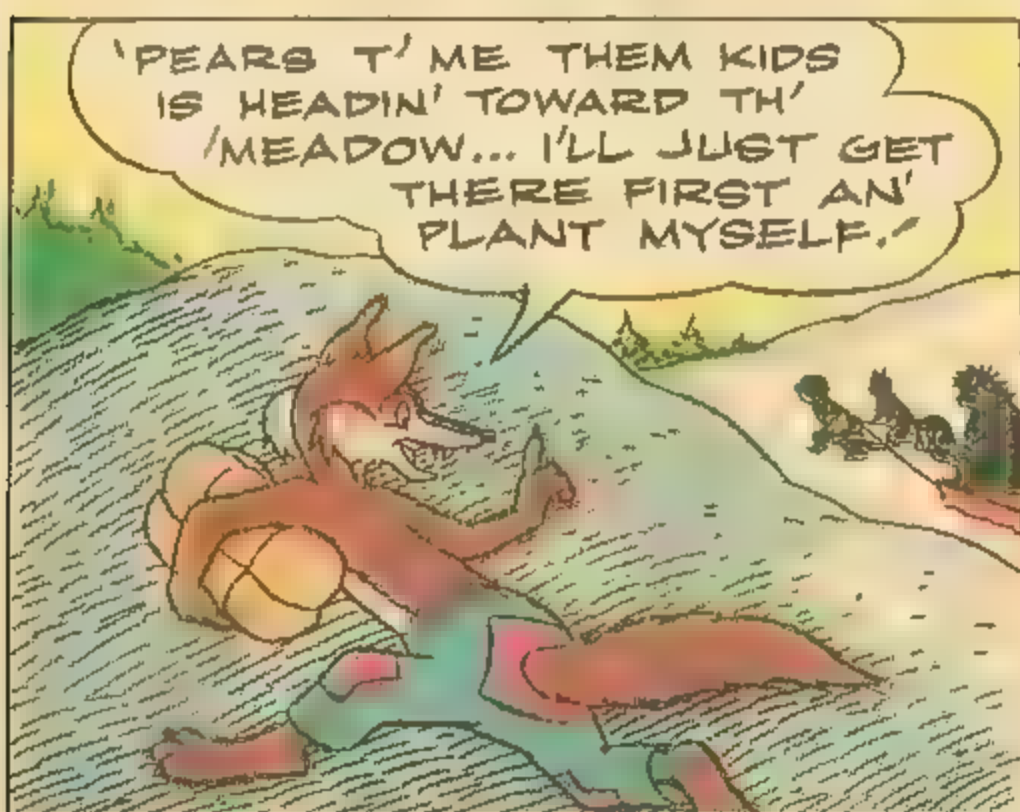
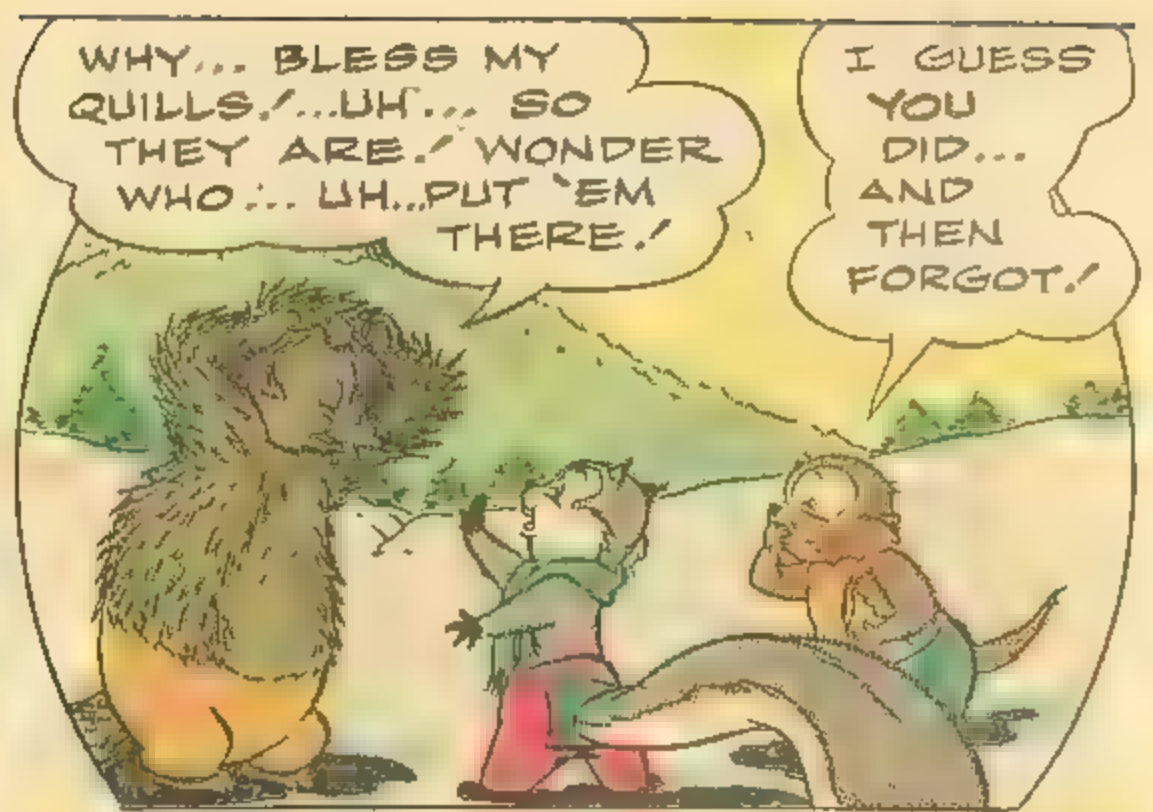
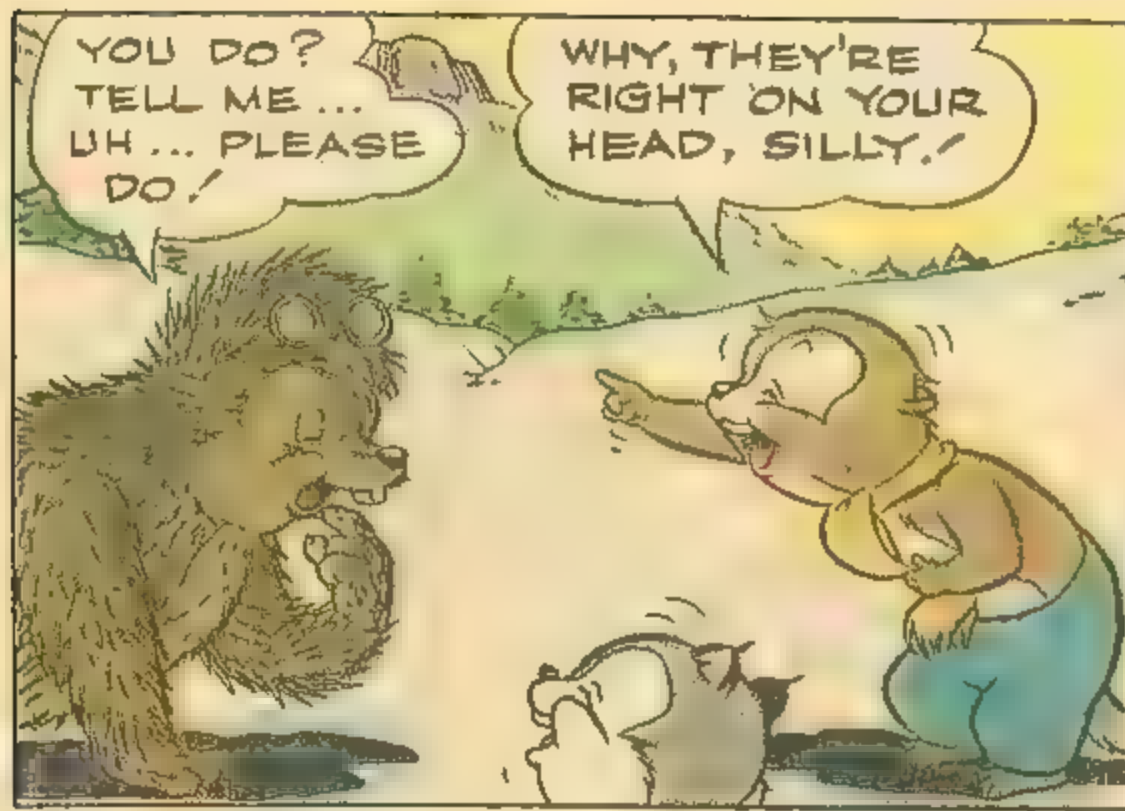
THEM LITTLE SMARTIES
IS JEST TOO 'BLAMED
SMART! THIS IS ONE
TIME I'LL OUTFOX...
ER... OUT-COYOTE
'EM!

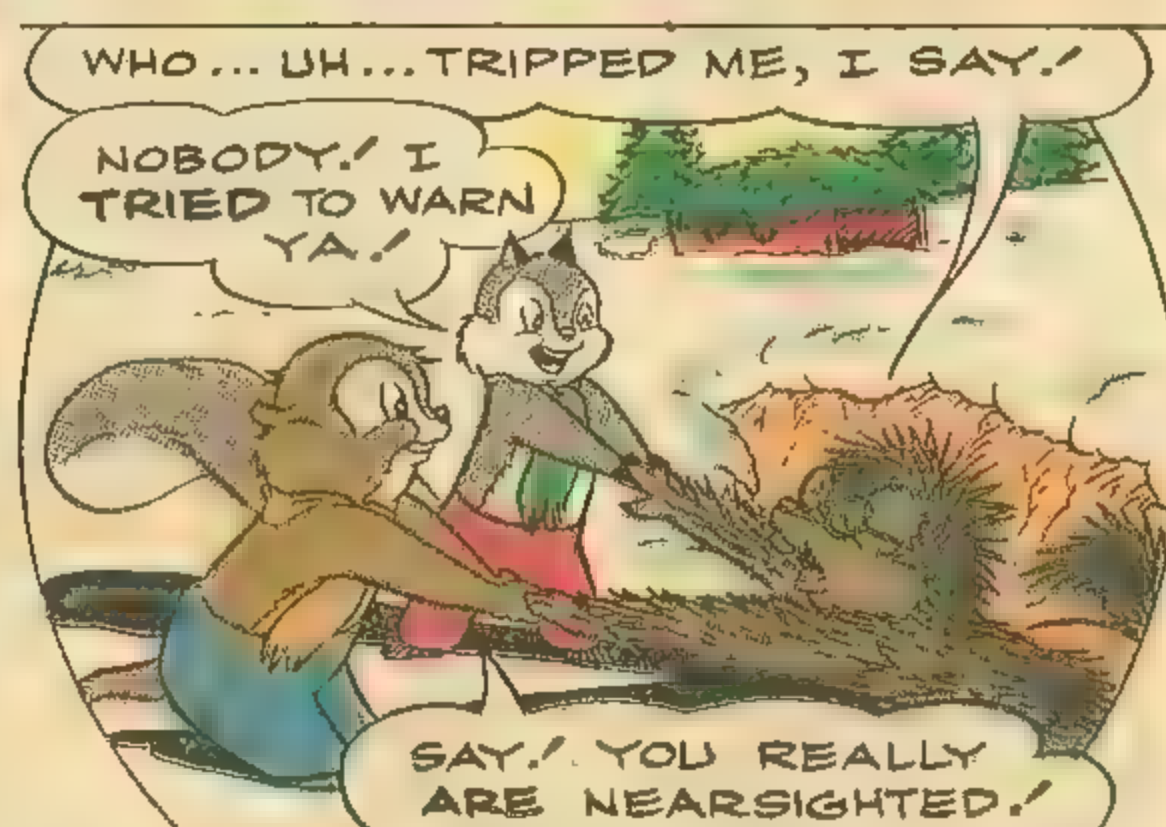
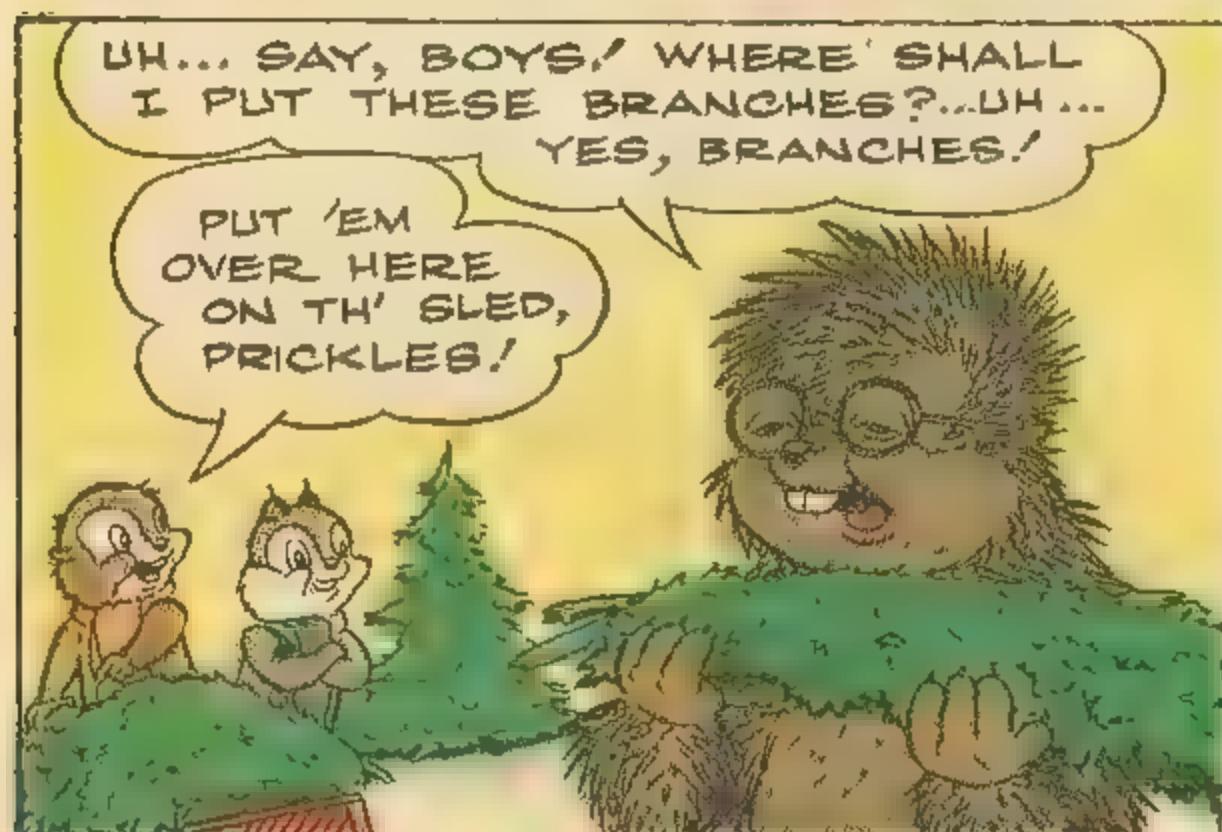
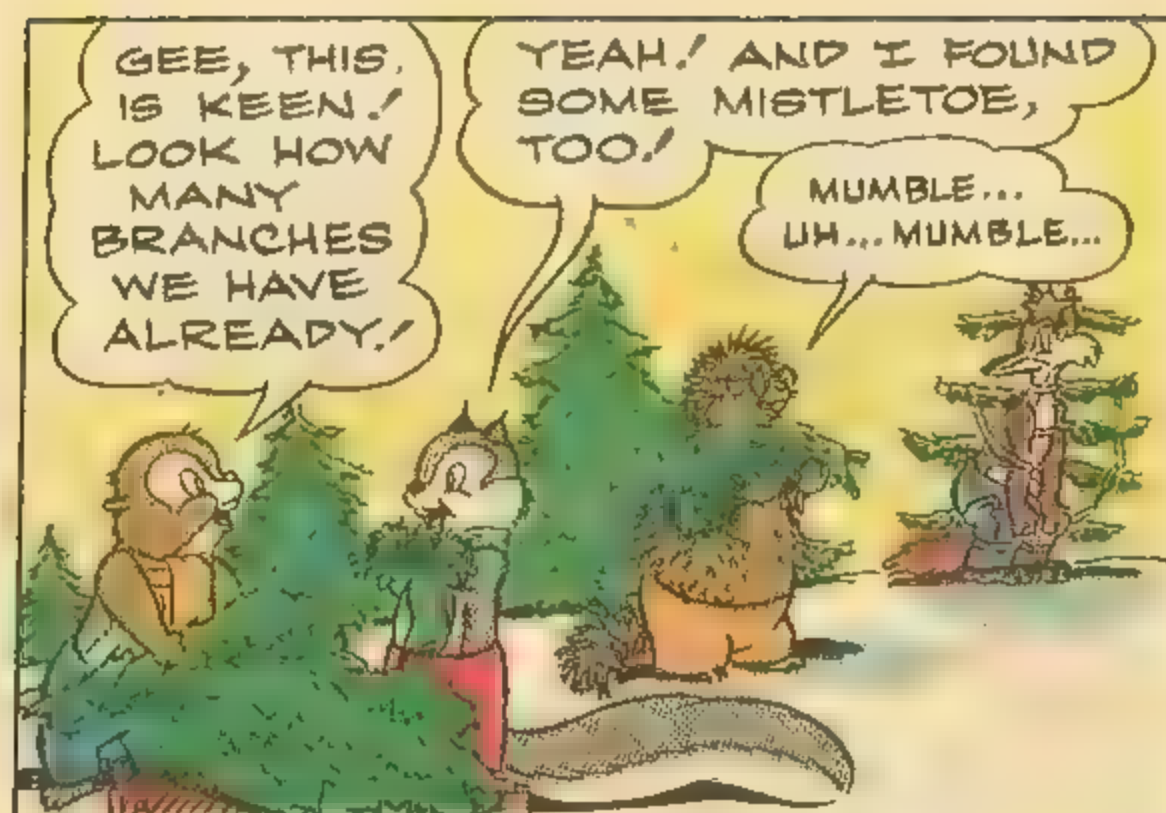
IT'S A LONG WAY UP TH' MOUNTAIN,
BUT I'D WALK A MILE FER A
MEAL! HEE, HEE!

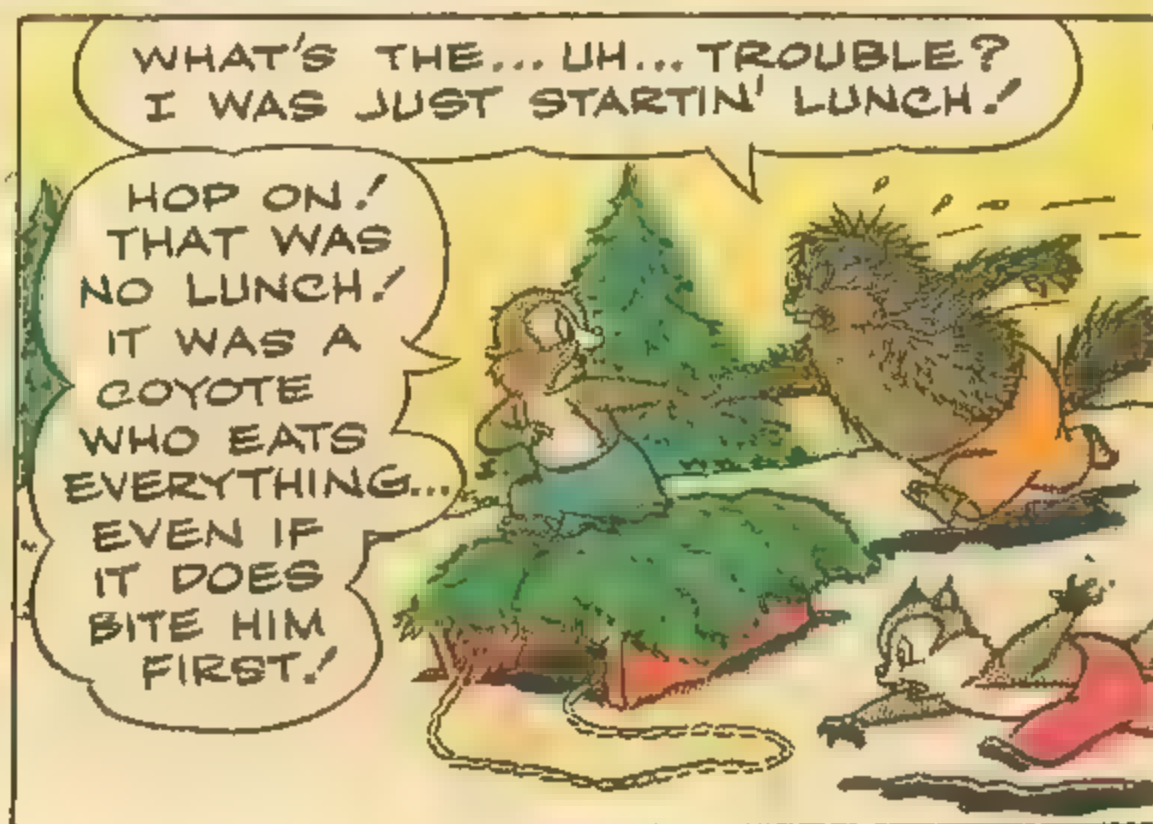
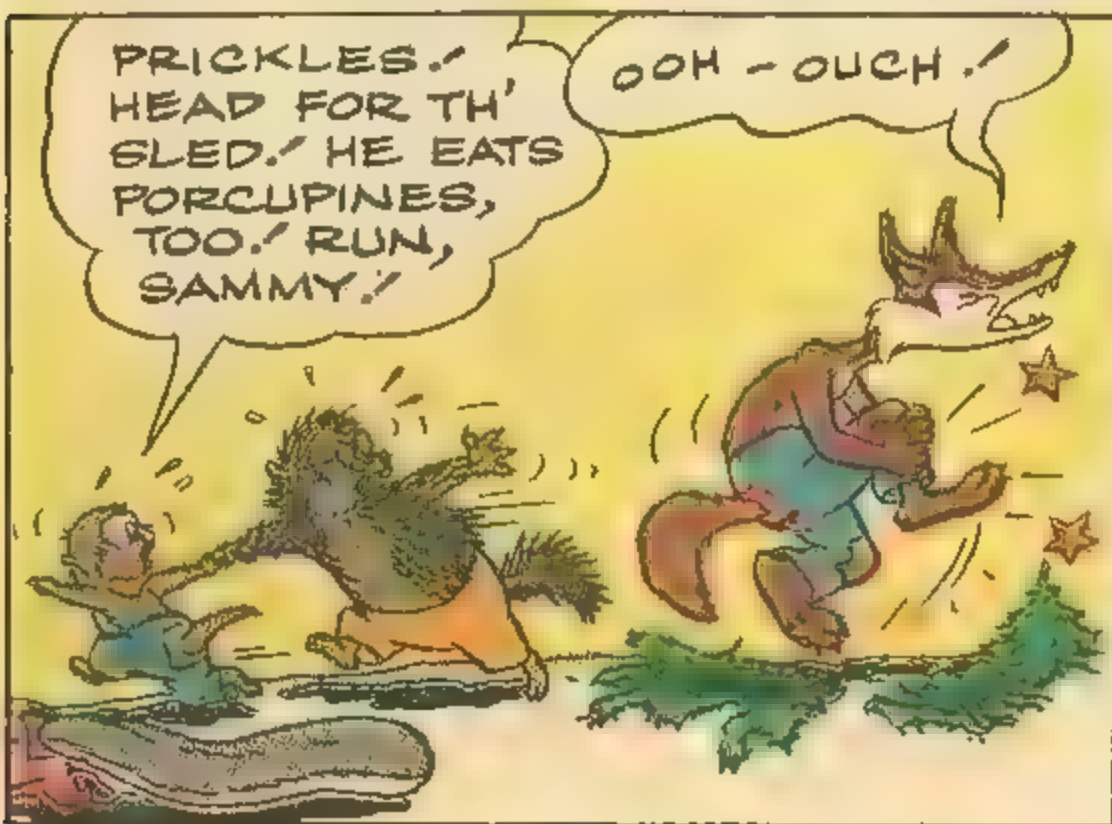
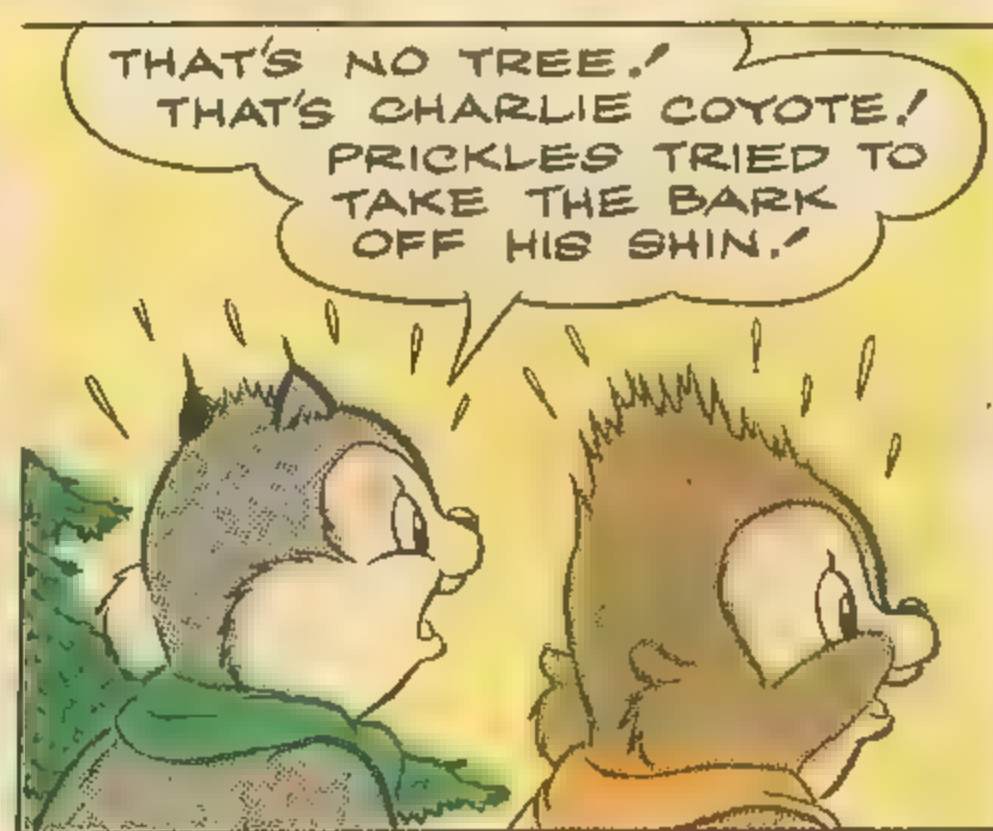
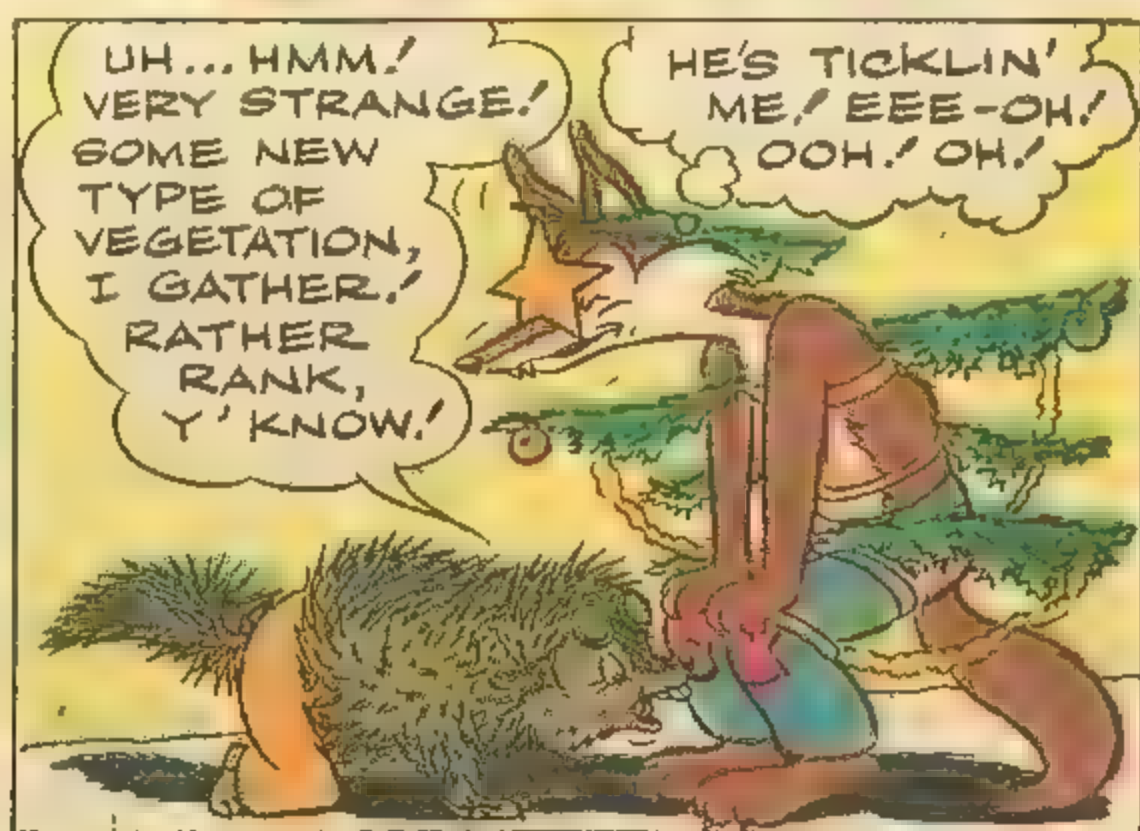
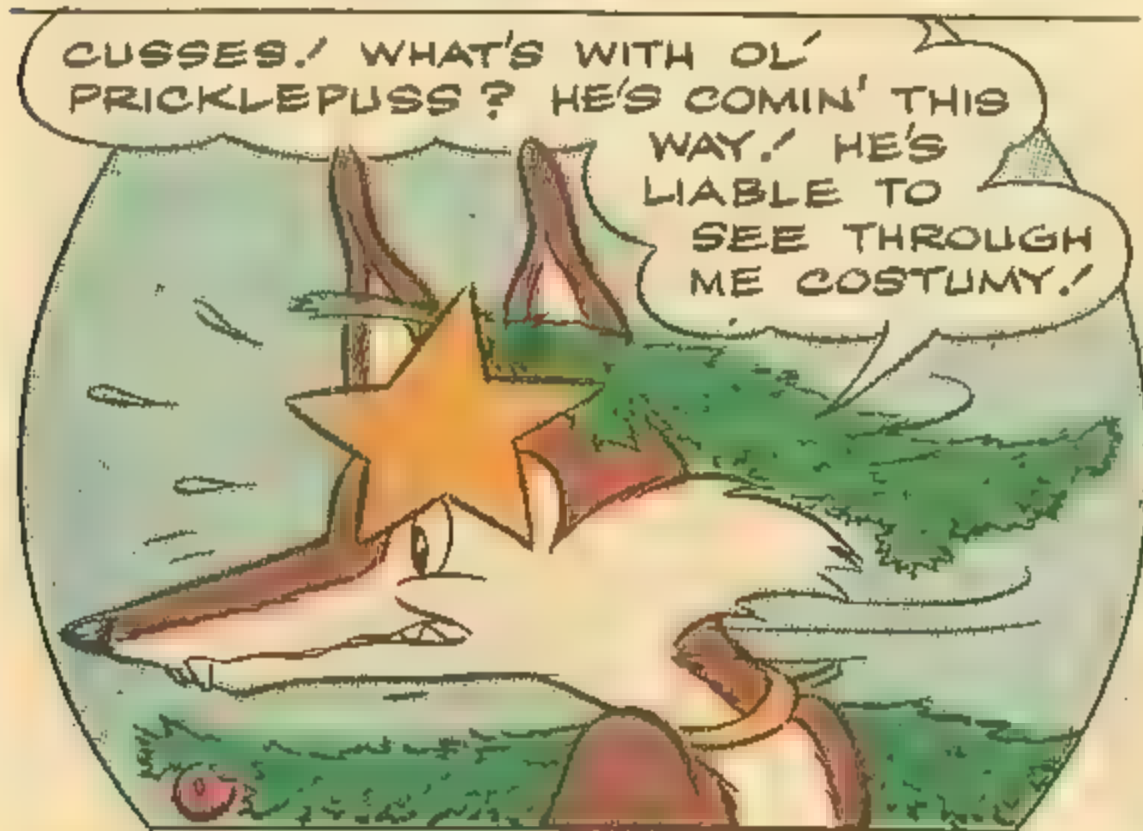
FIENDISH
DISGUISE

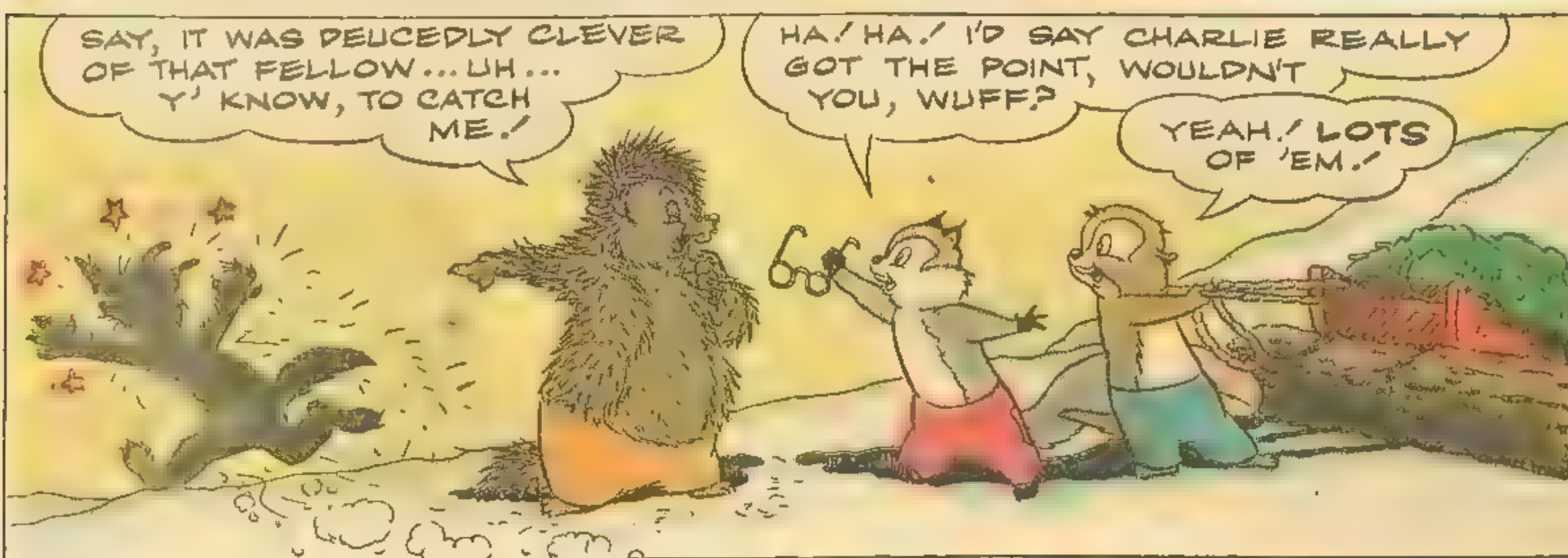
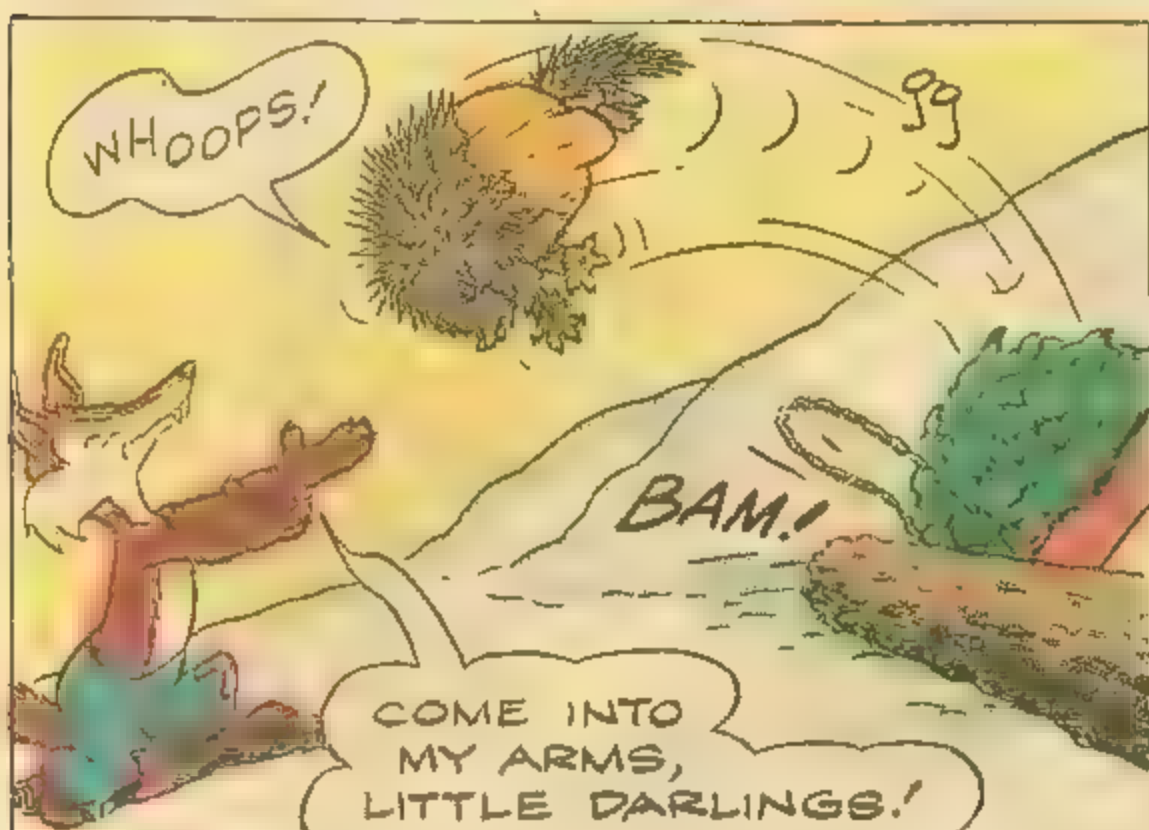
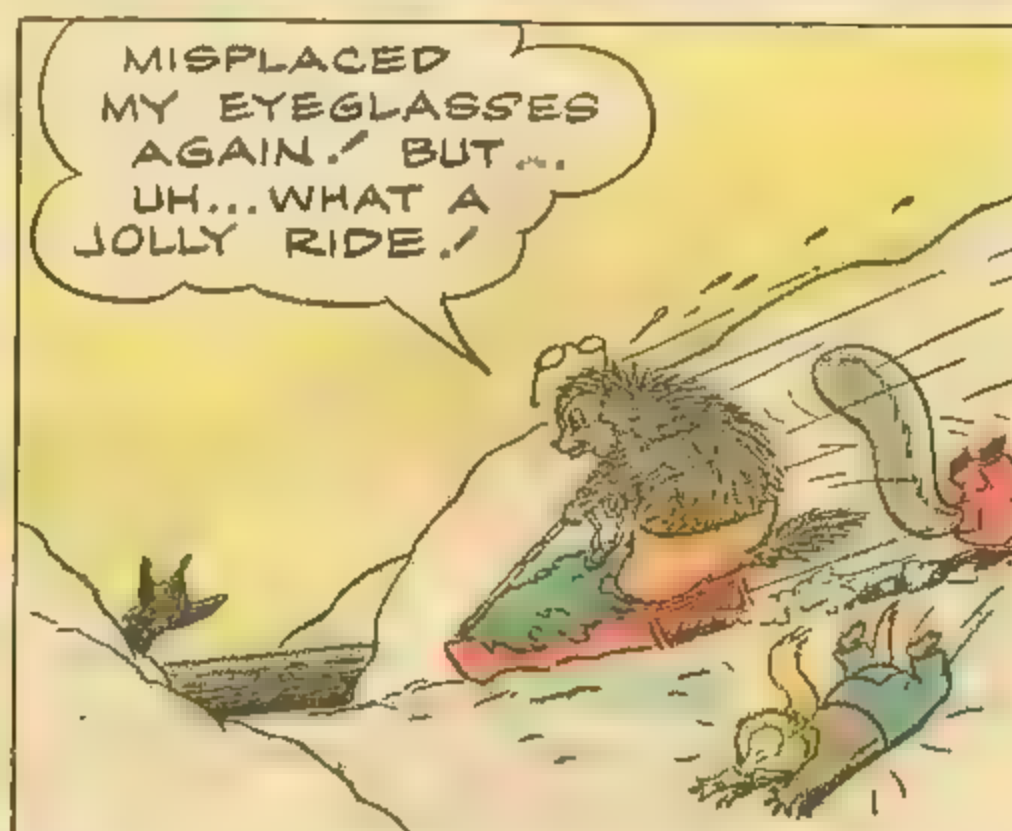
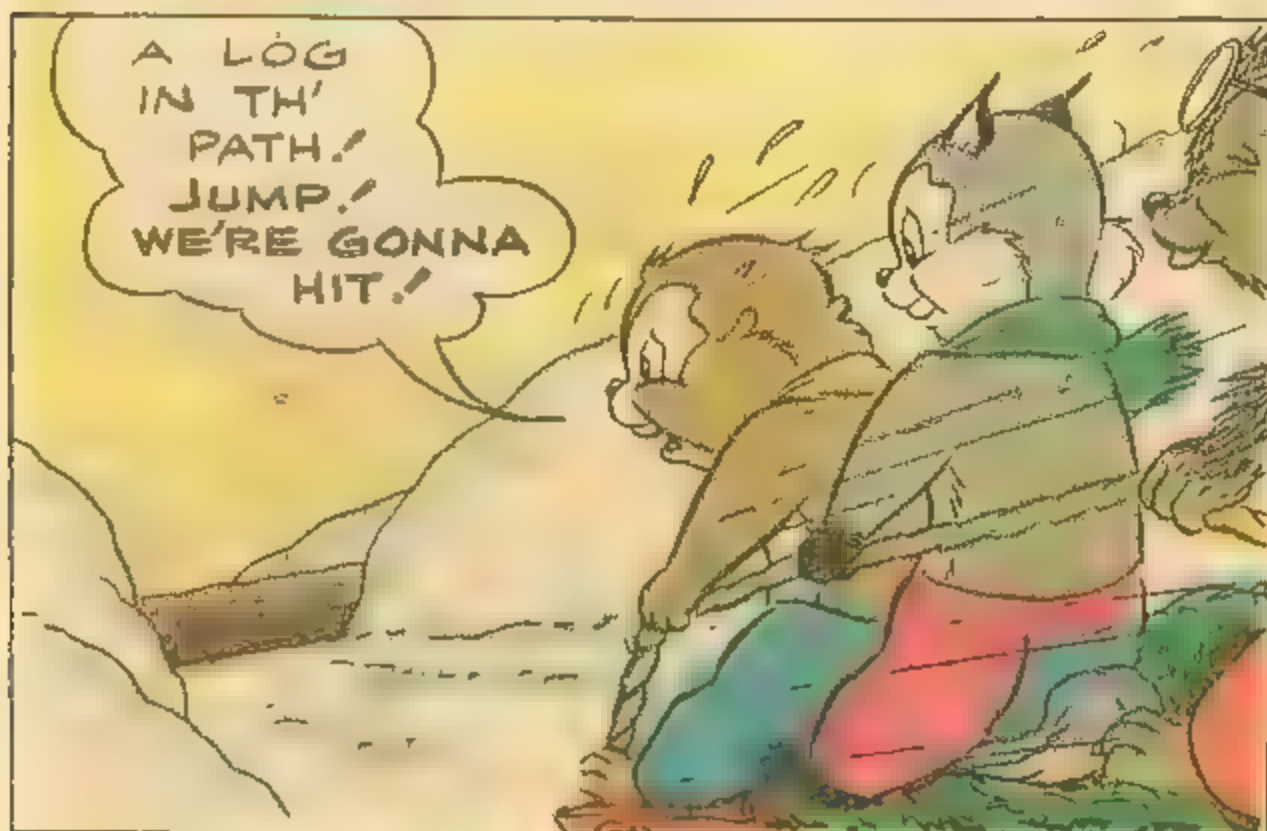
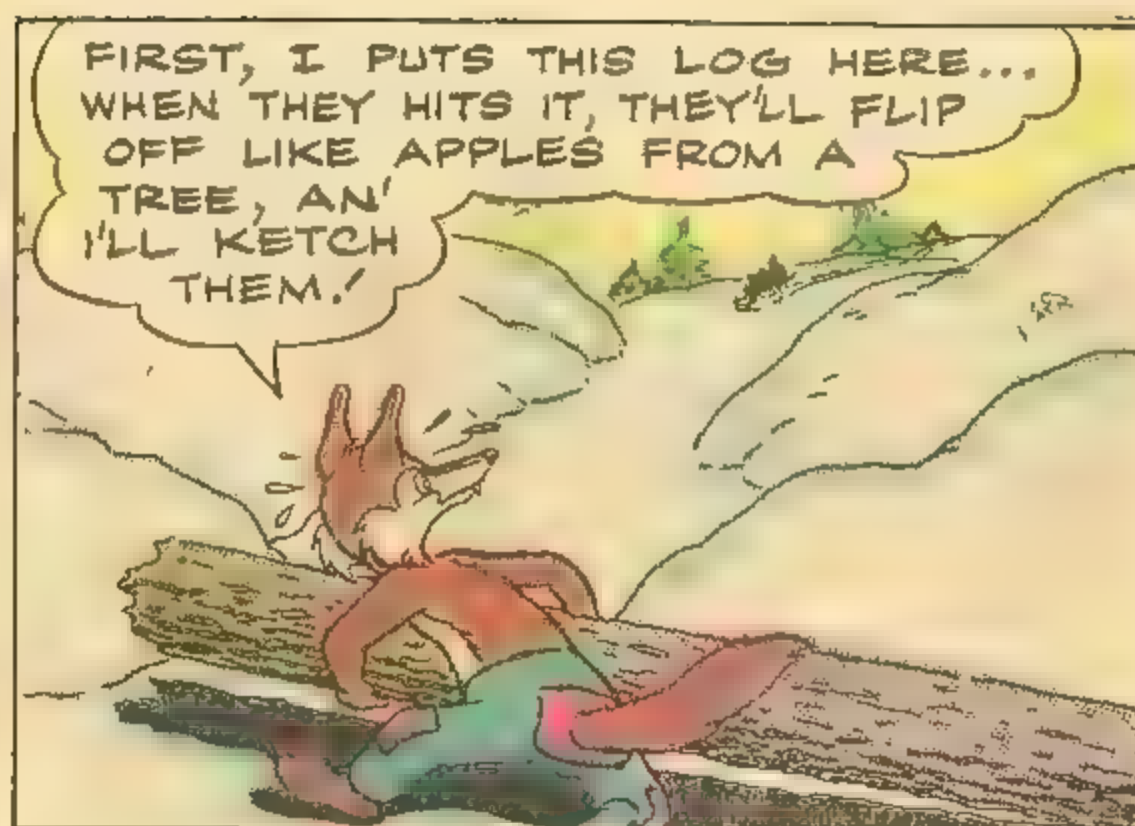
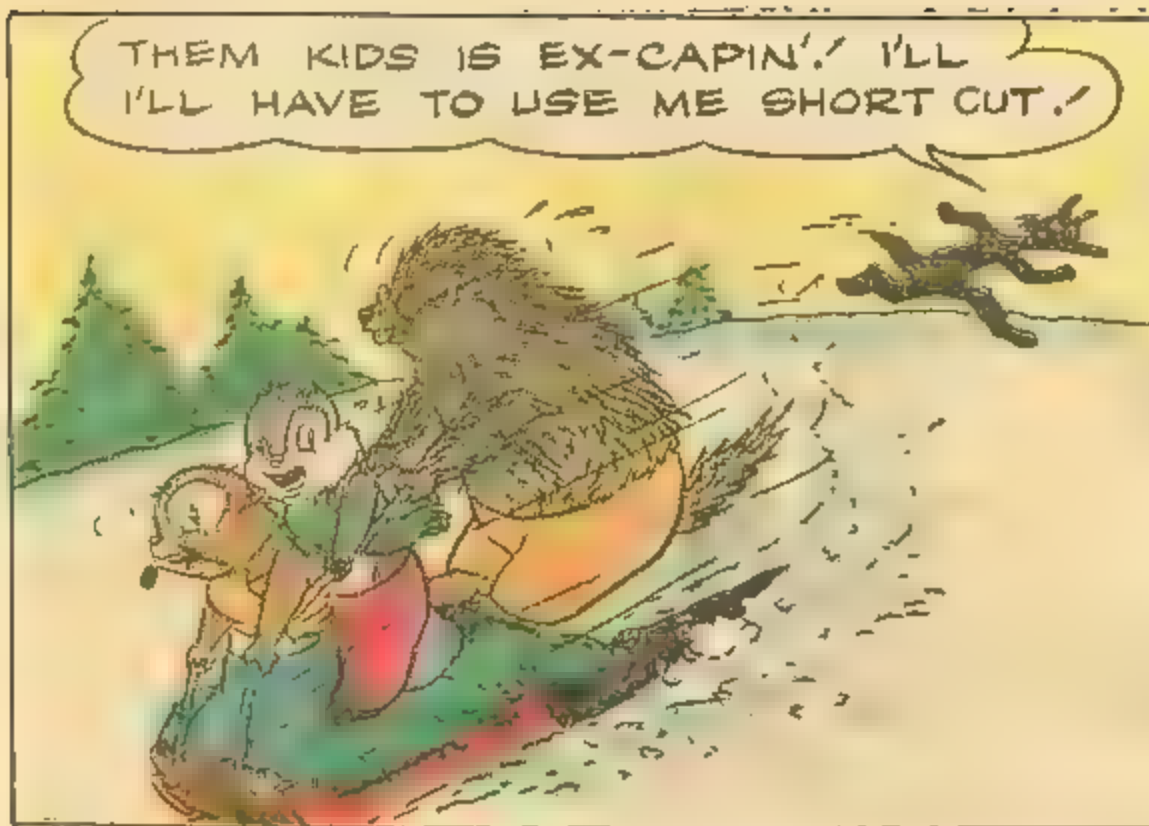
AH! JEST
WHAT I WAS
LOOKIN' FER!
WHAT A DINNER
I'LL HAVE!
PLANKED PRAIRIE
DOG AN' BAKED
SQUIRREL!

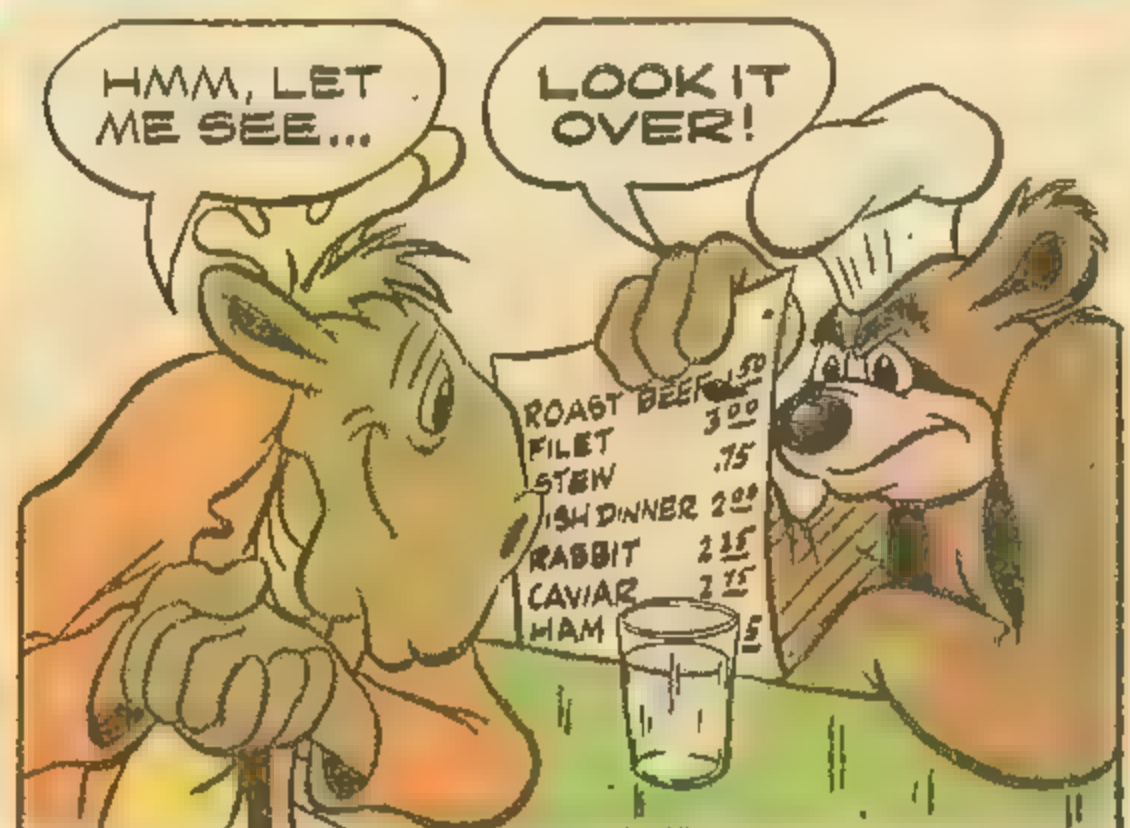
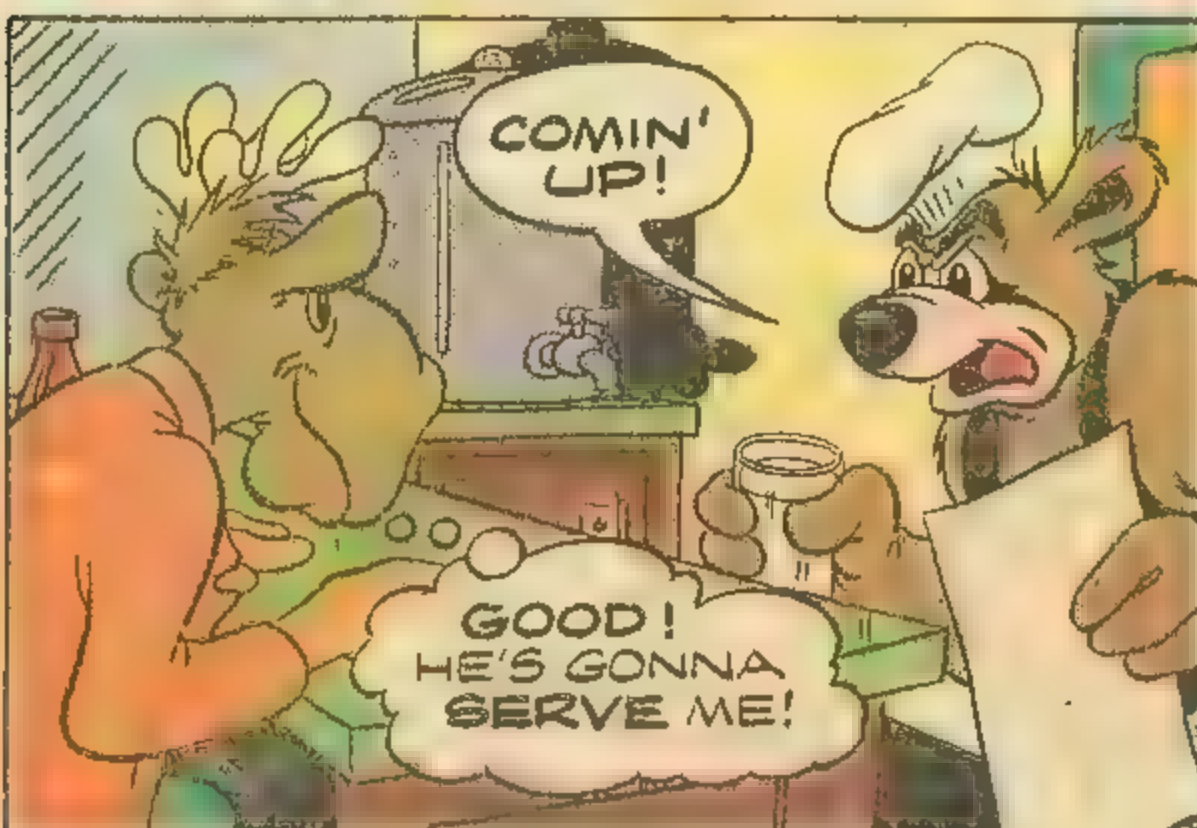
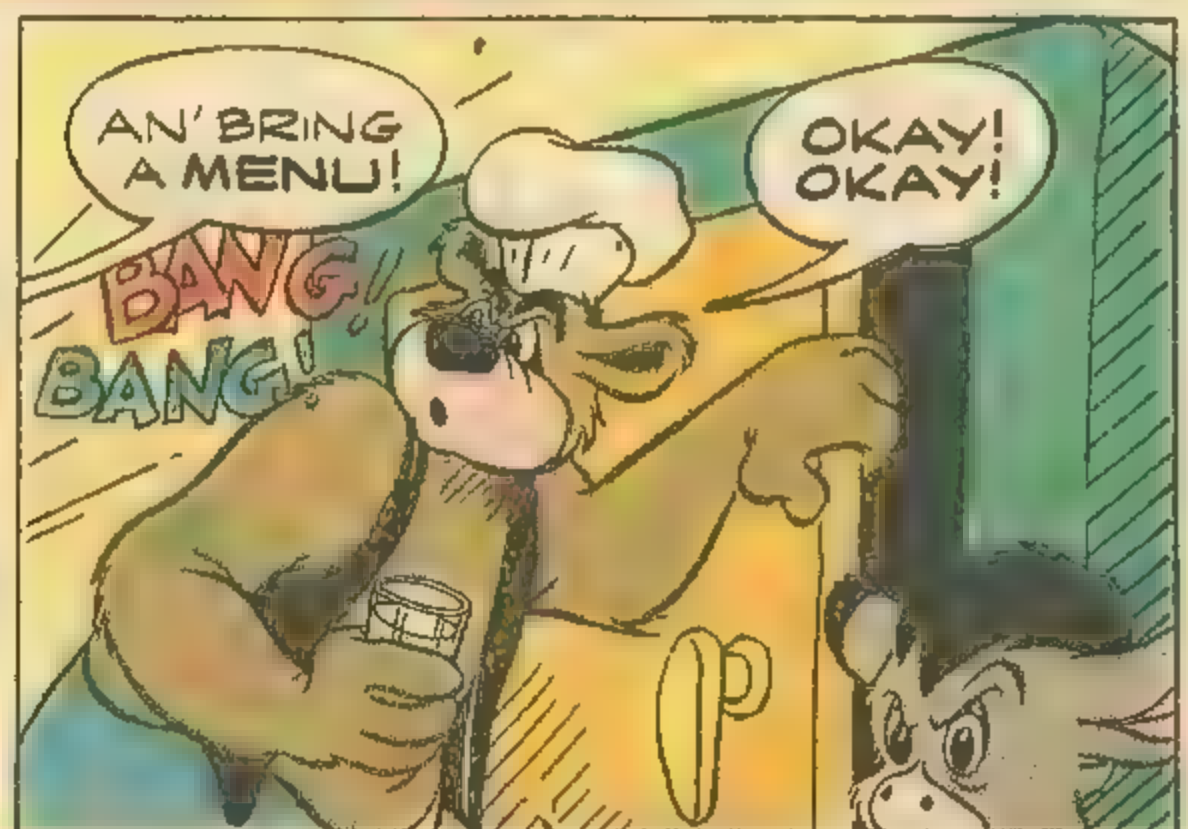
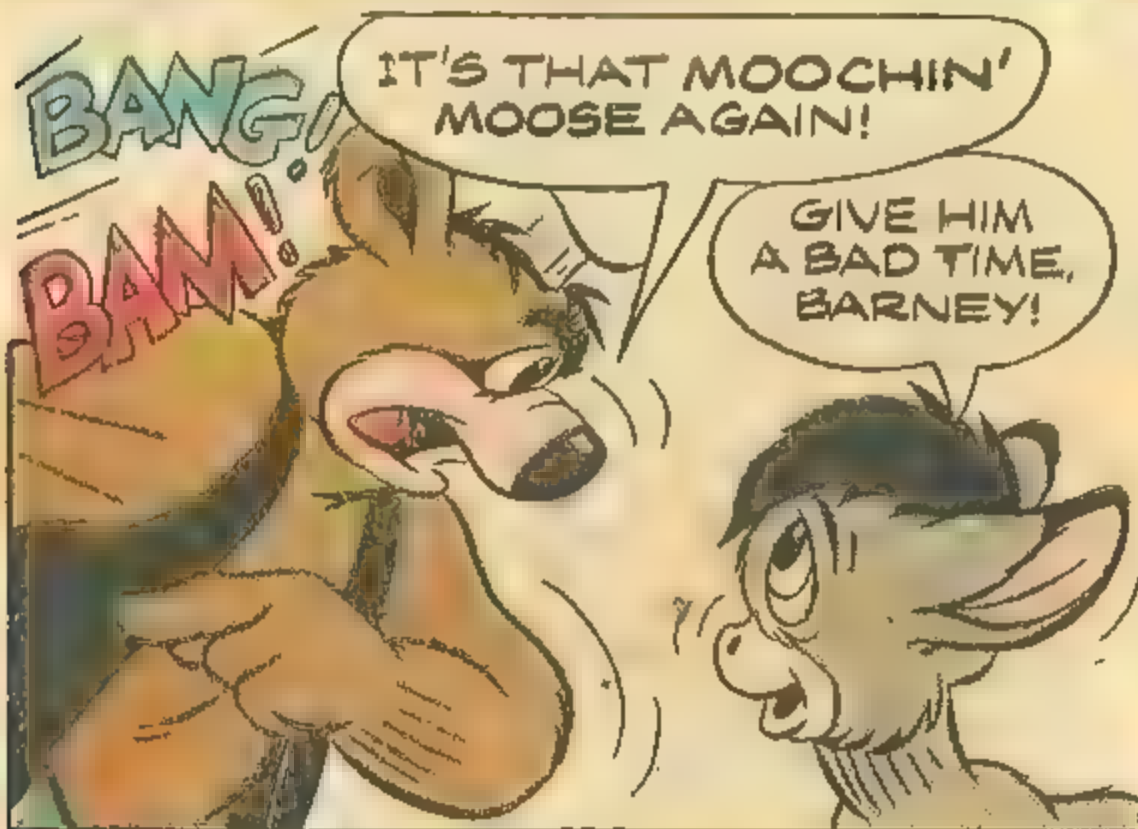
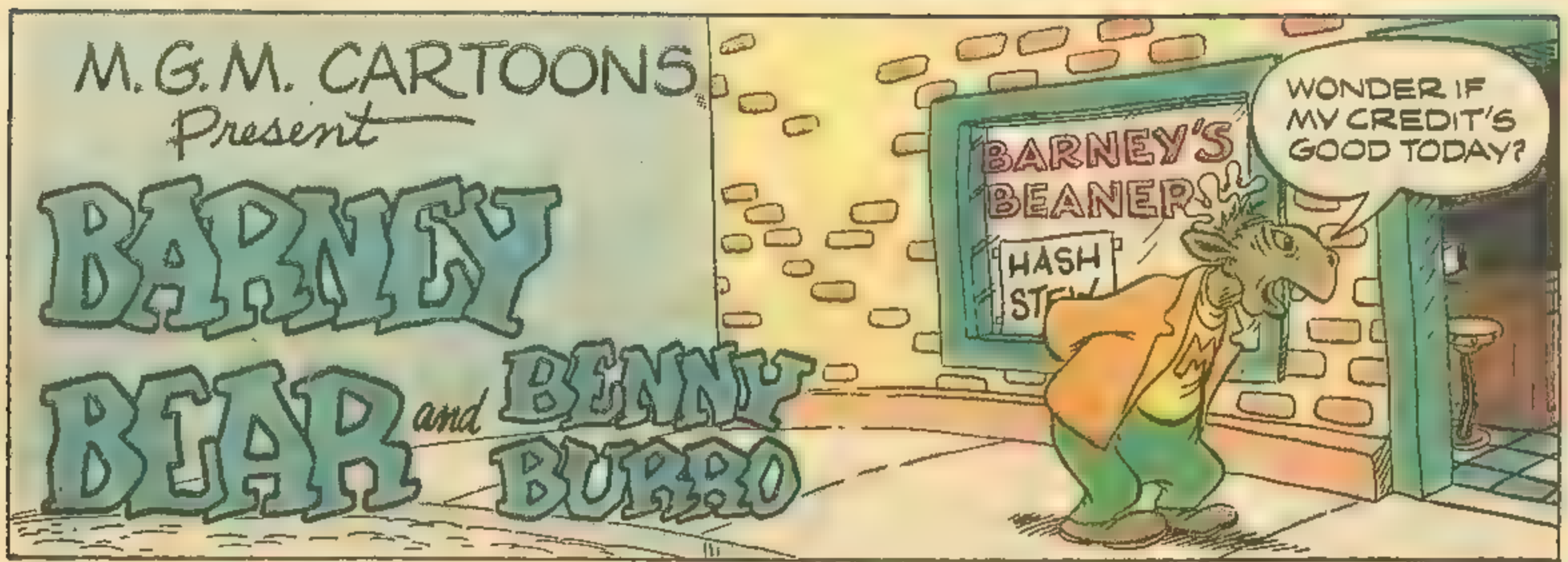


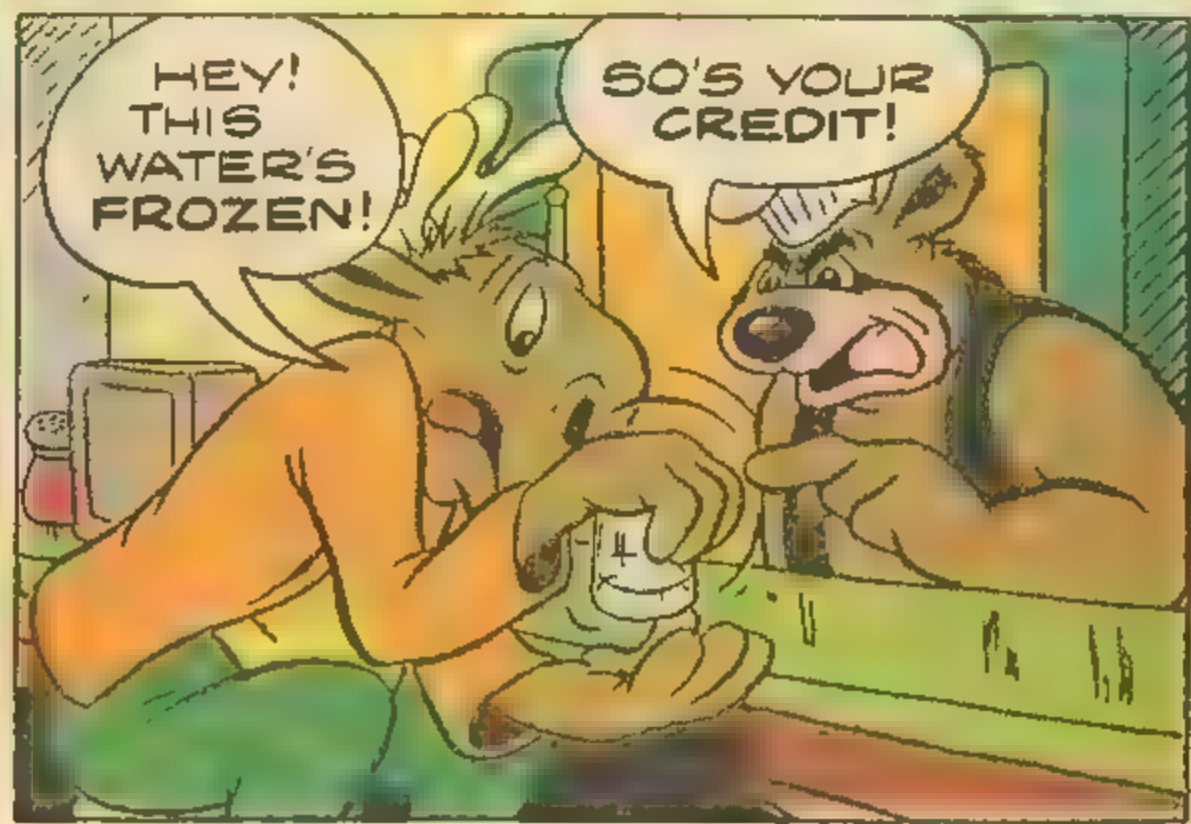
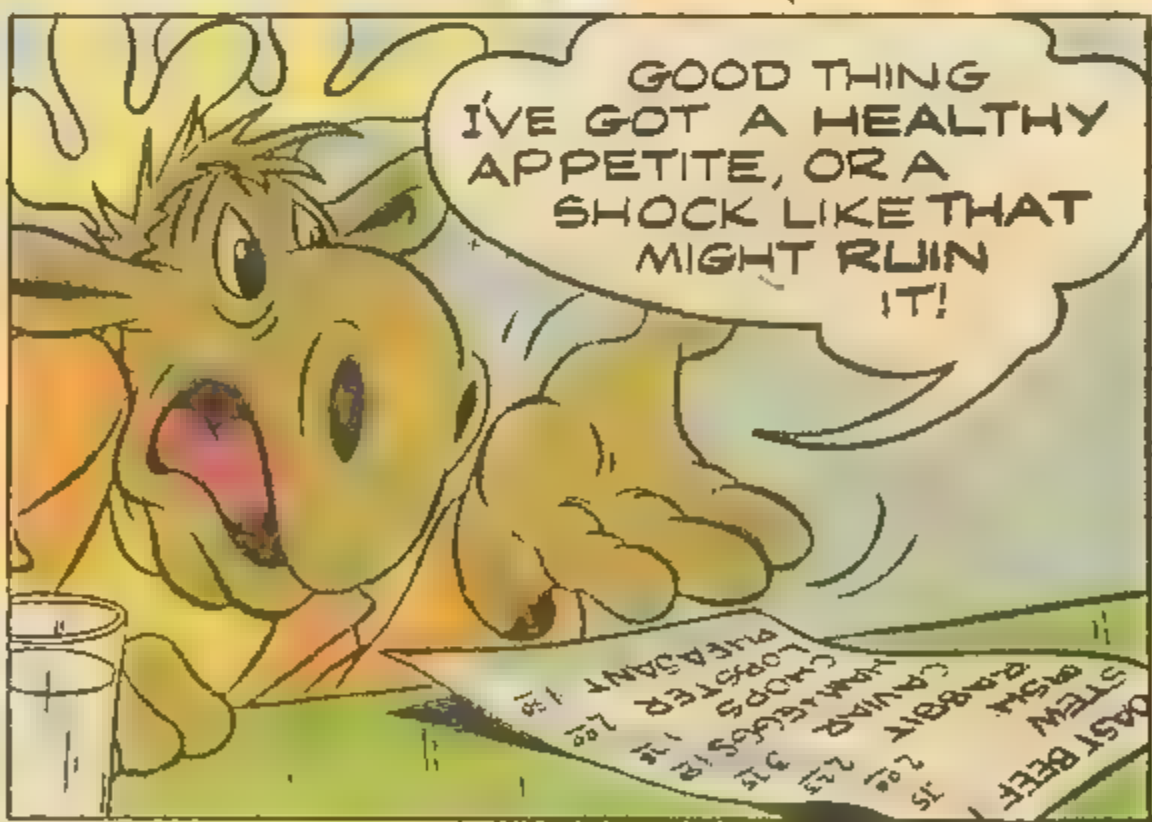
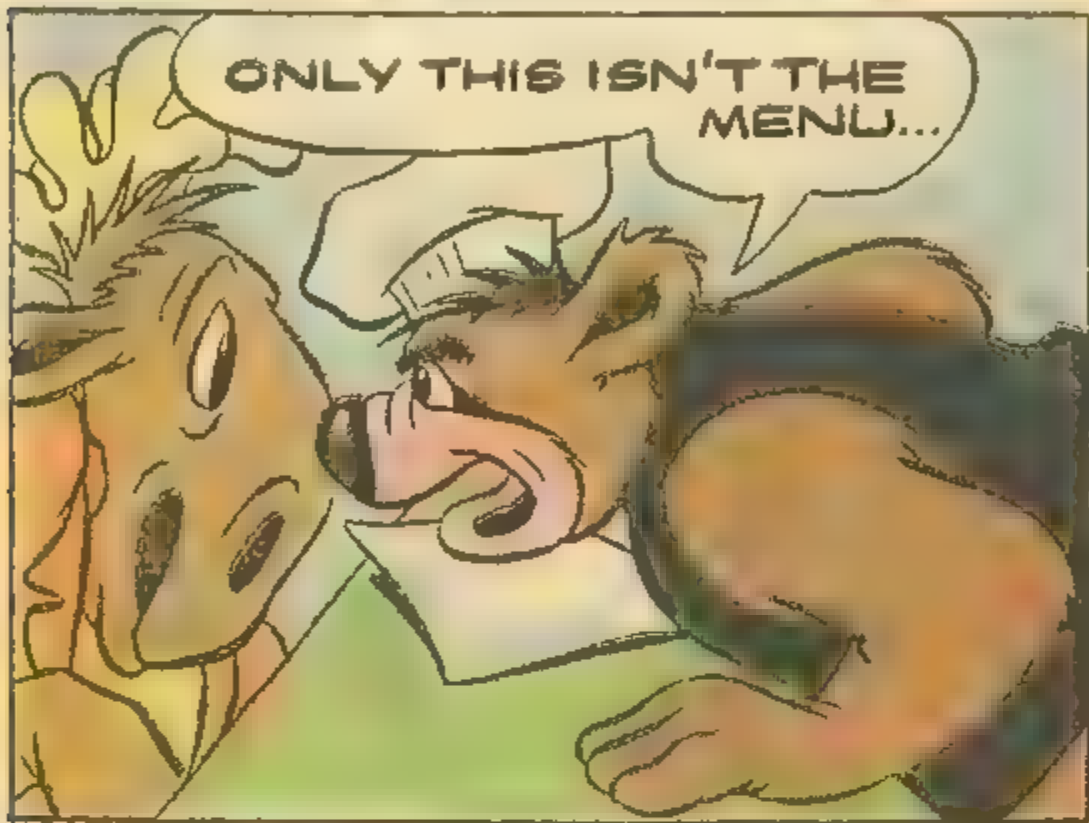
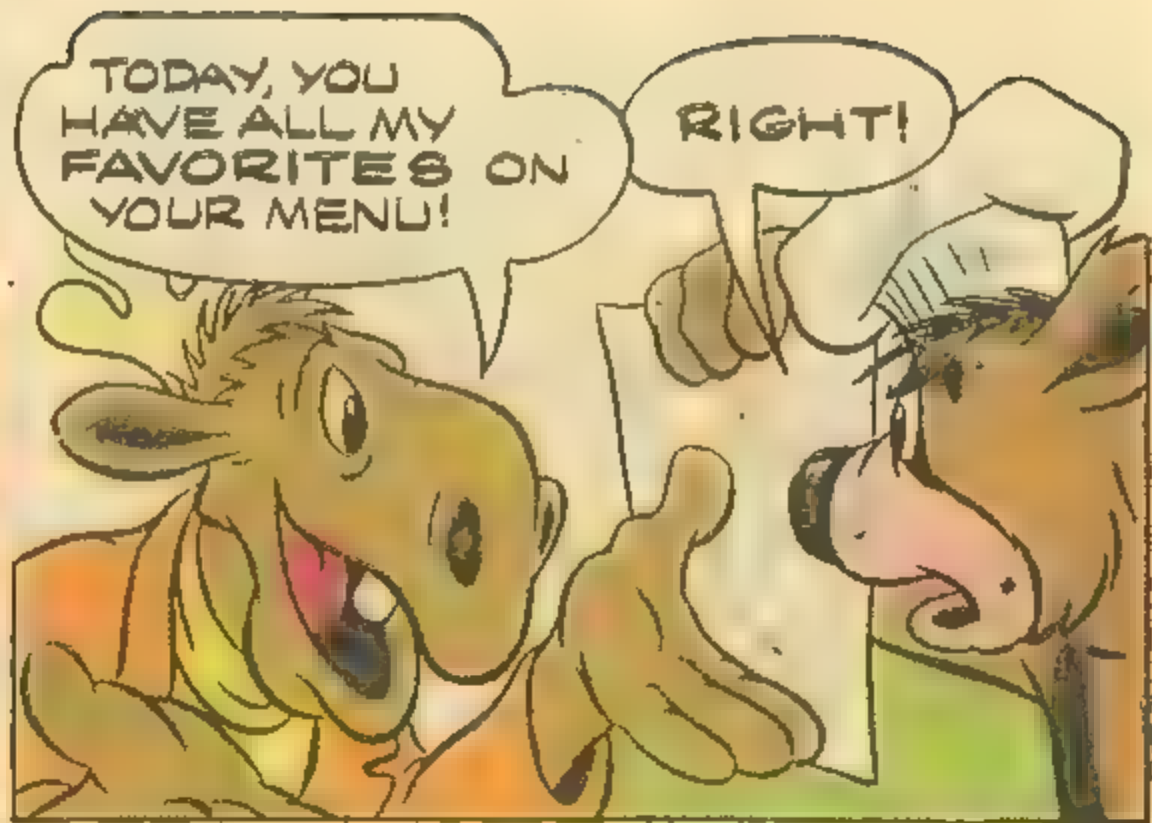
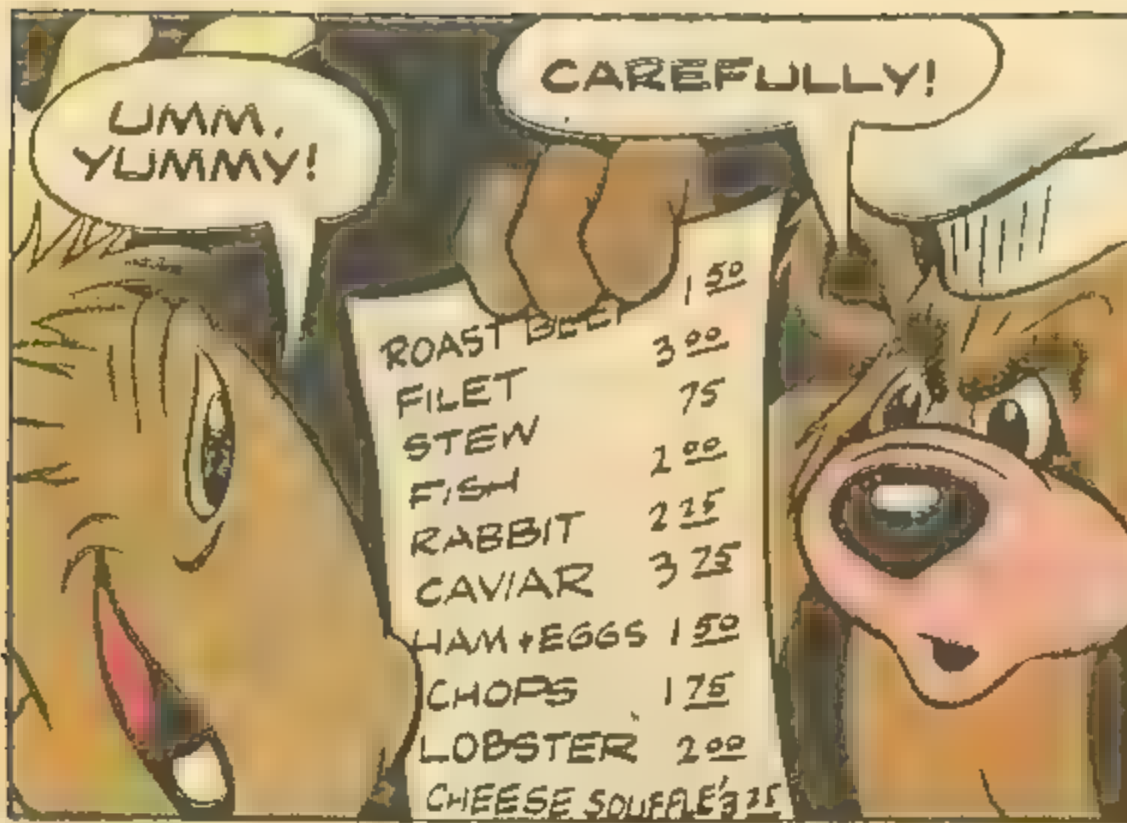


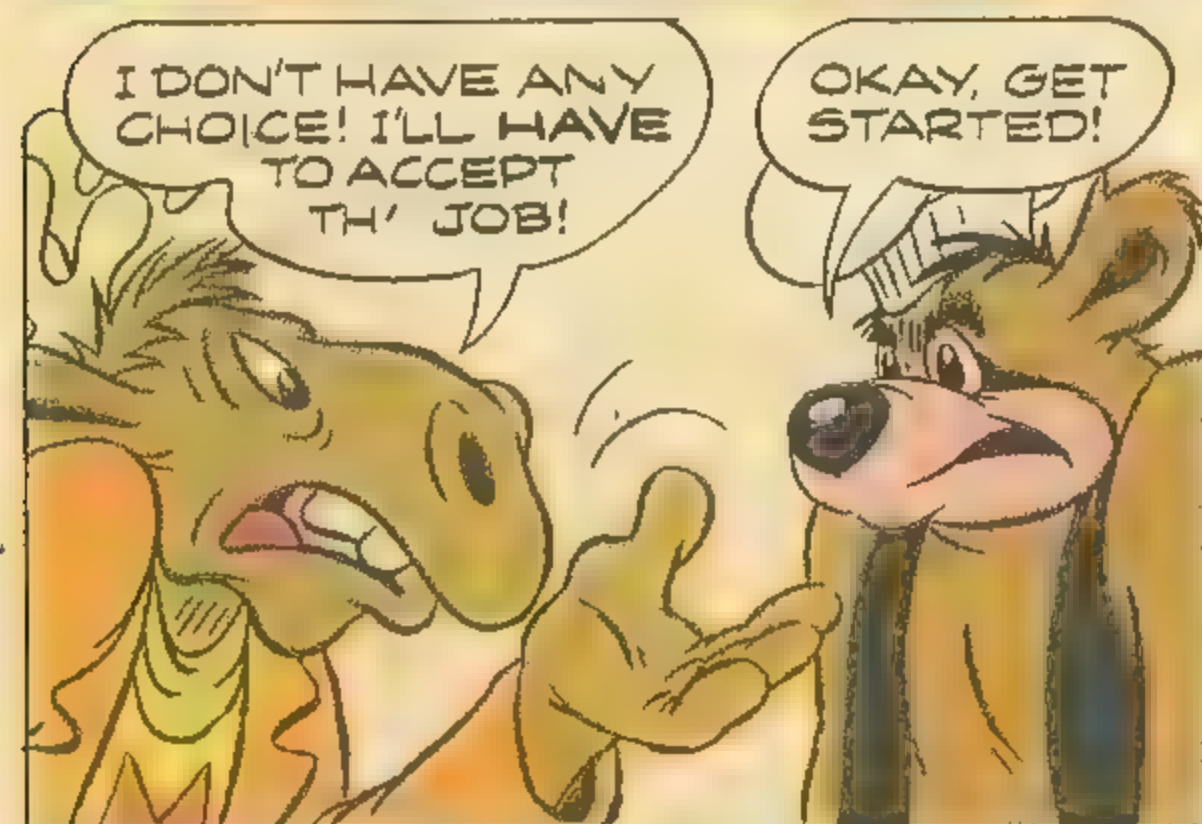
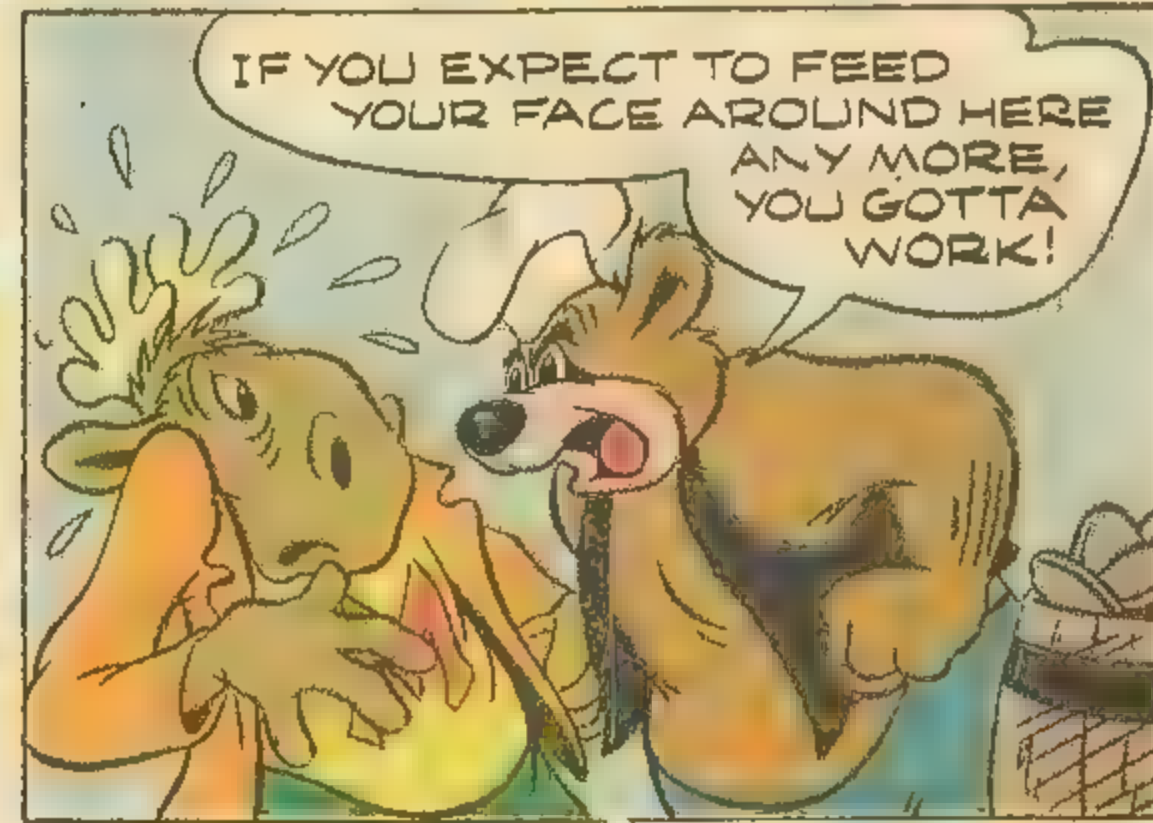
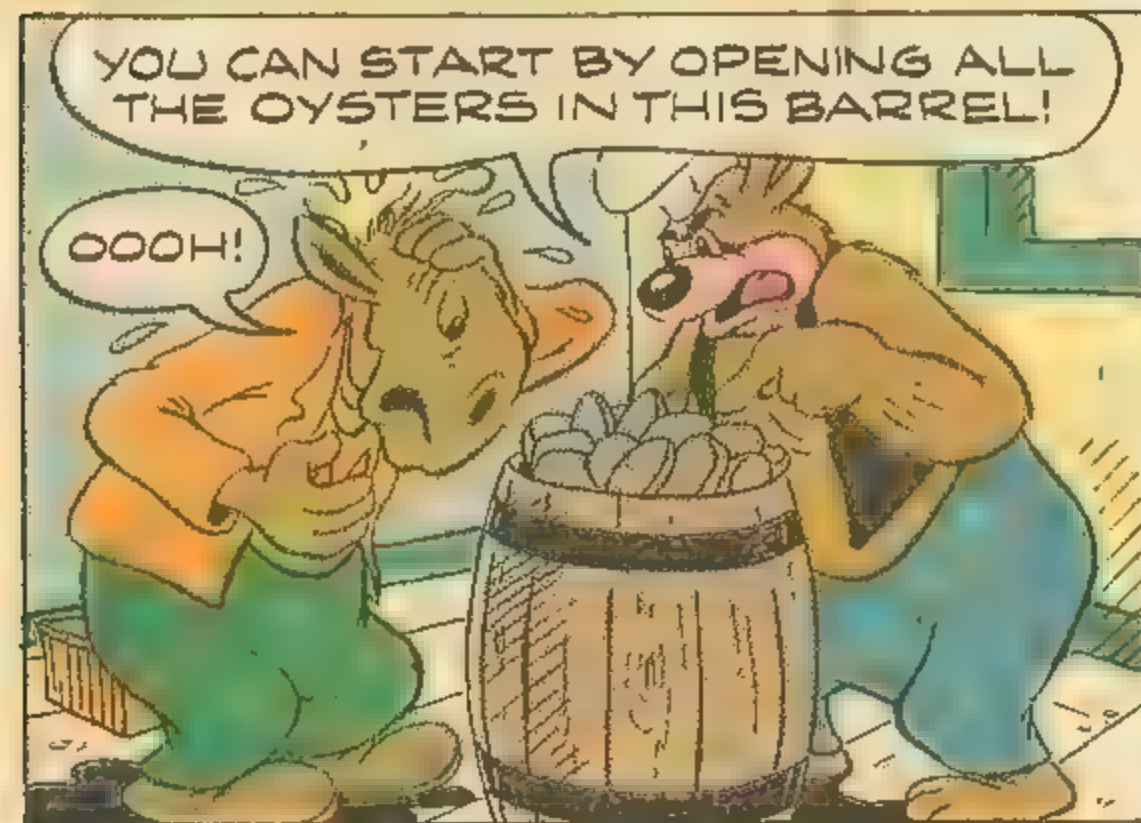
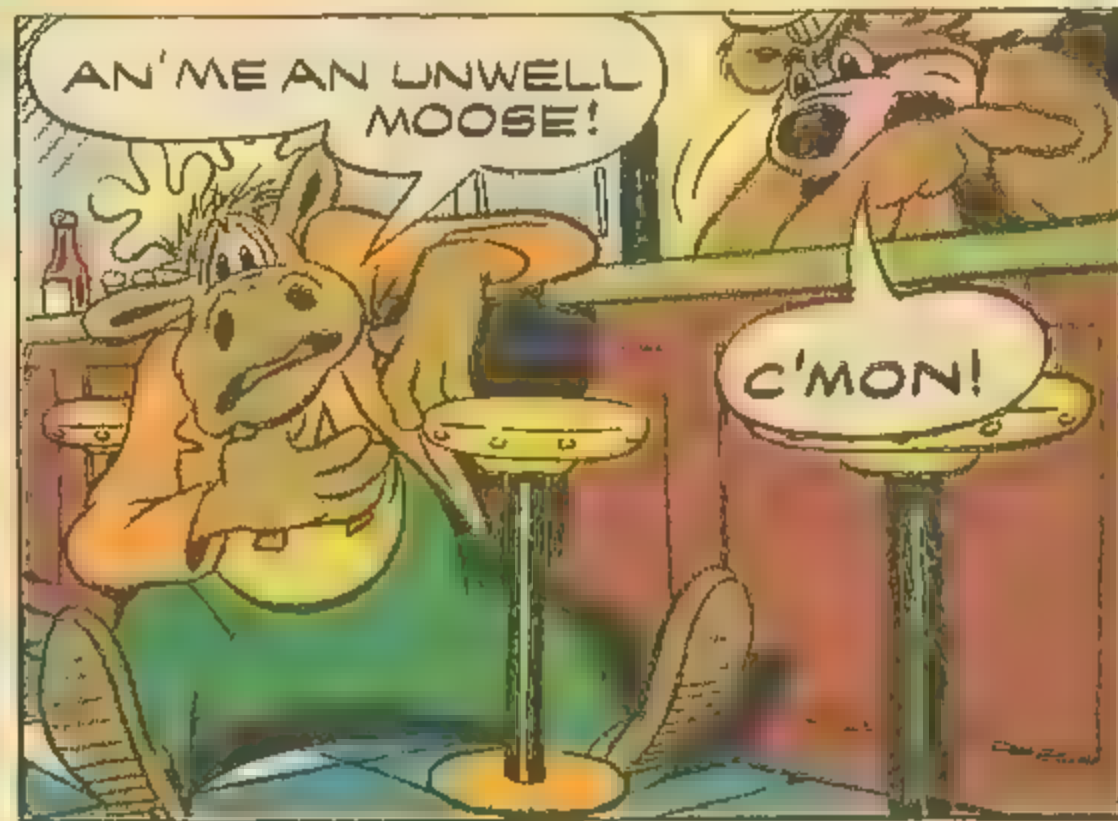
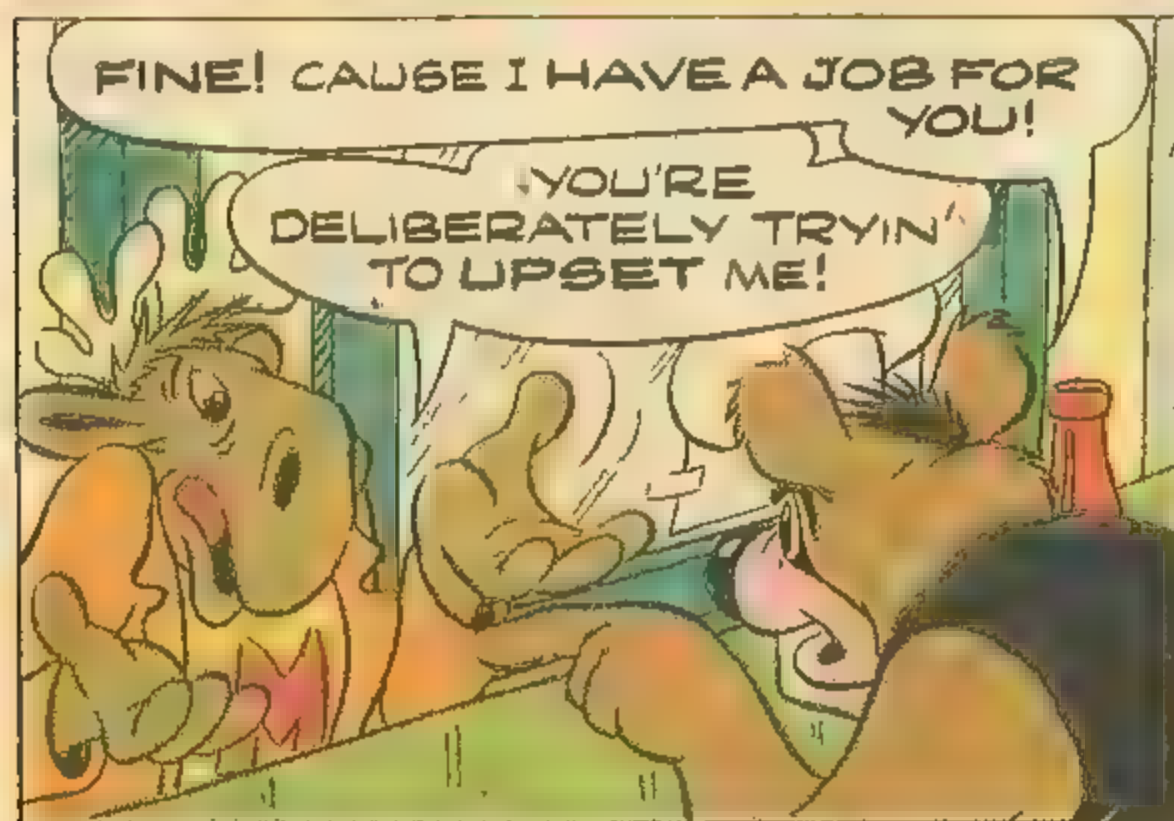
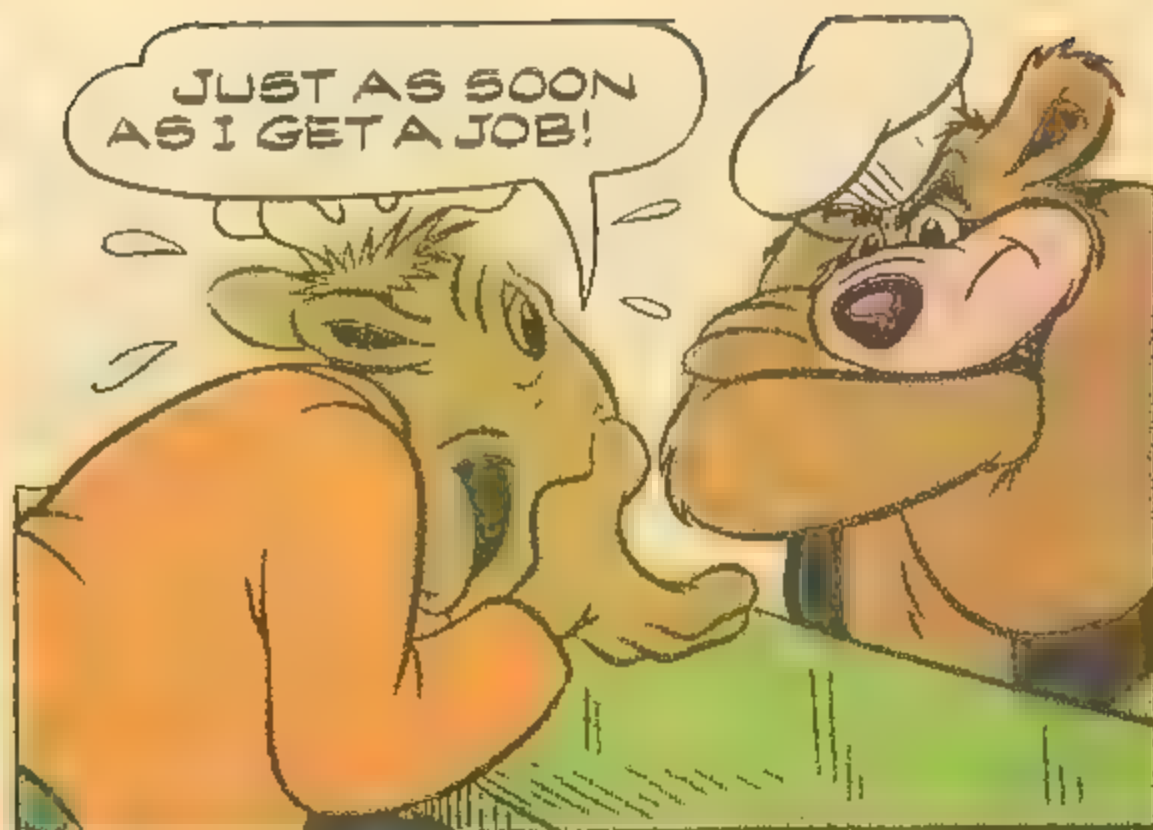


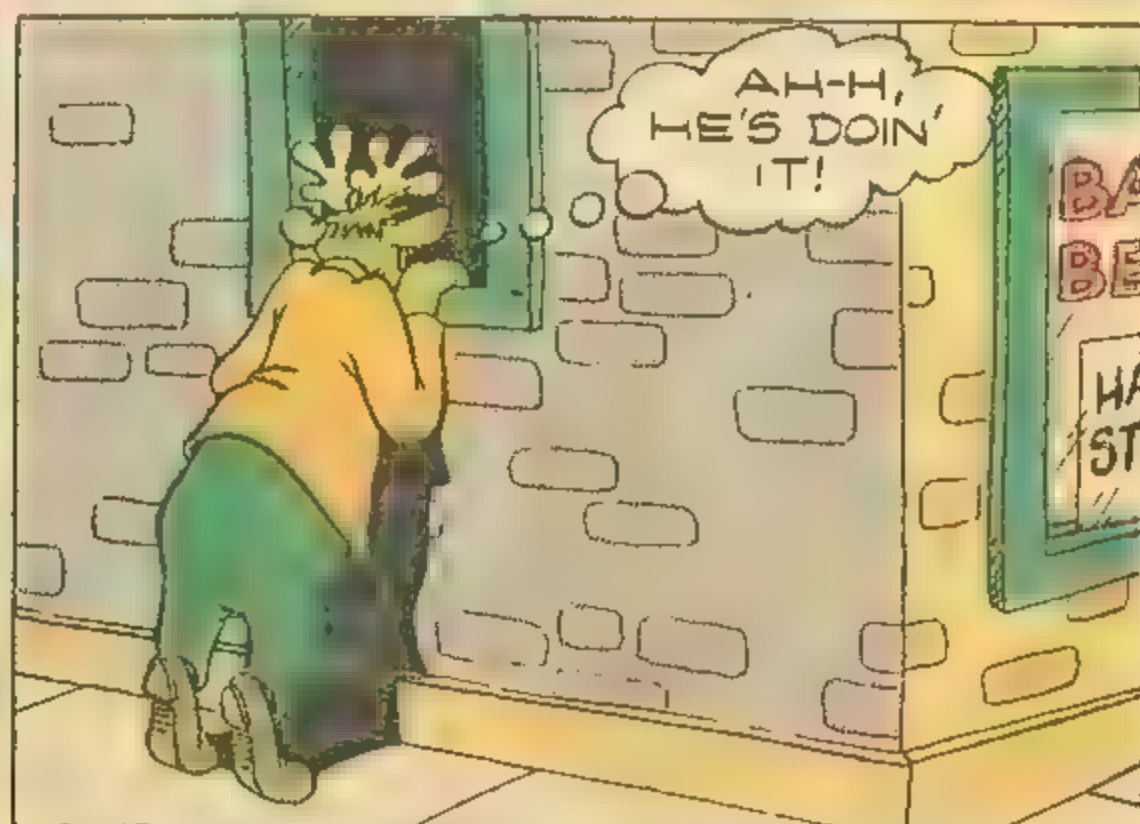
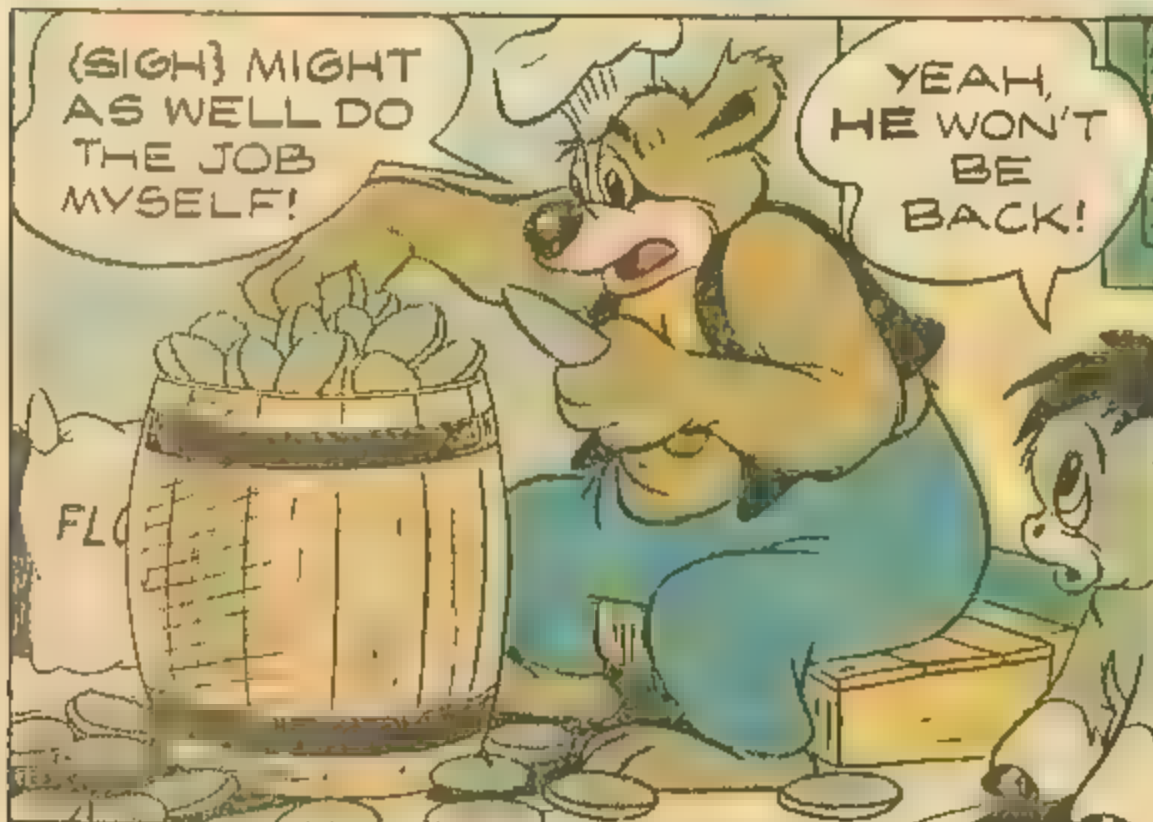
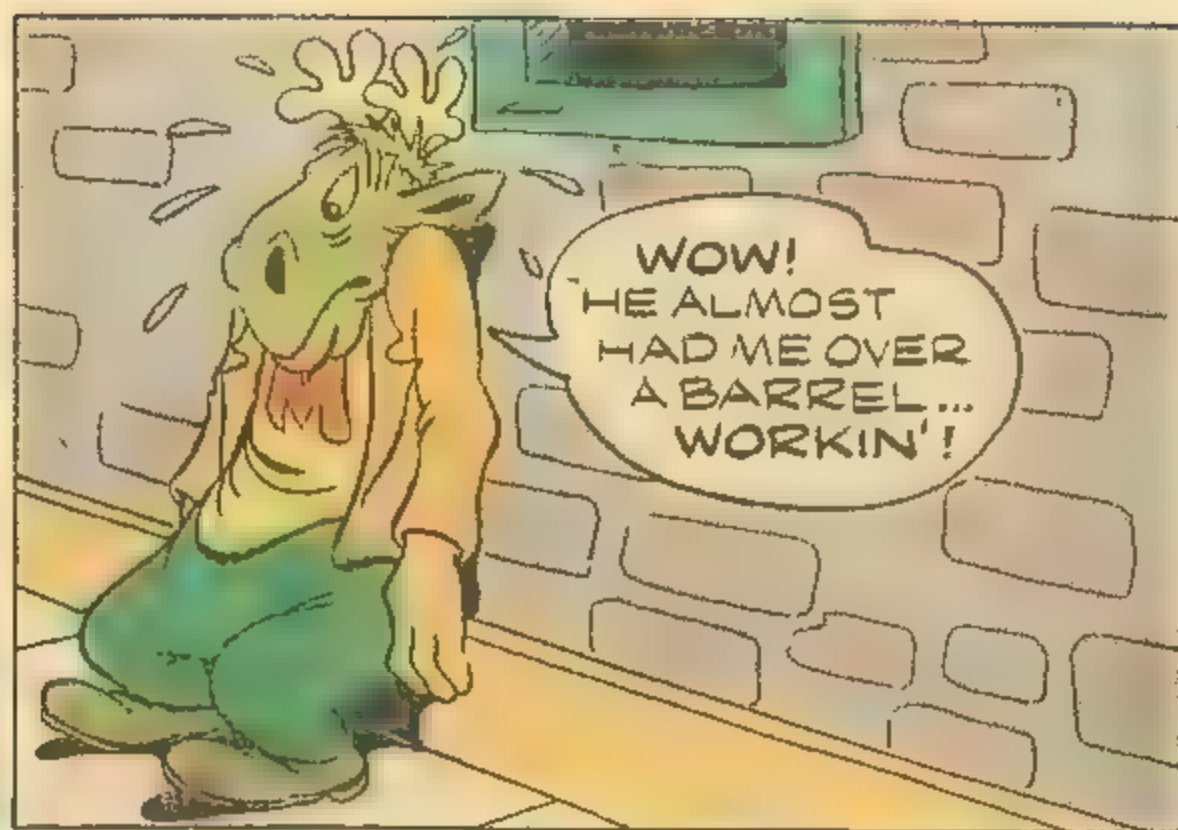








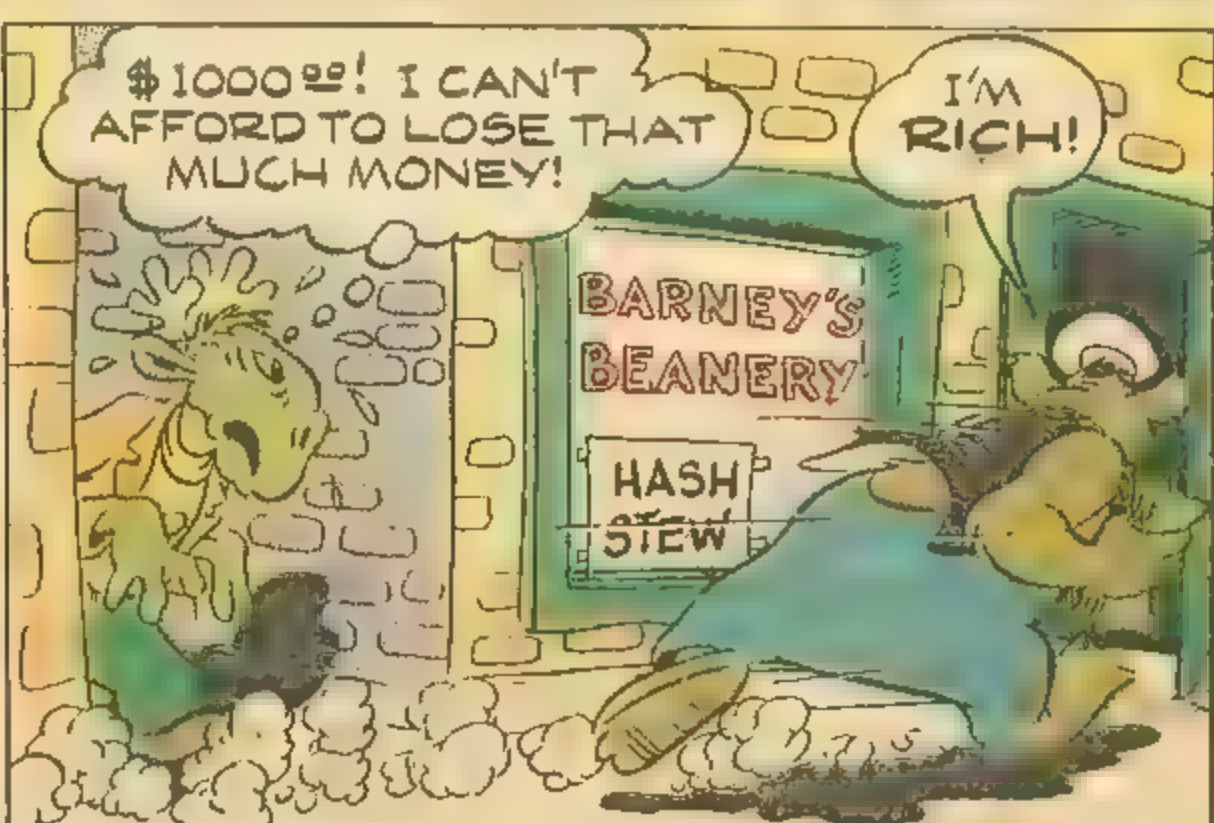
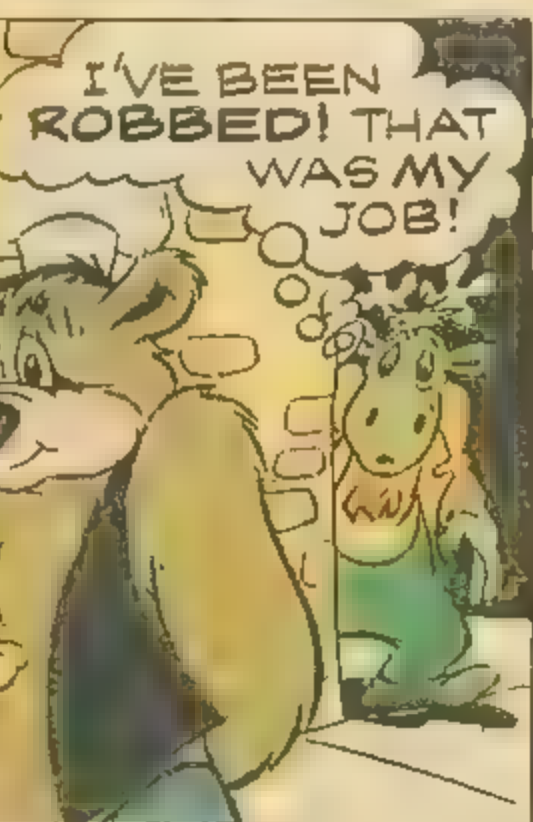




HUH?

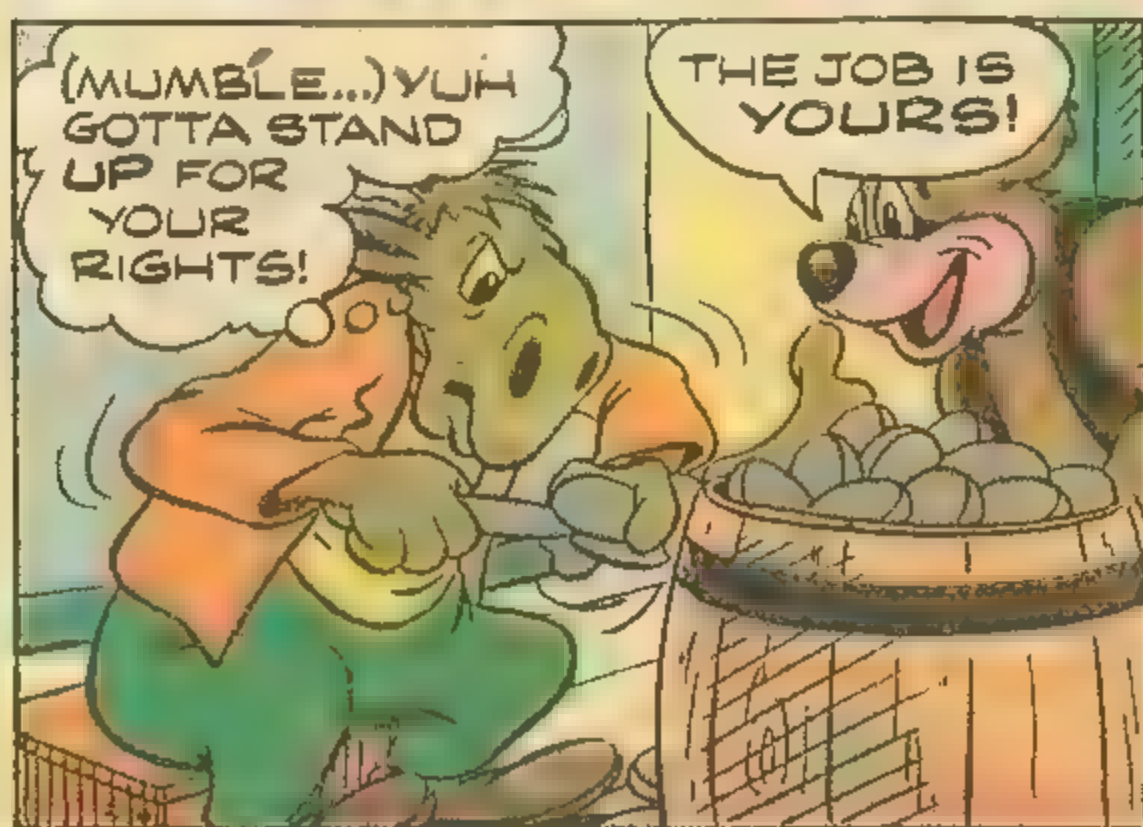
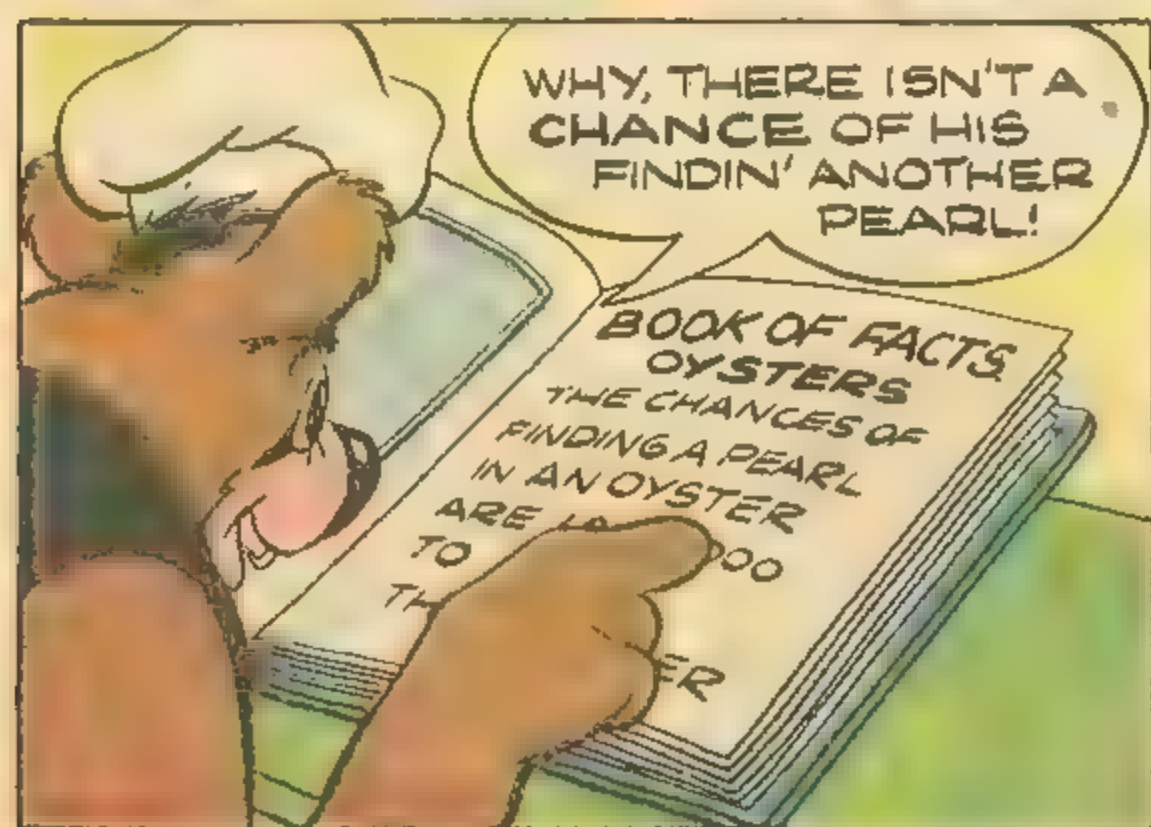
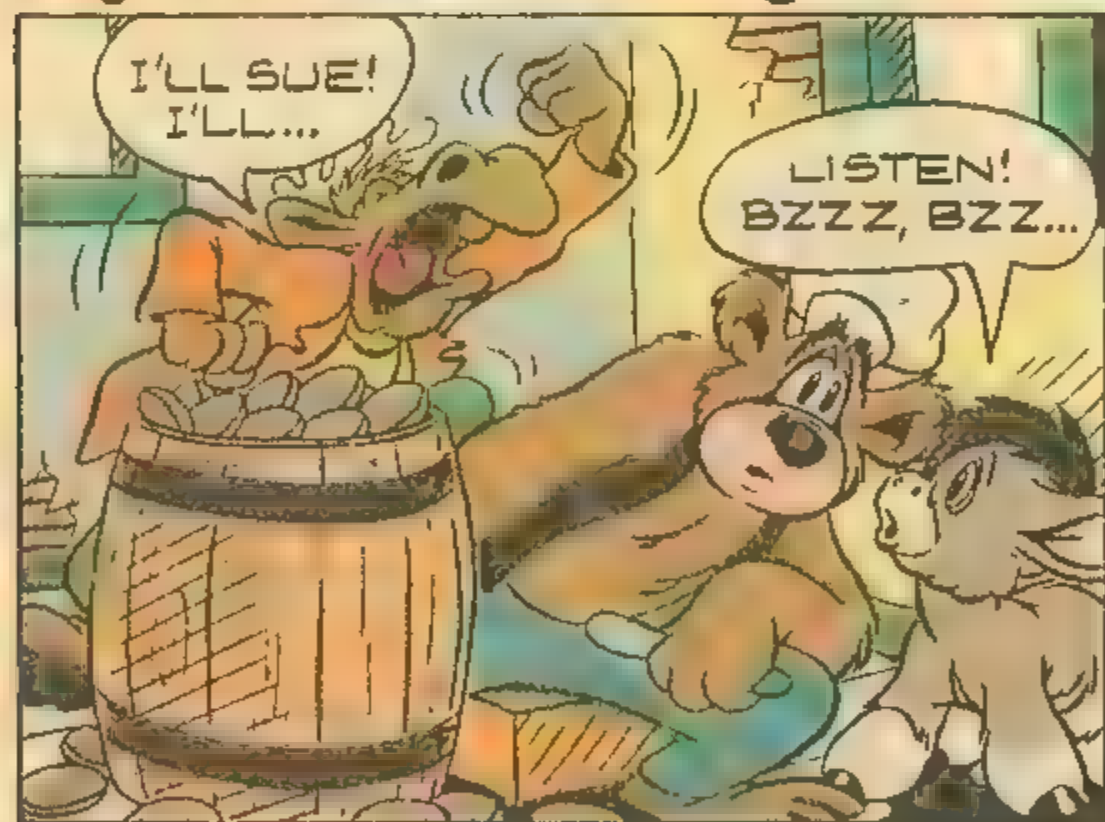
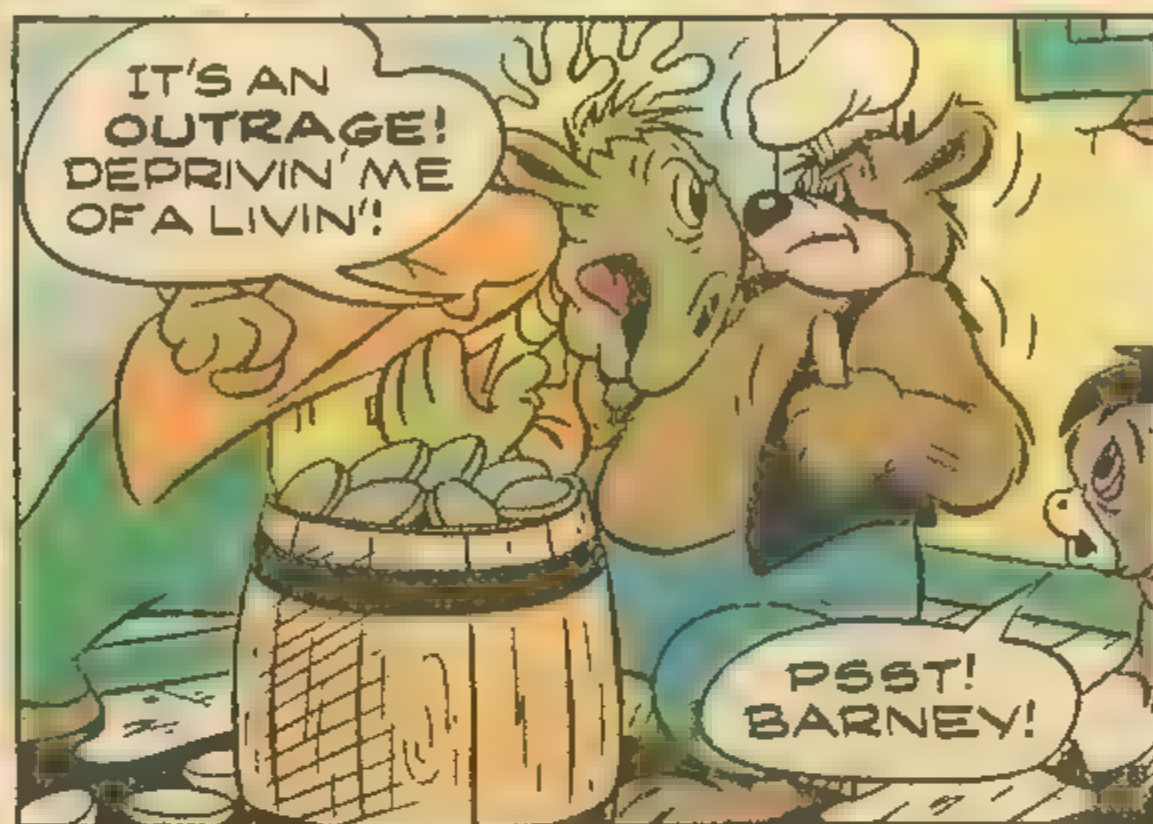
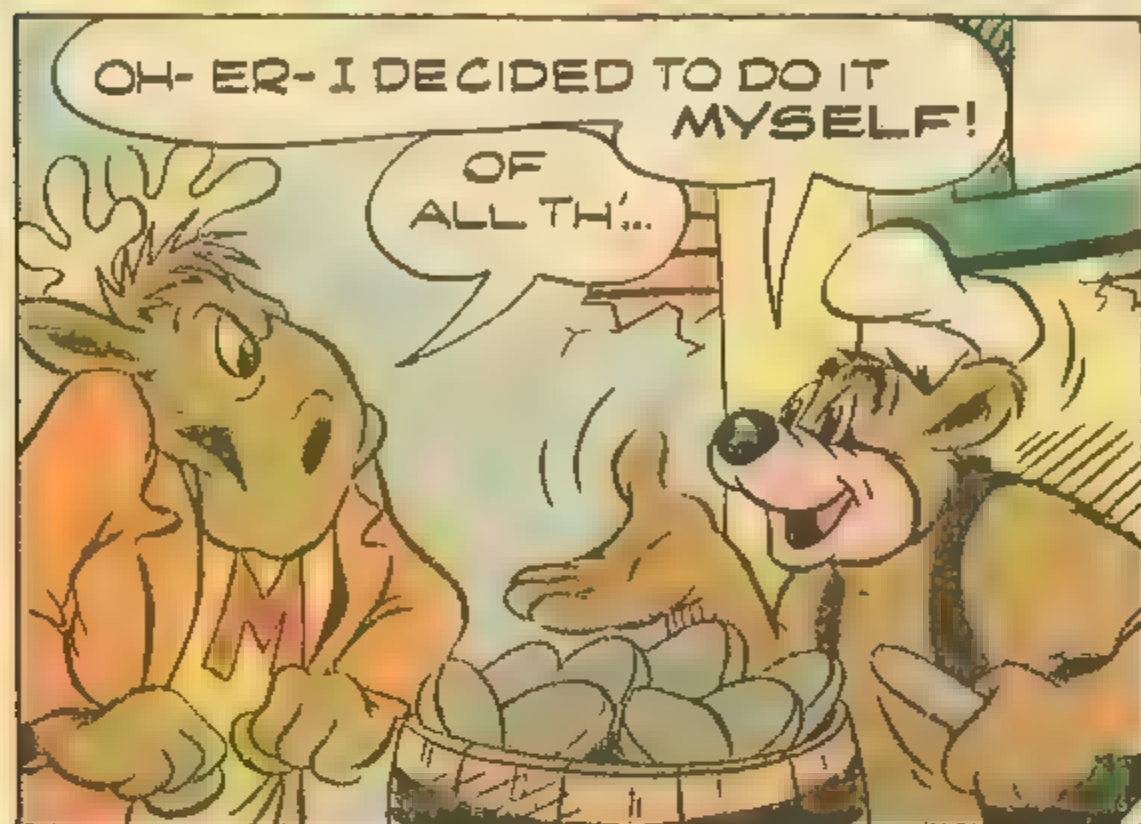
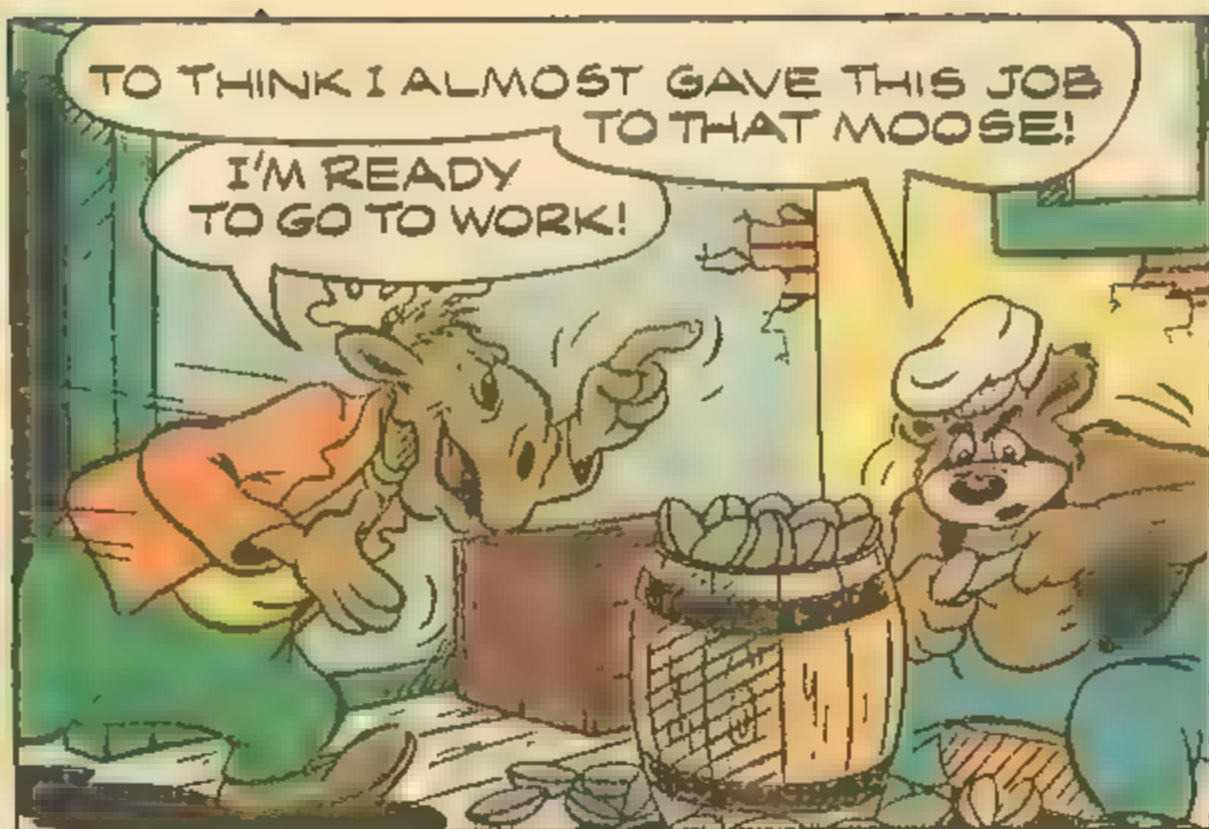


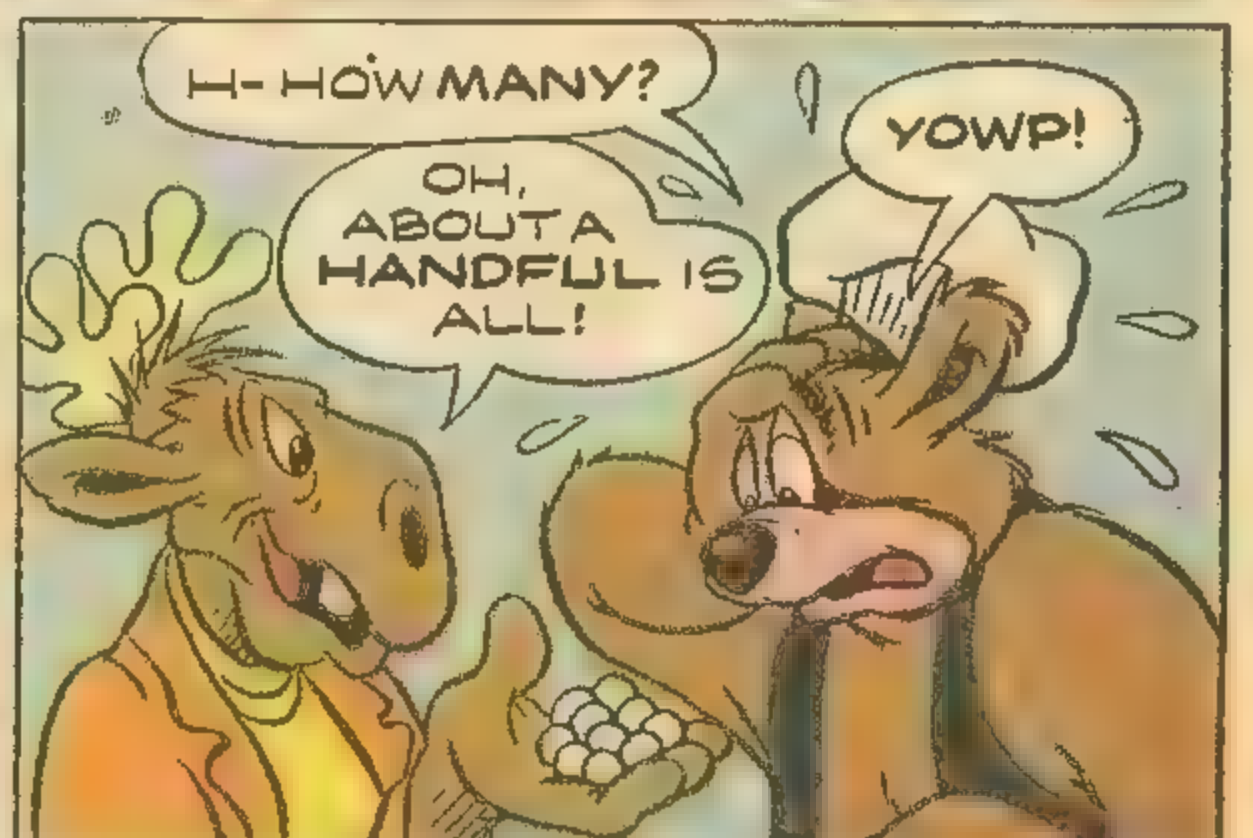
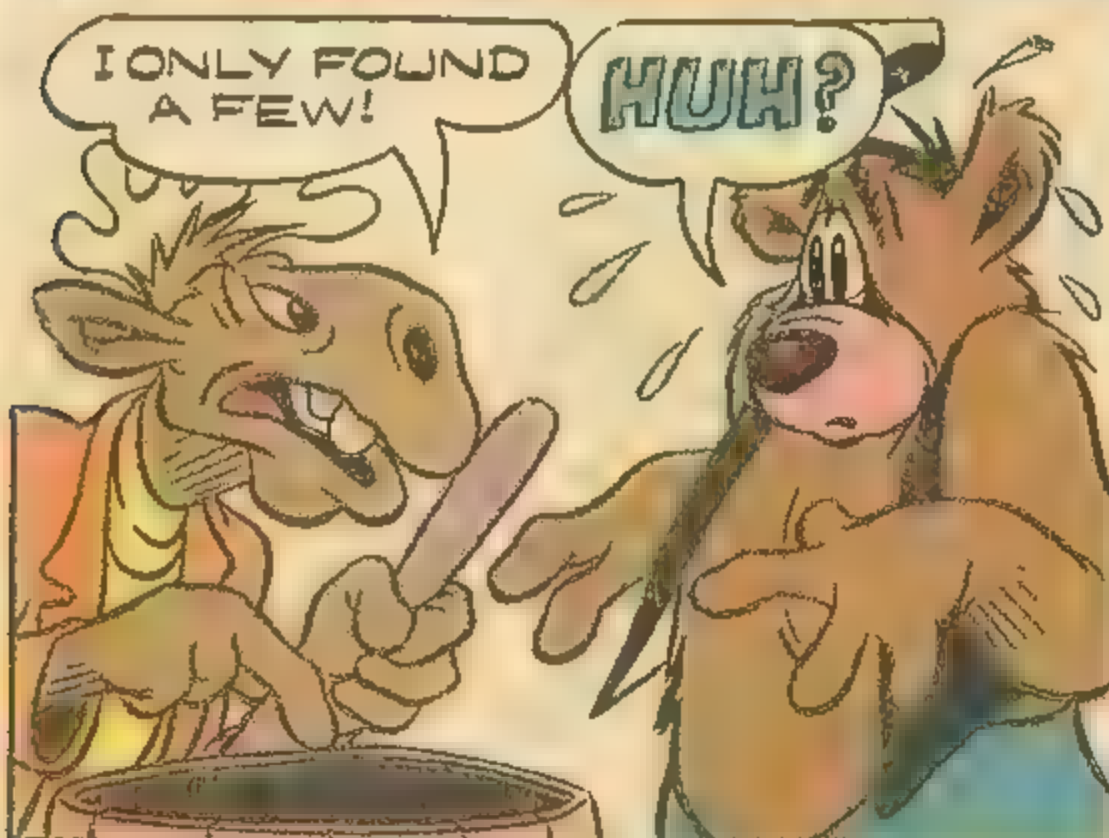
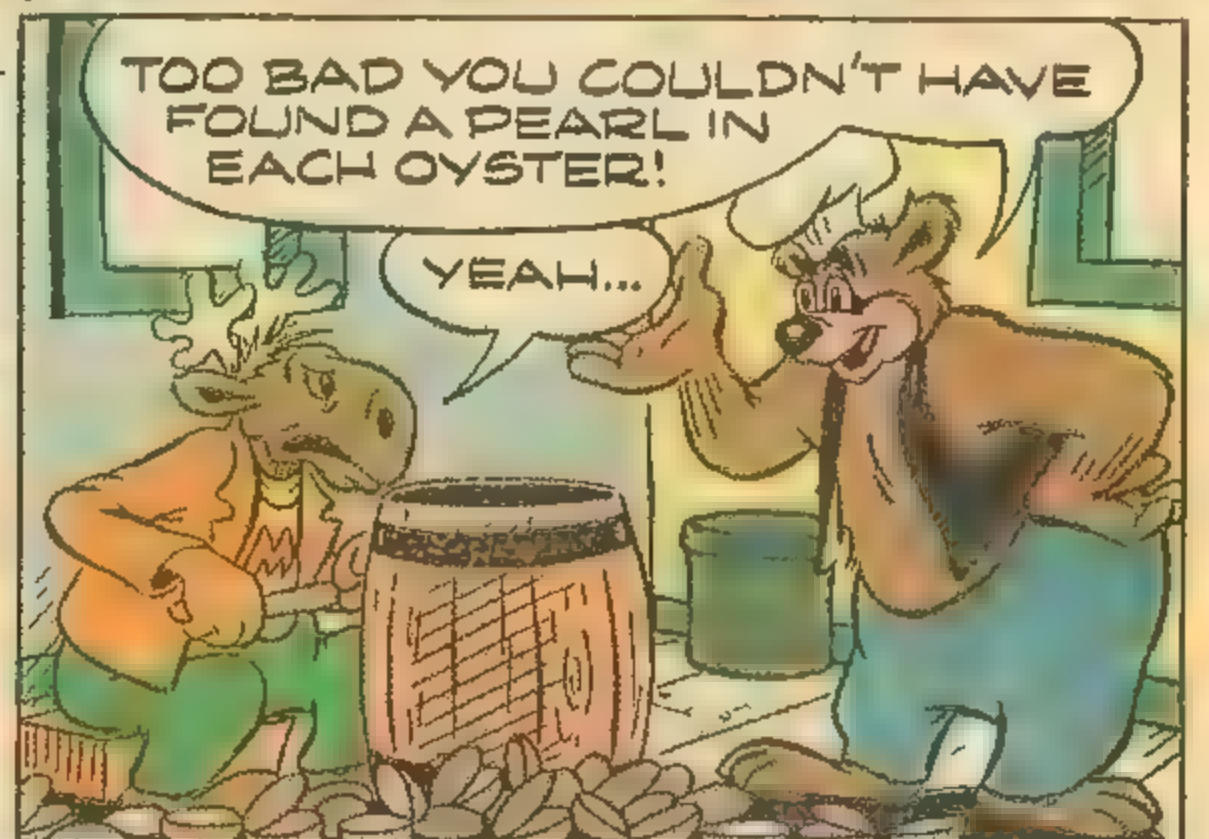
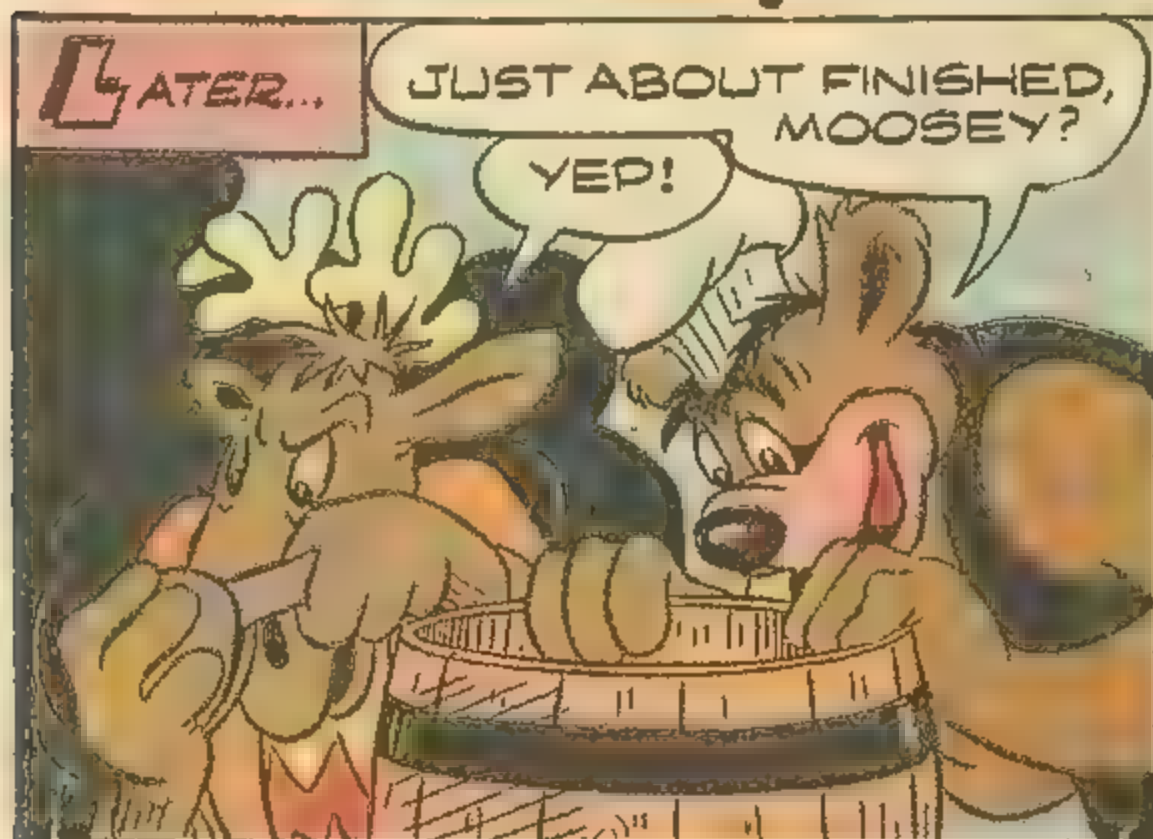
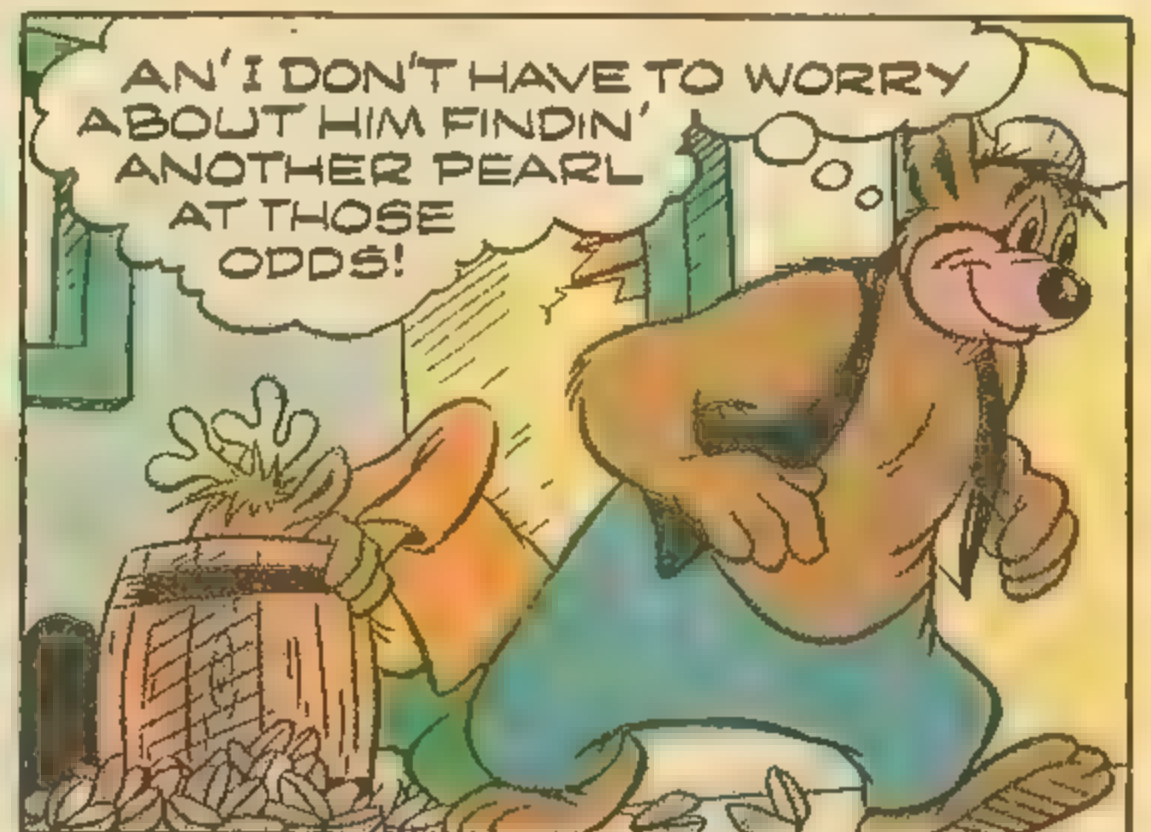
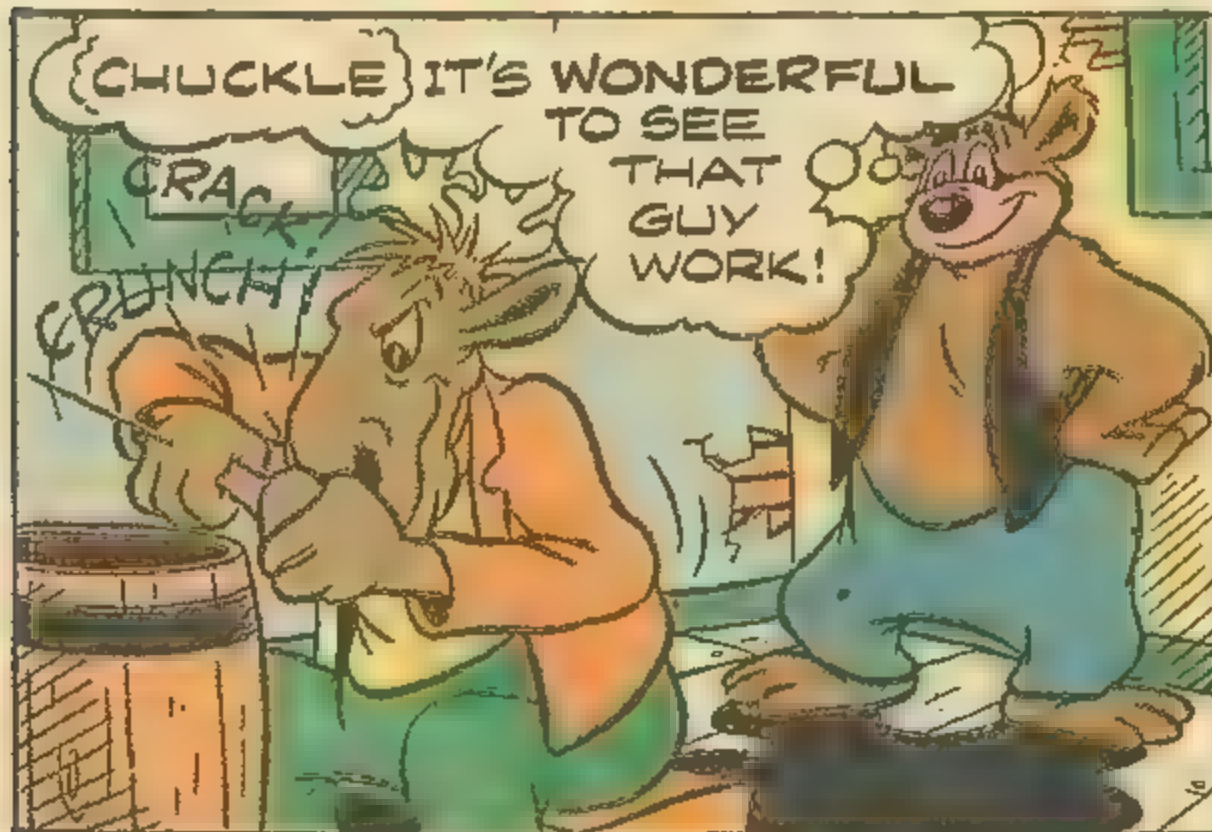
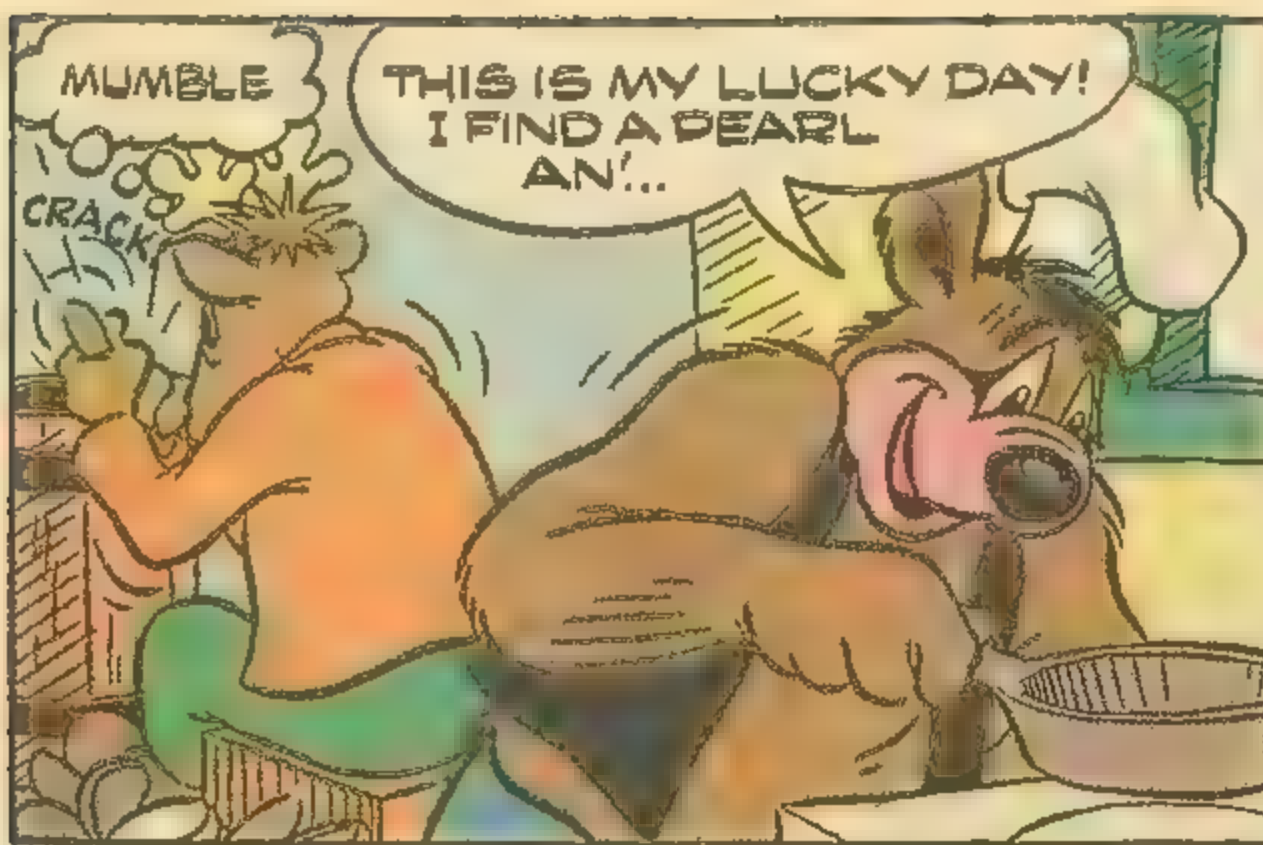
GULP!

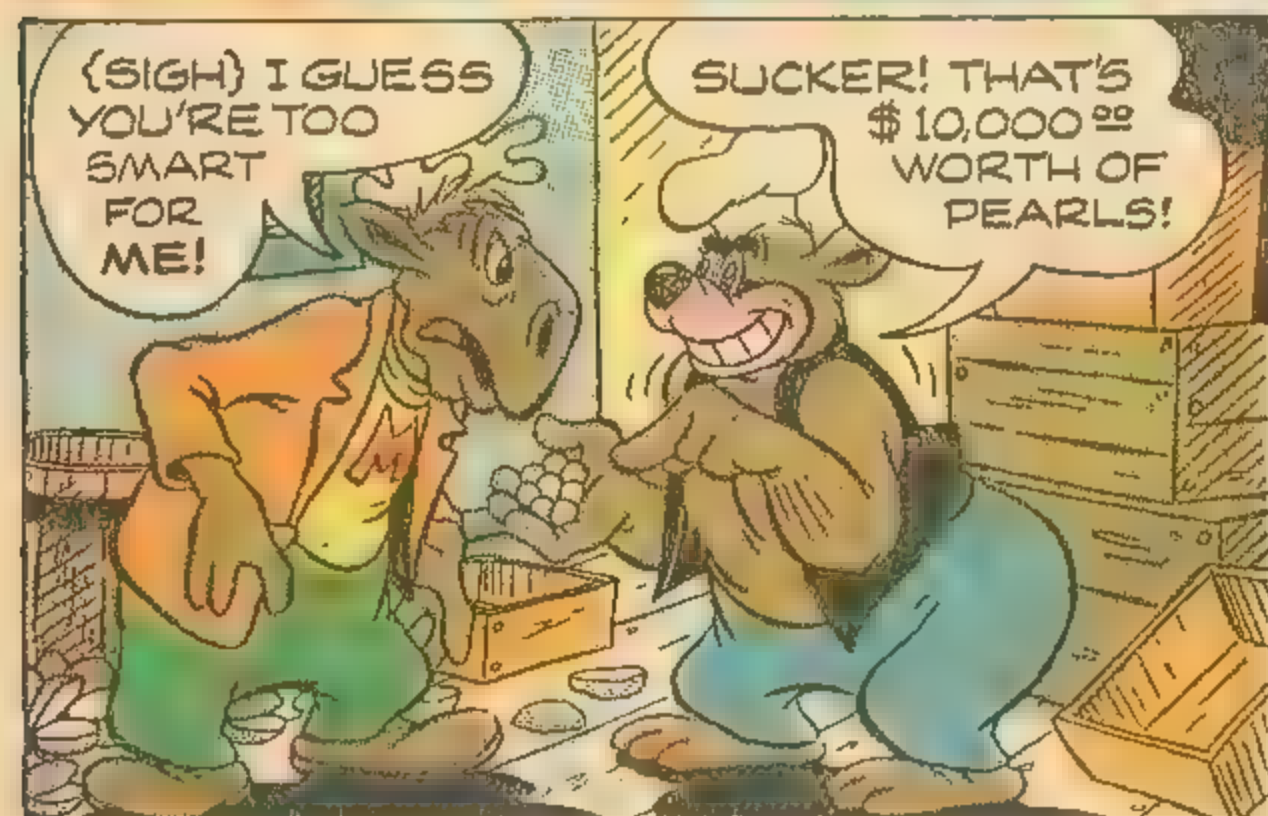
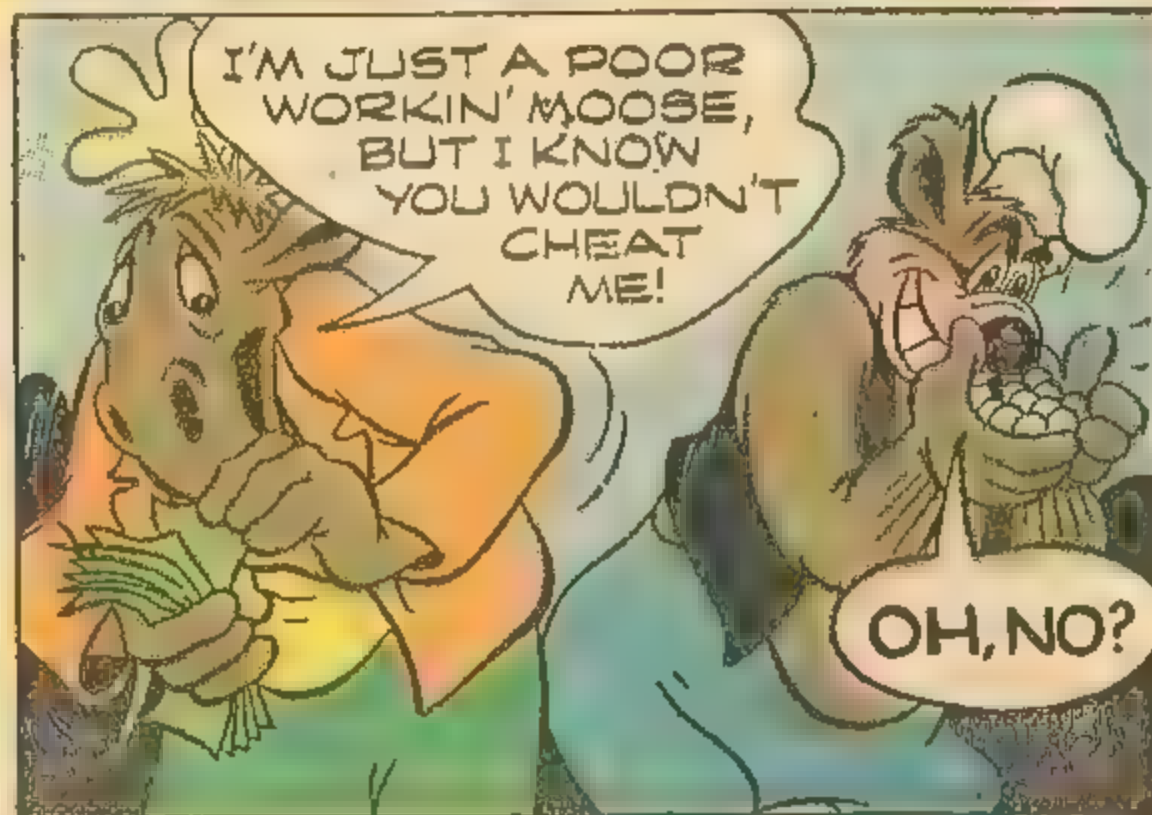
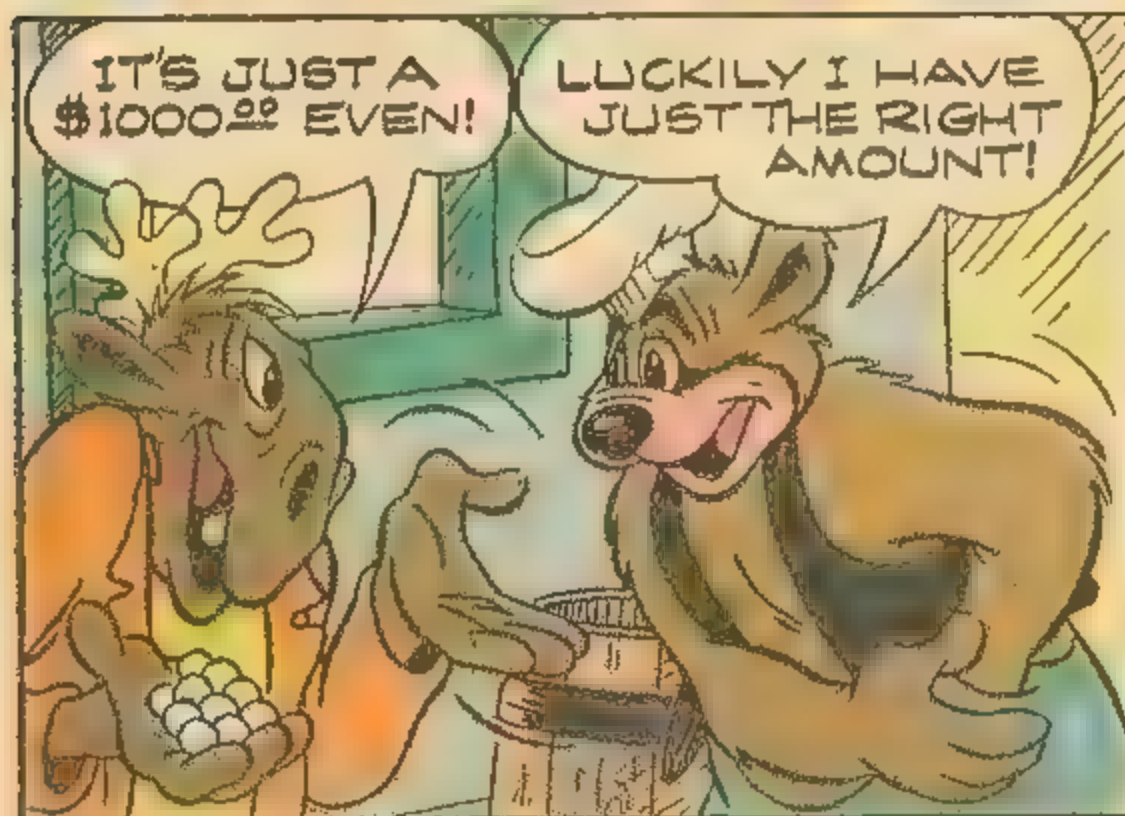
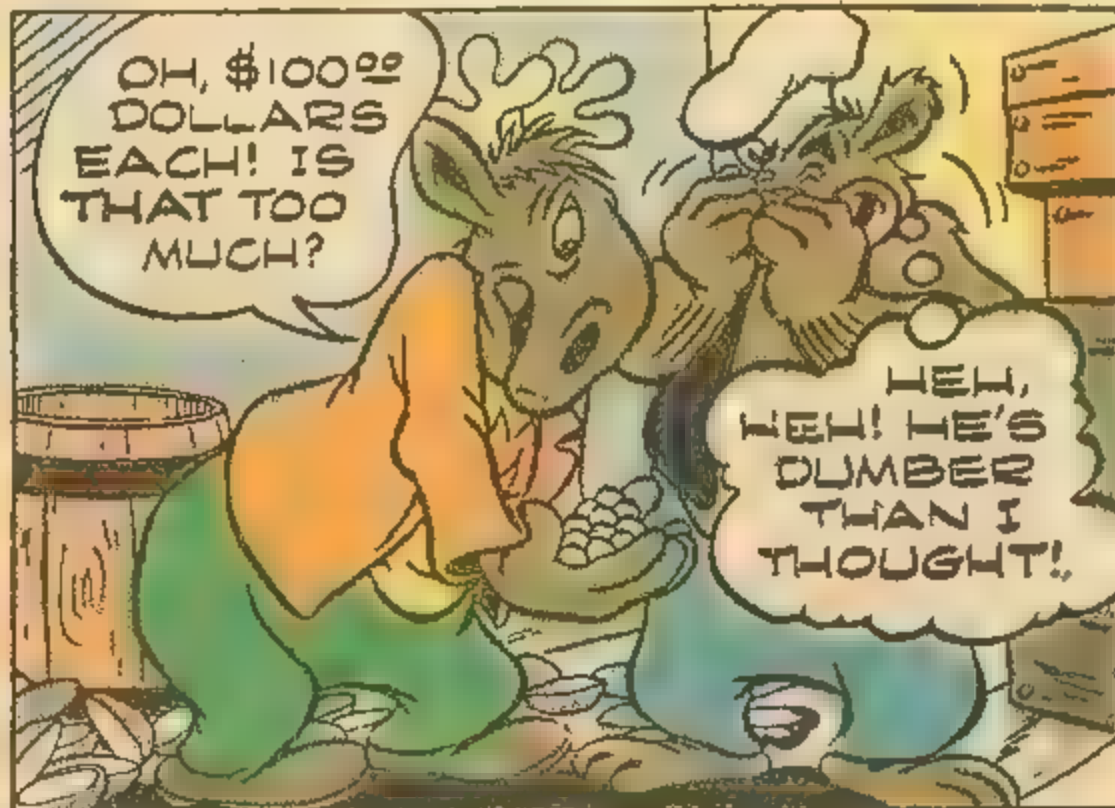
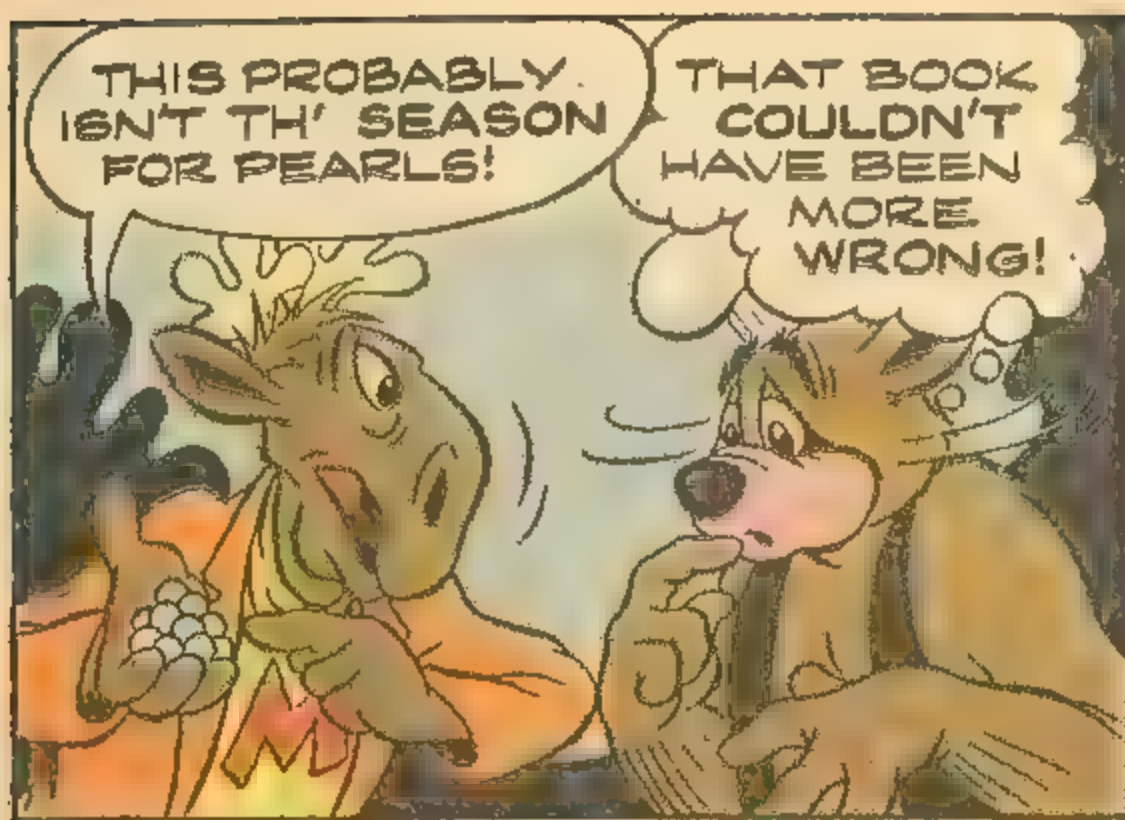


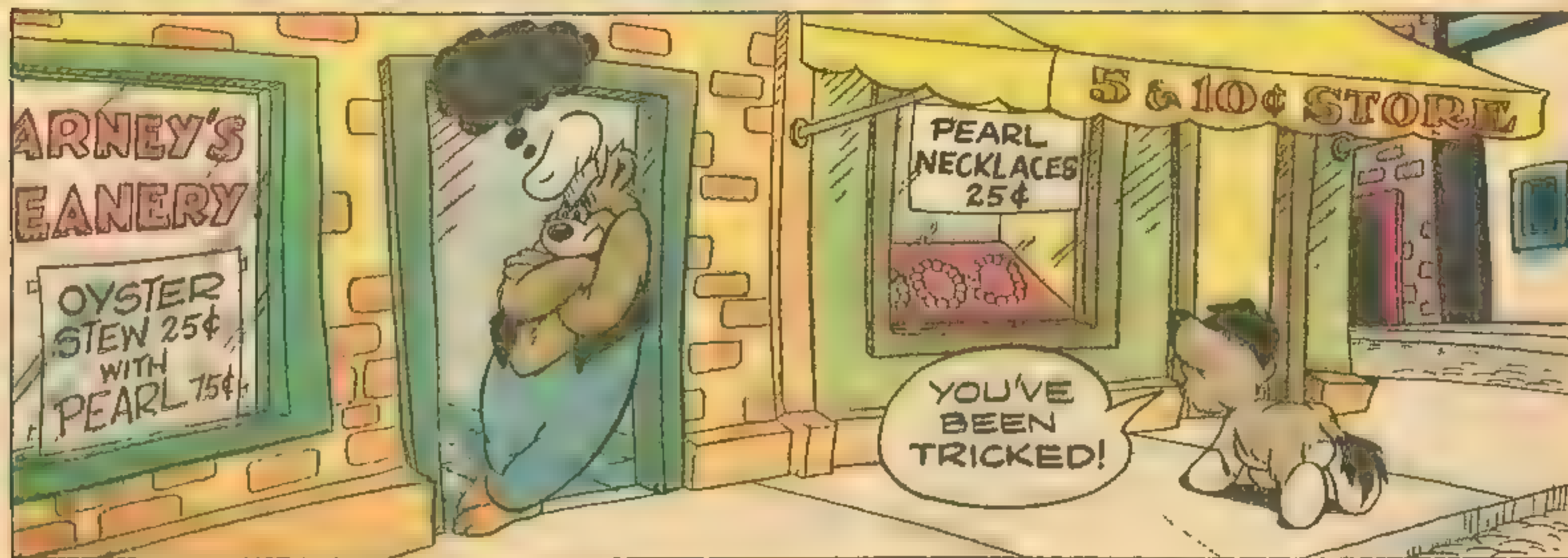
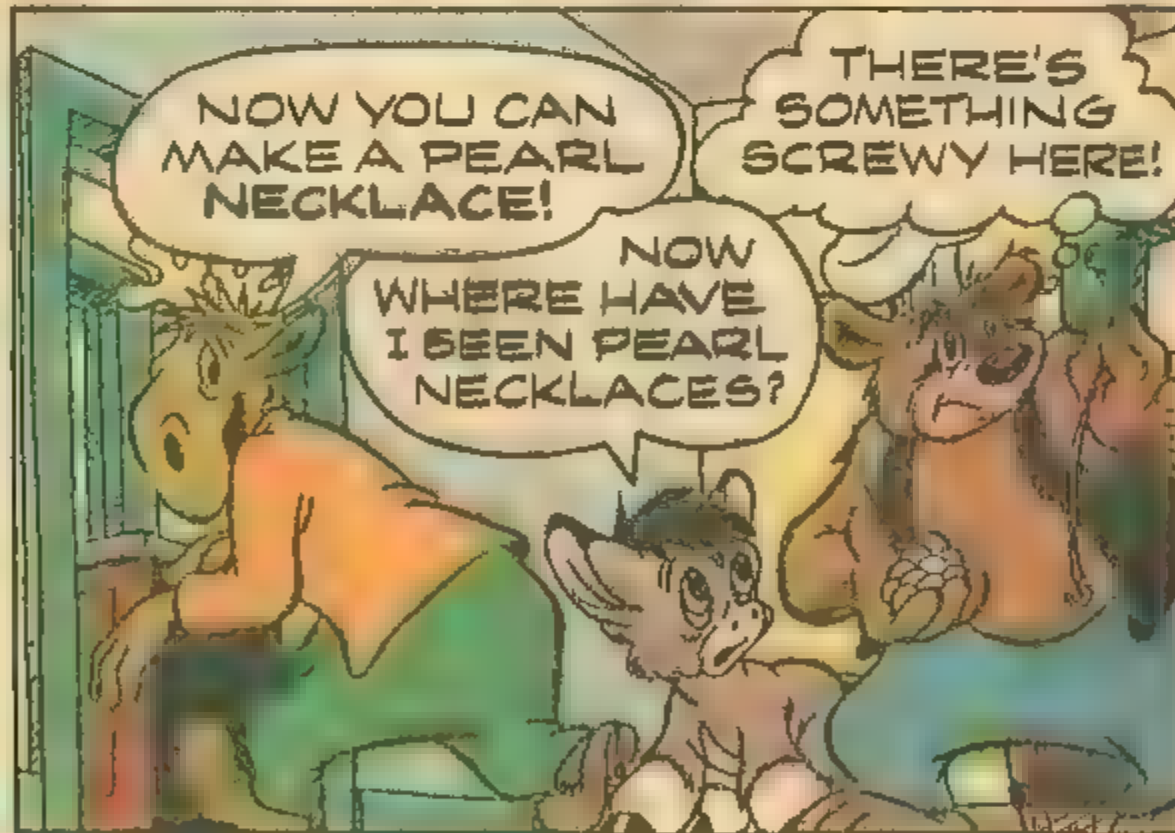
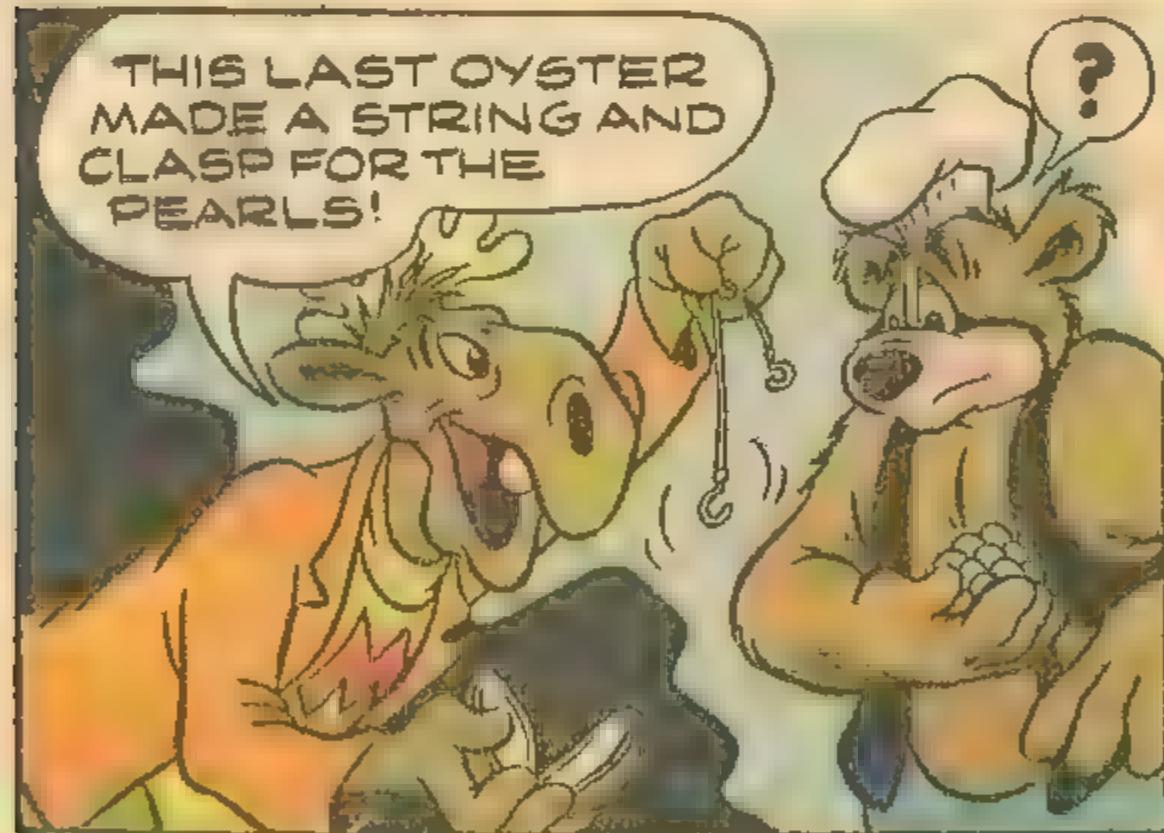
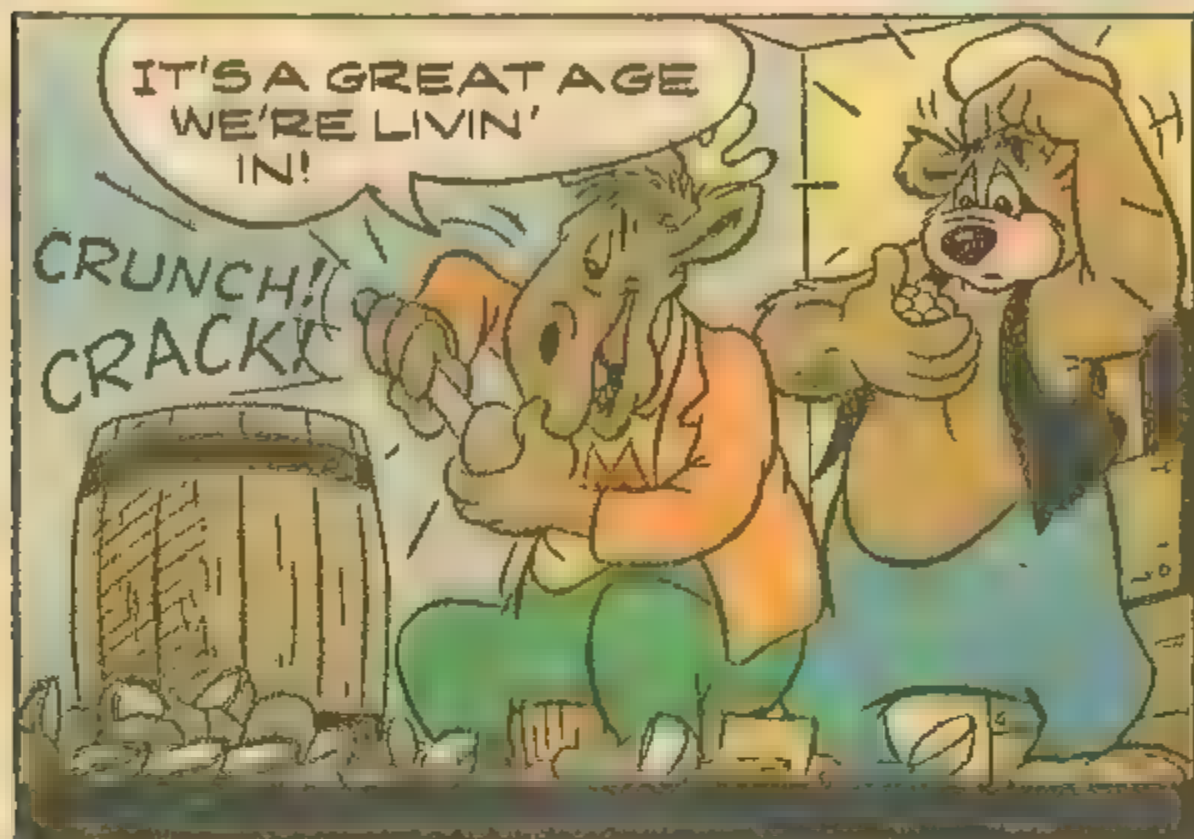
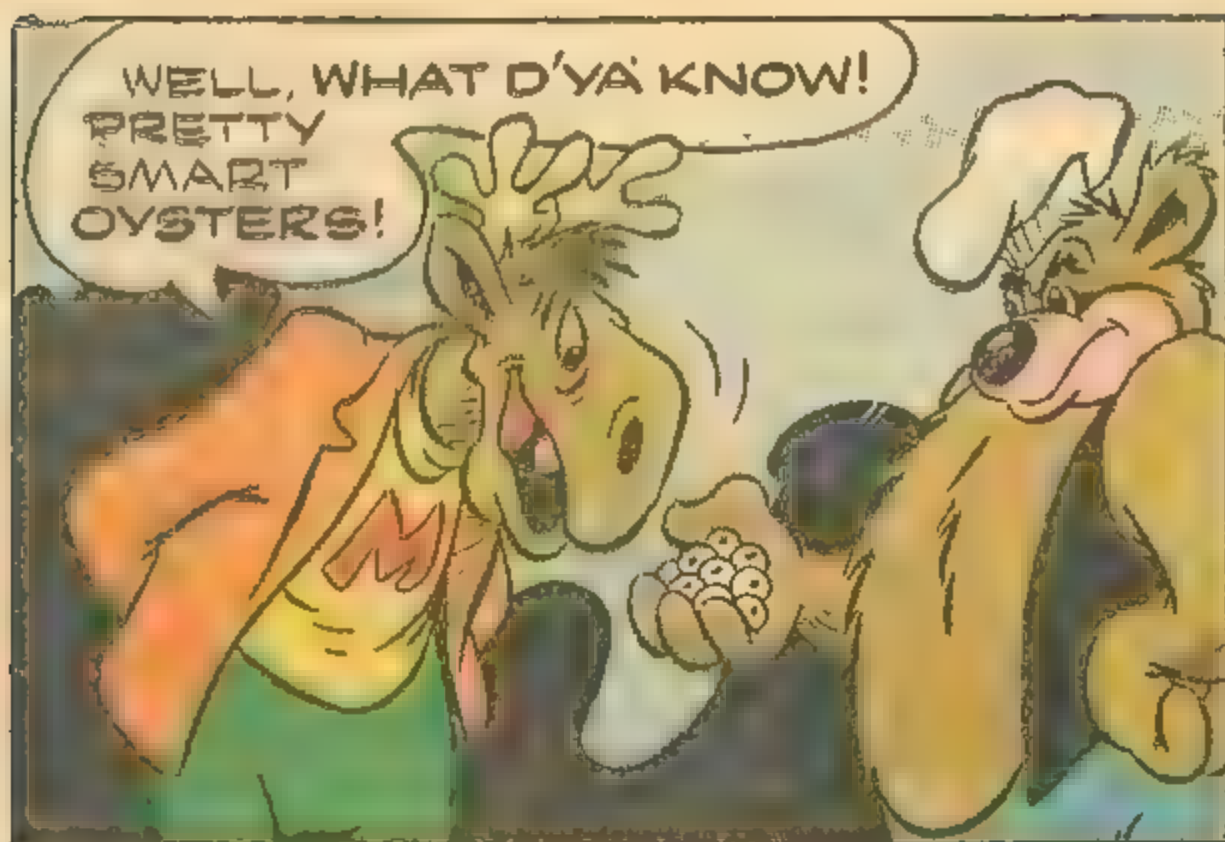
I'M RICH!

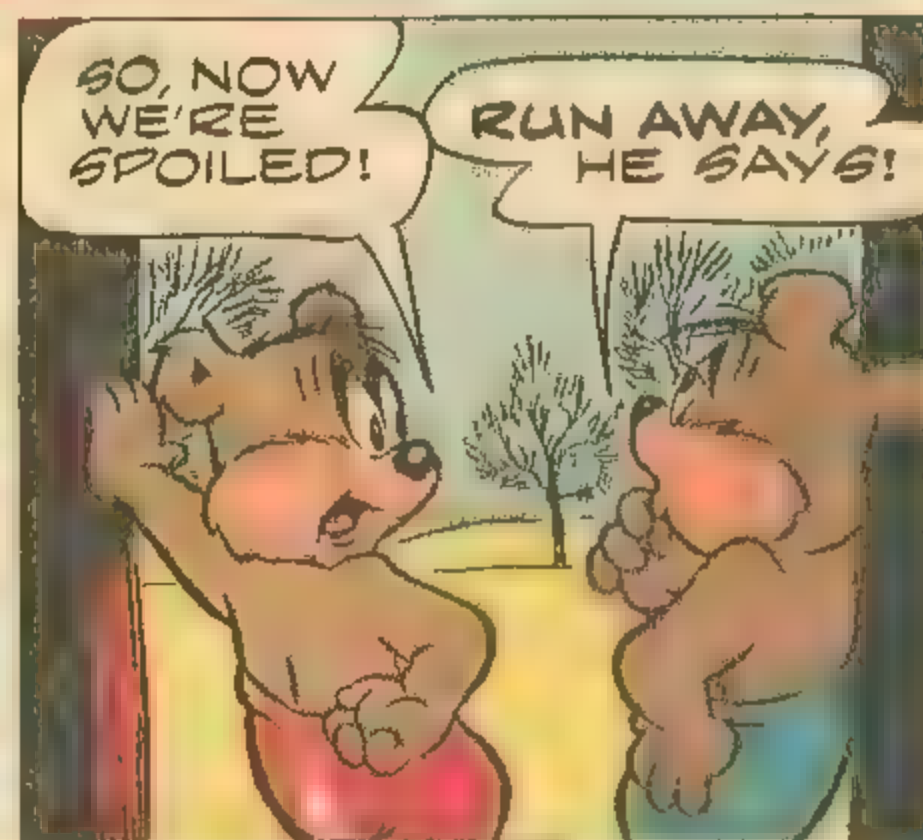
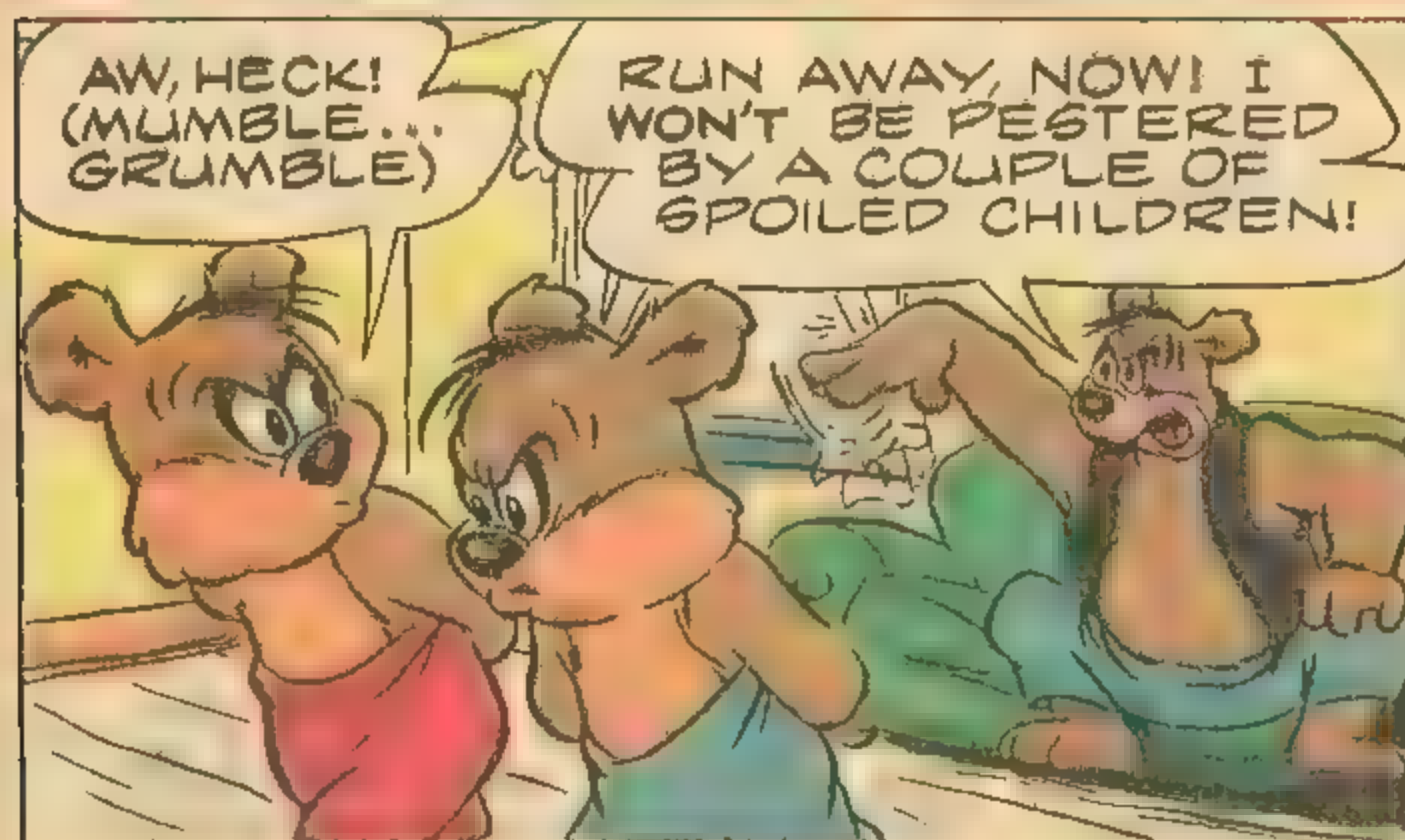
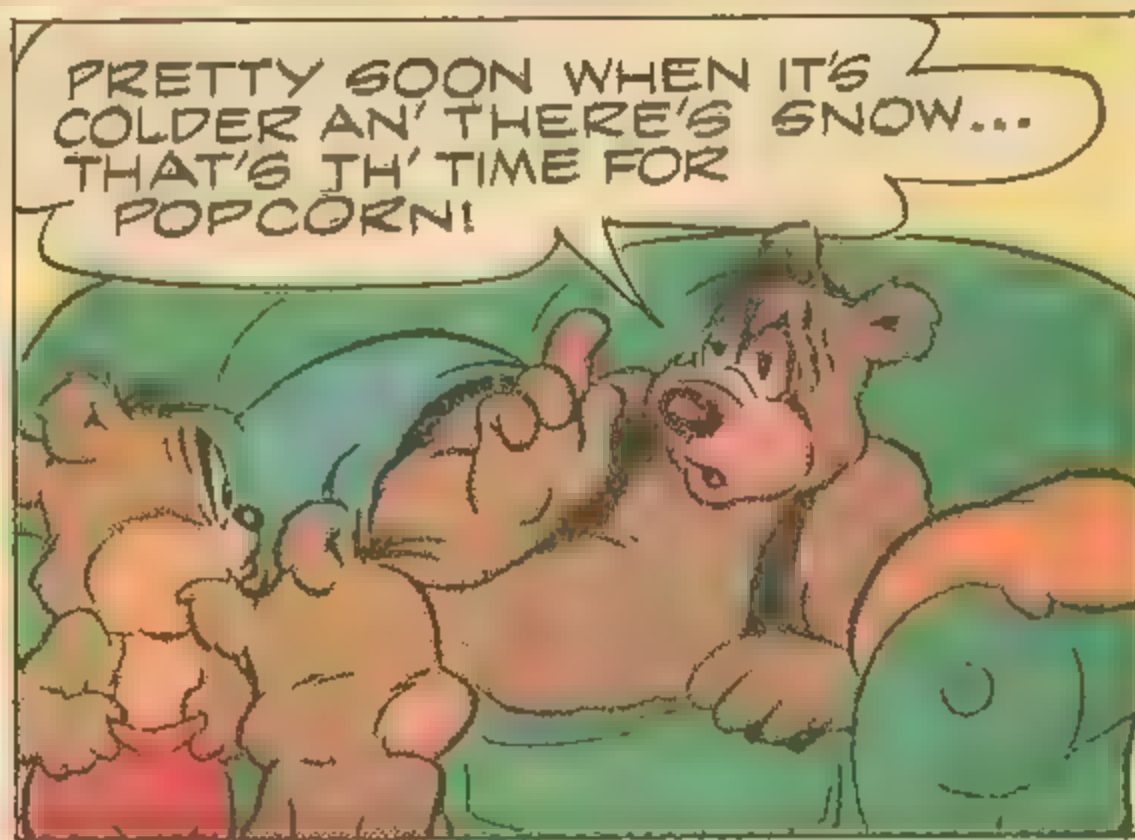
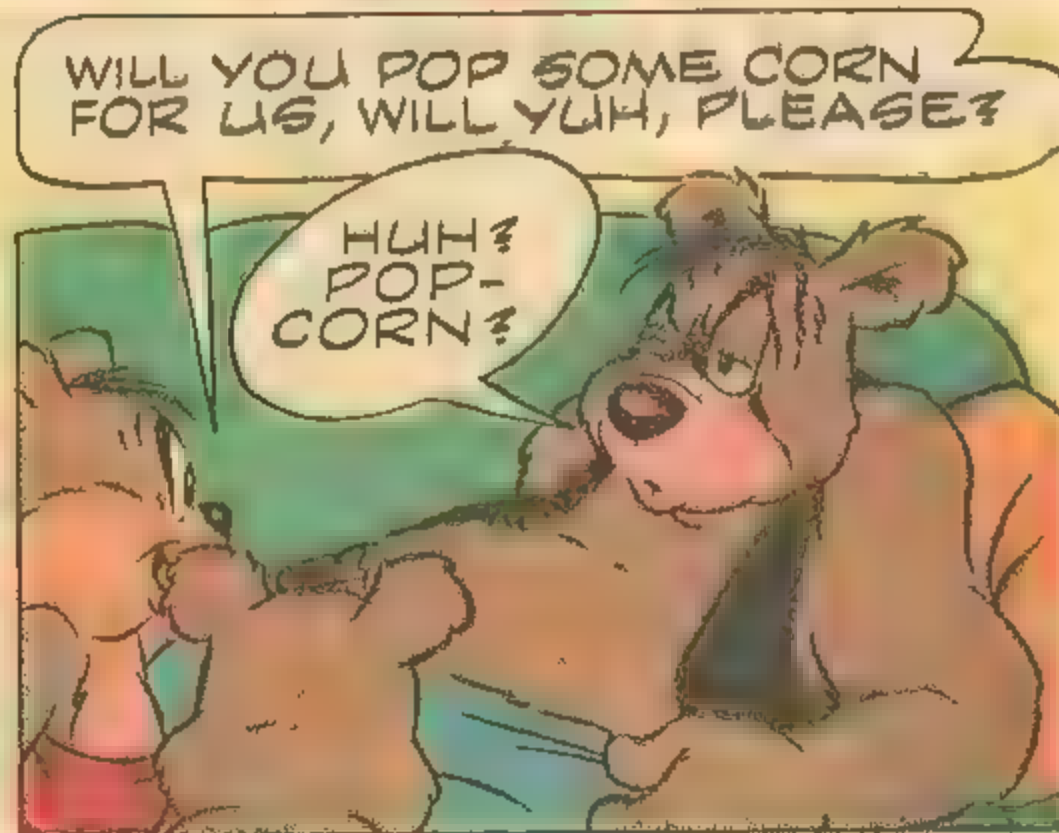
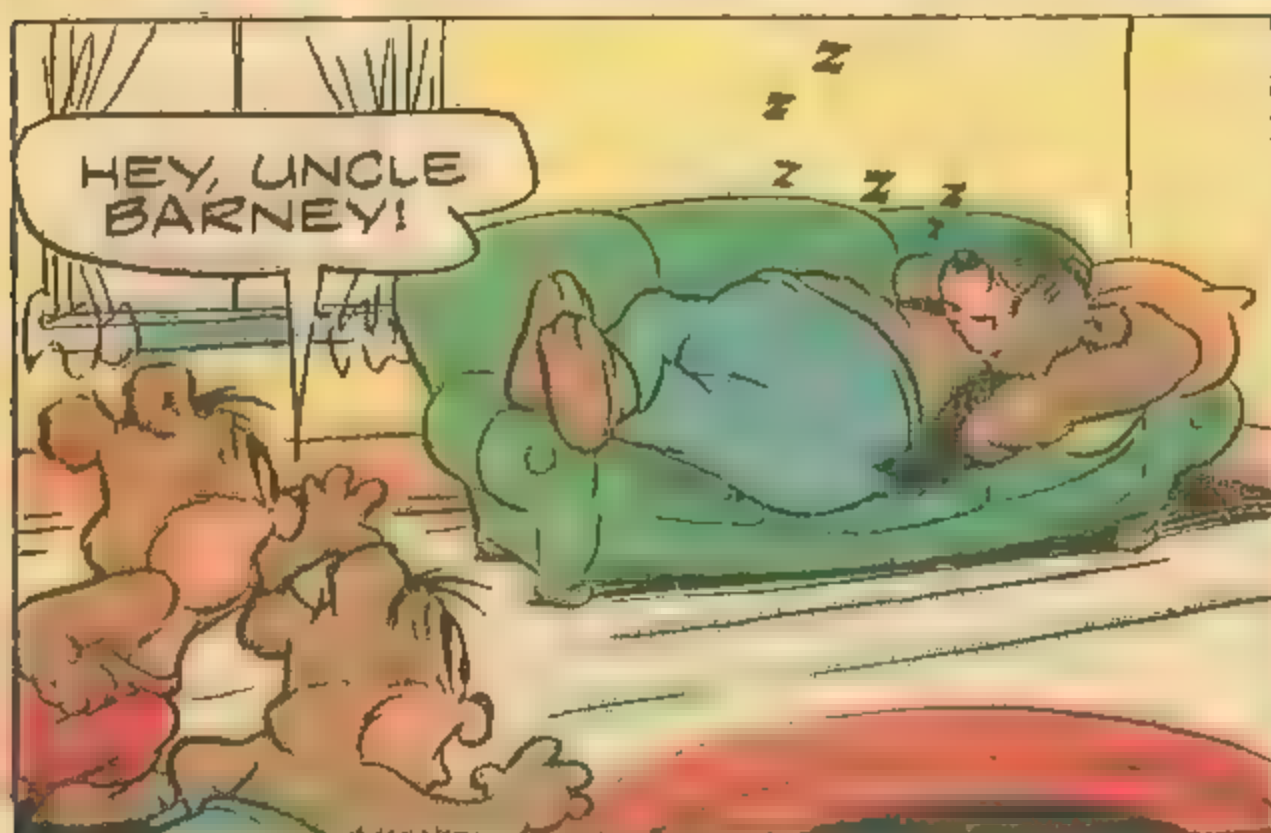
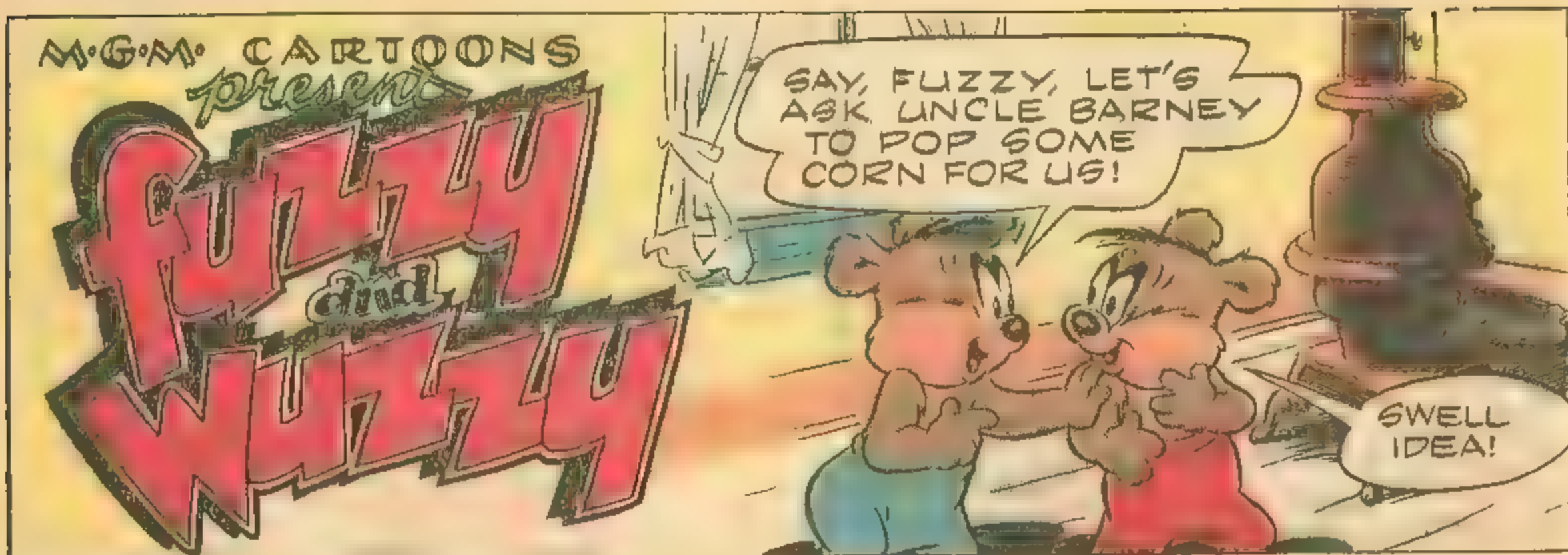
BARNEY'S BEANERY
HASH STEW

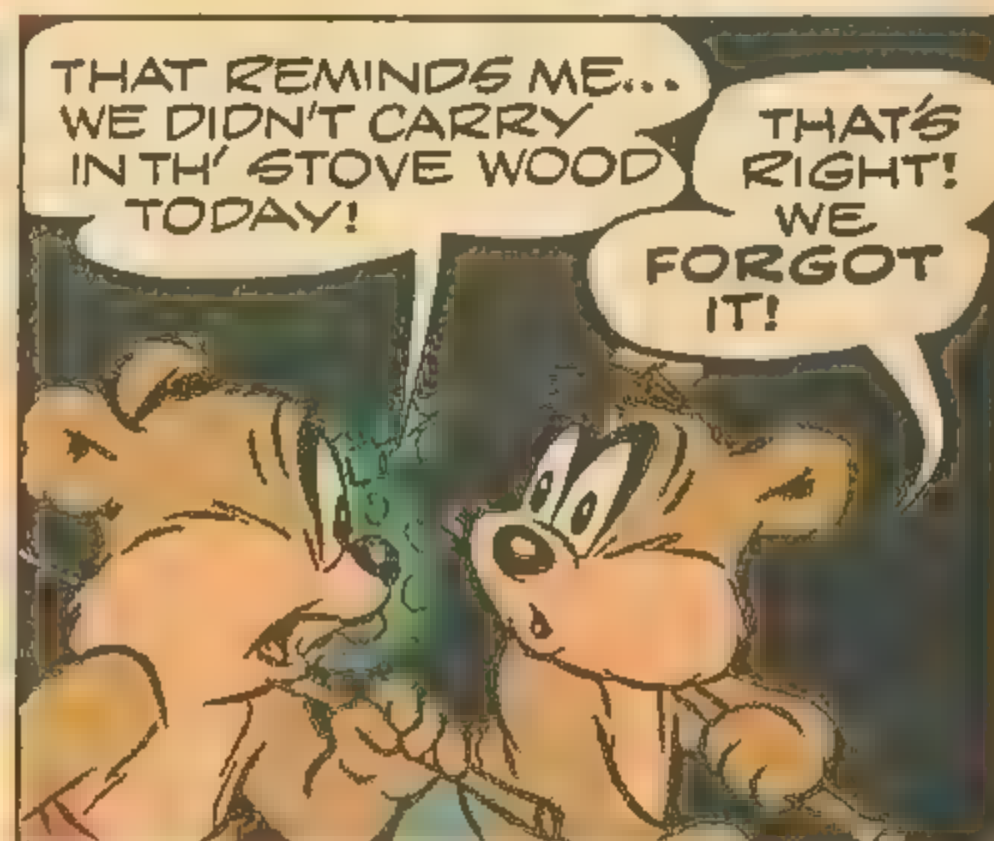
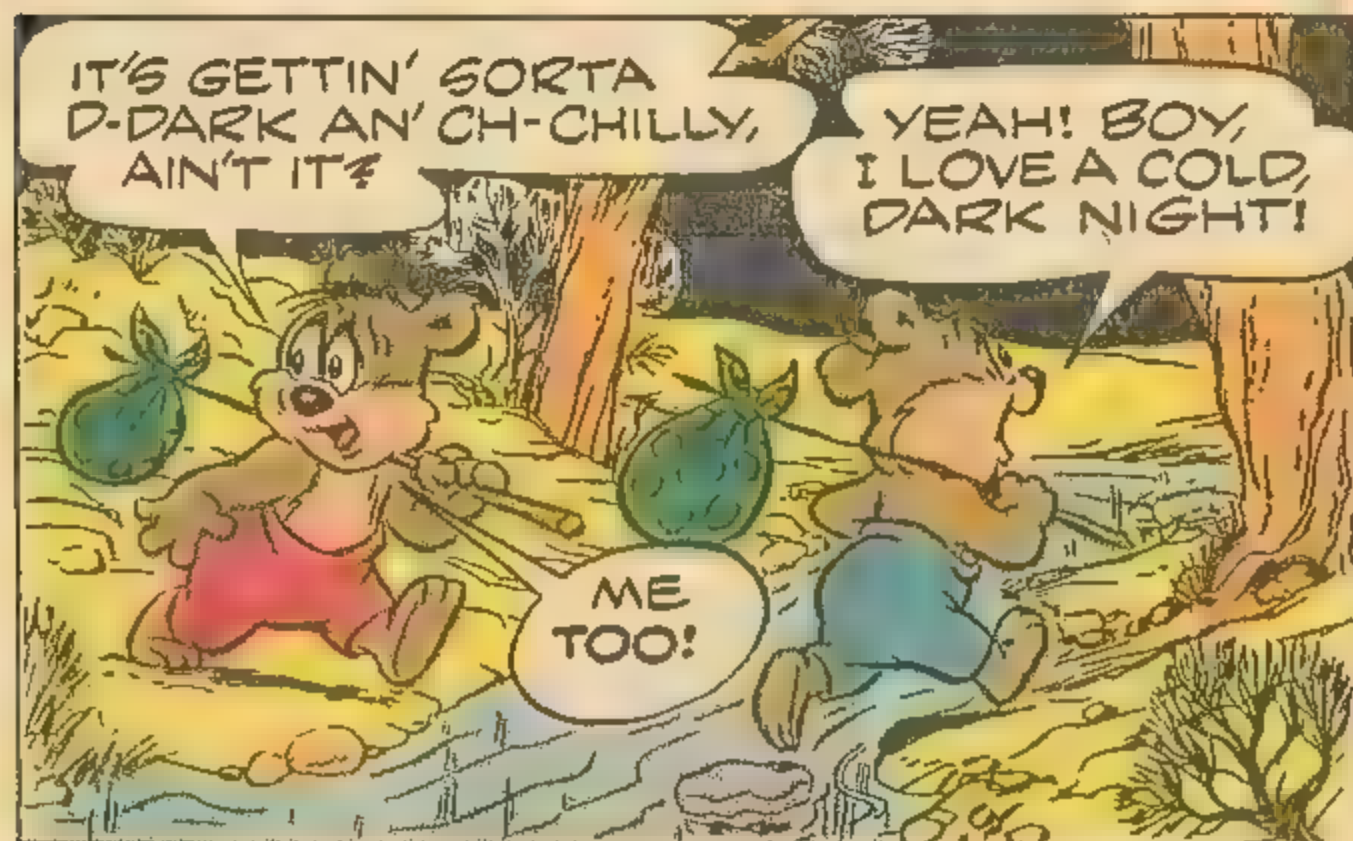
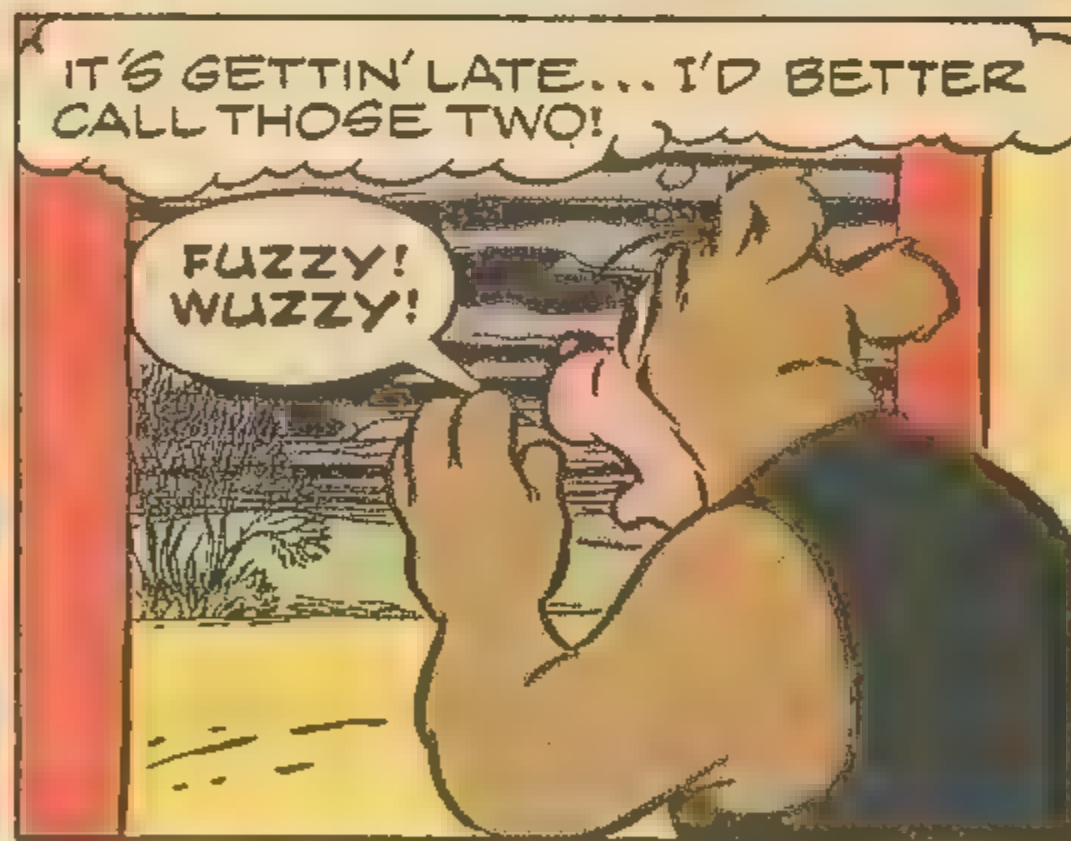
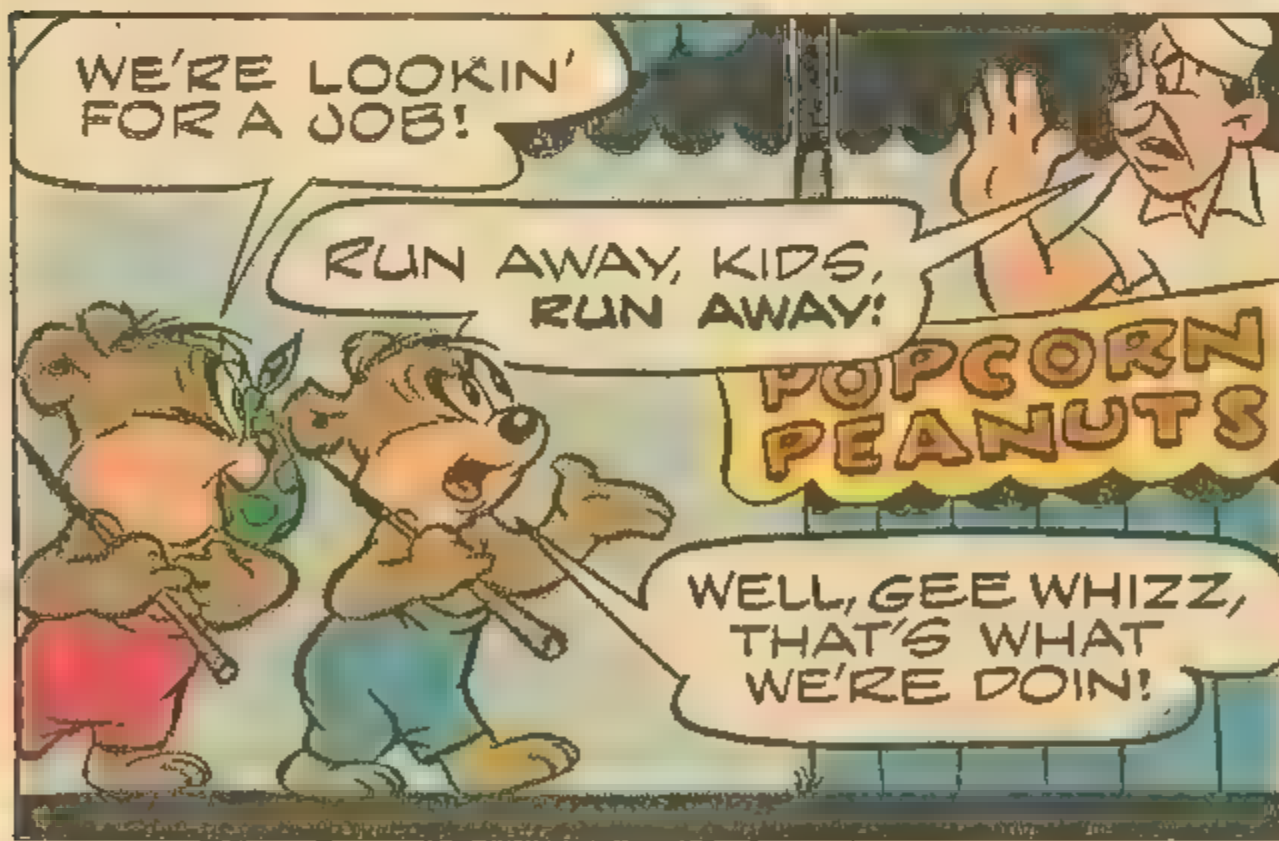
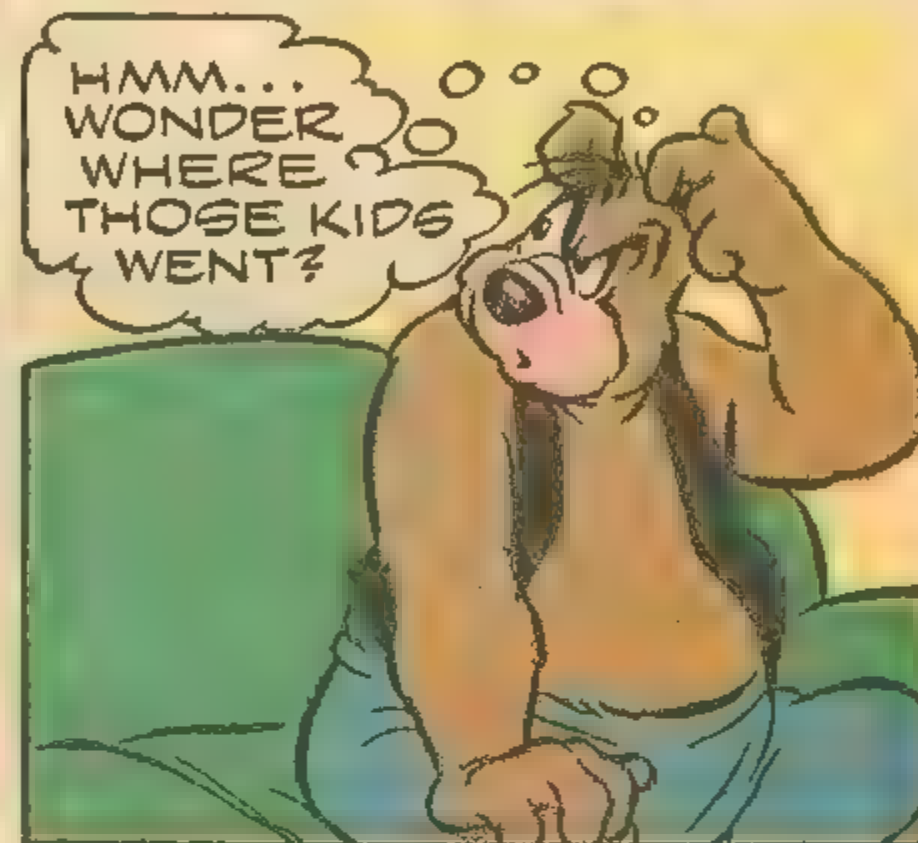
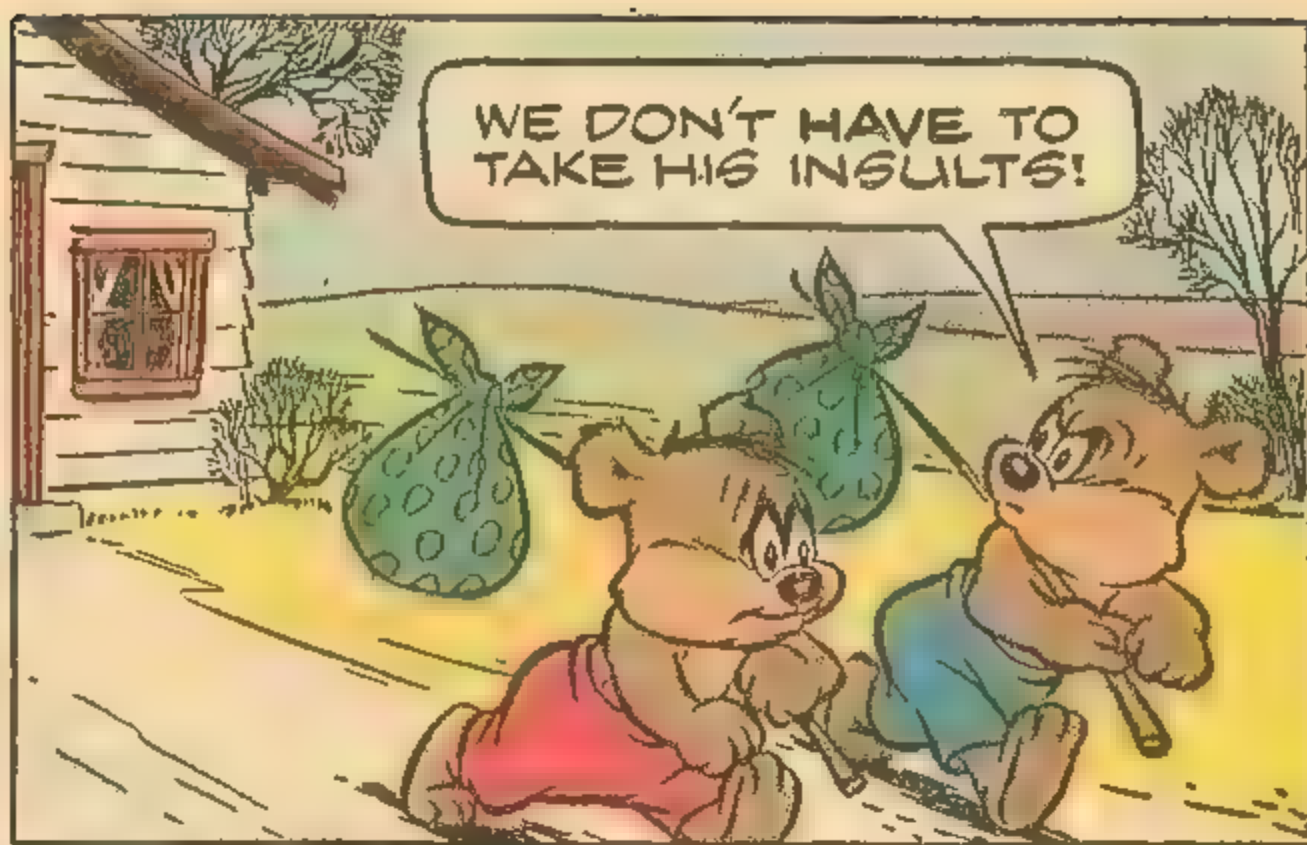
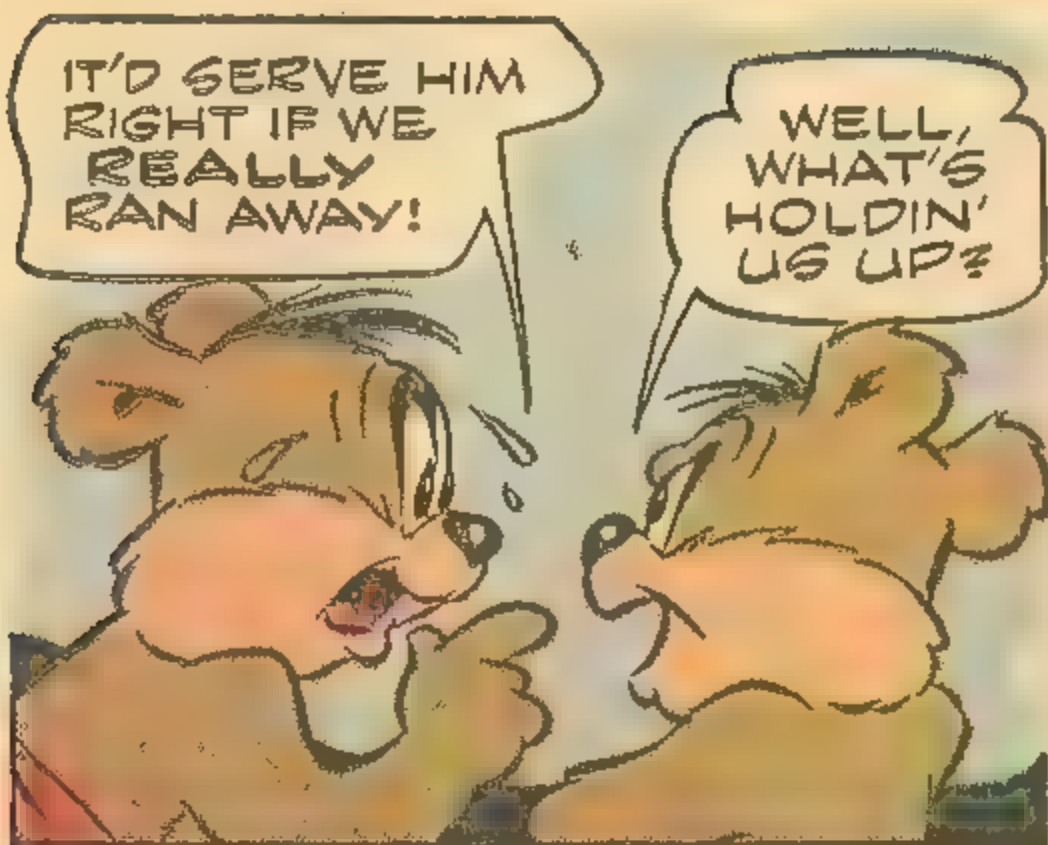


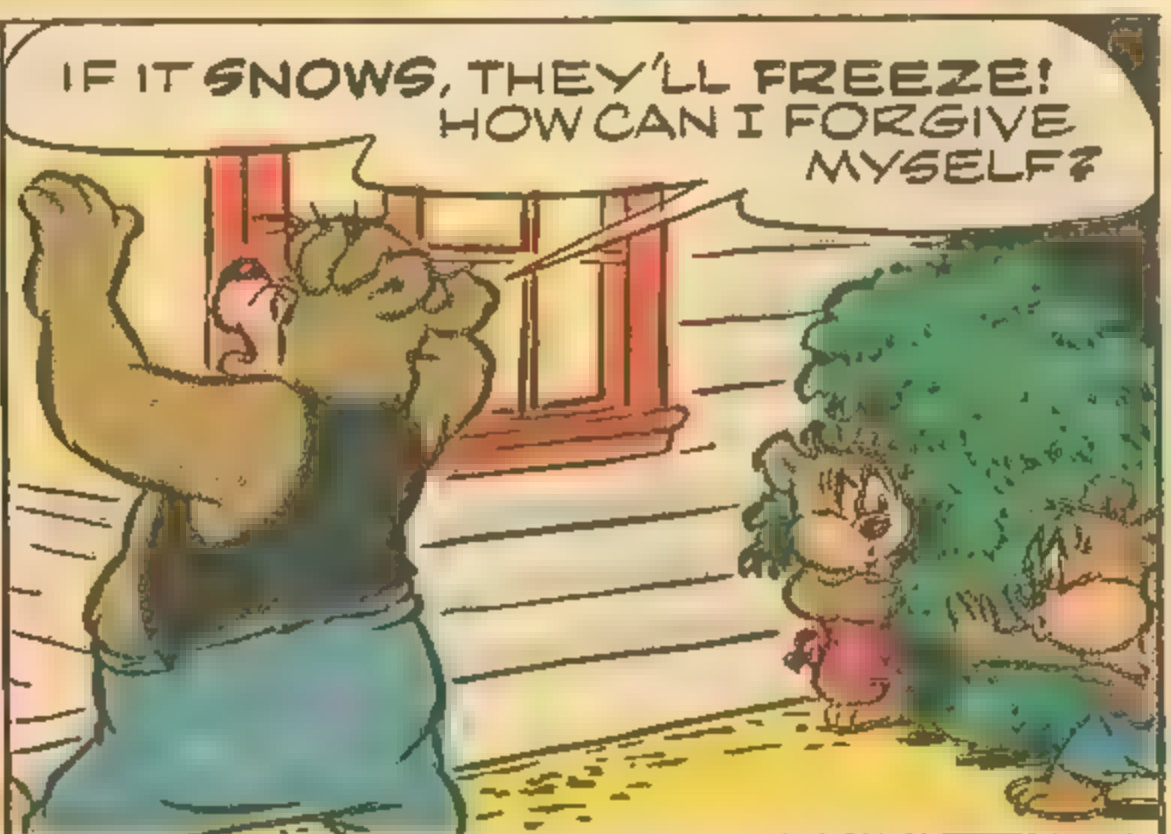
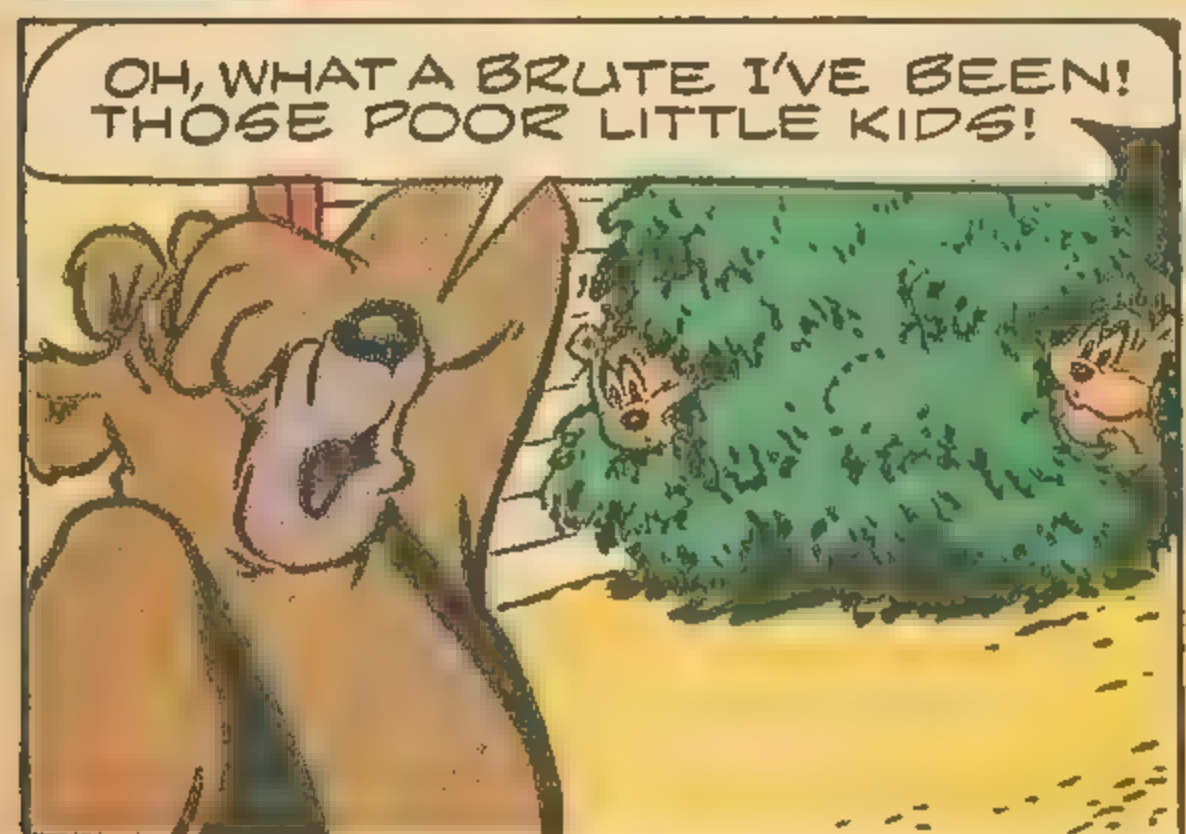
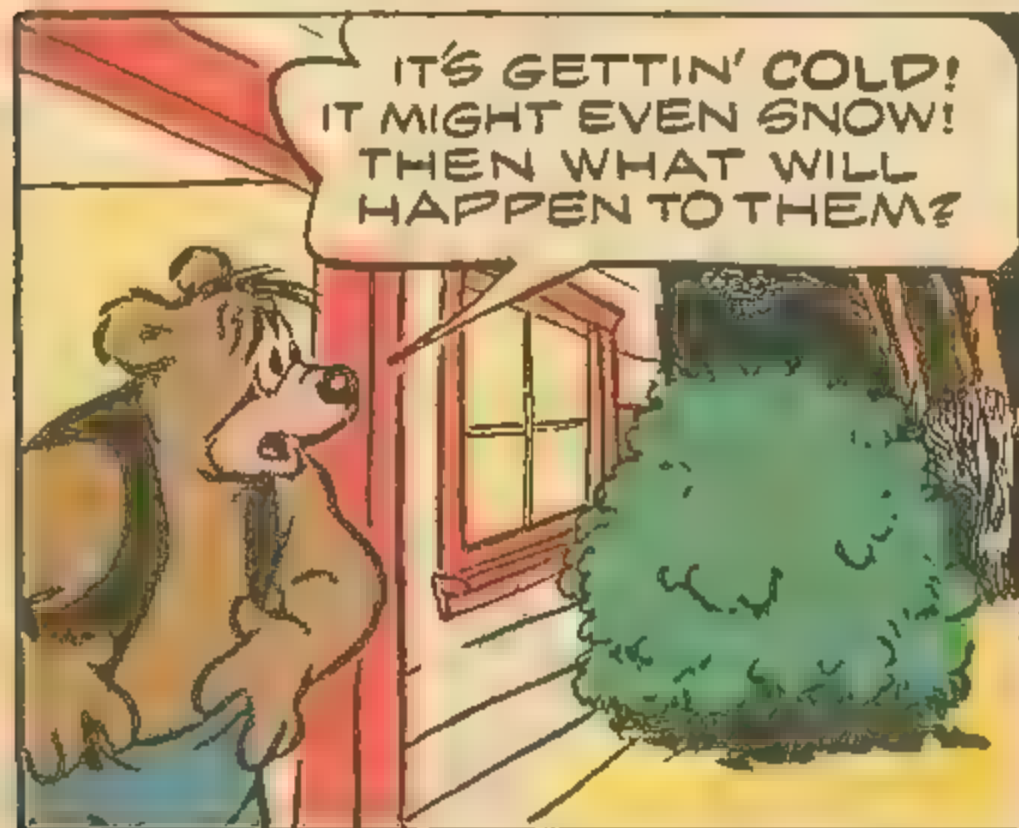
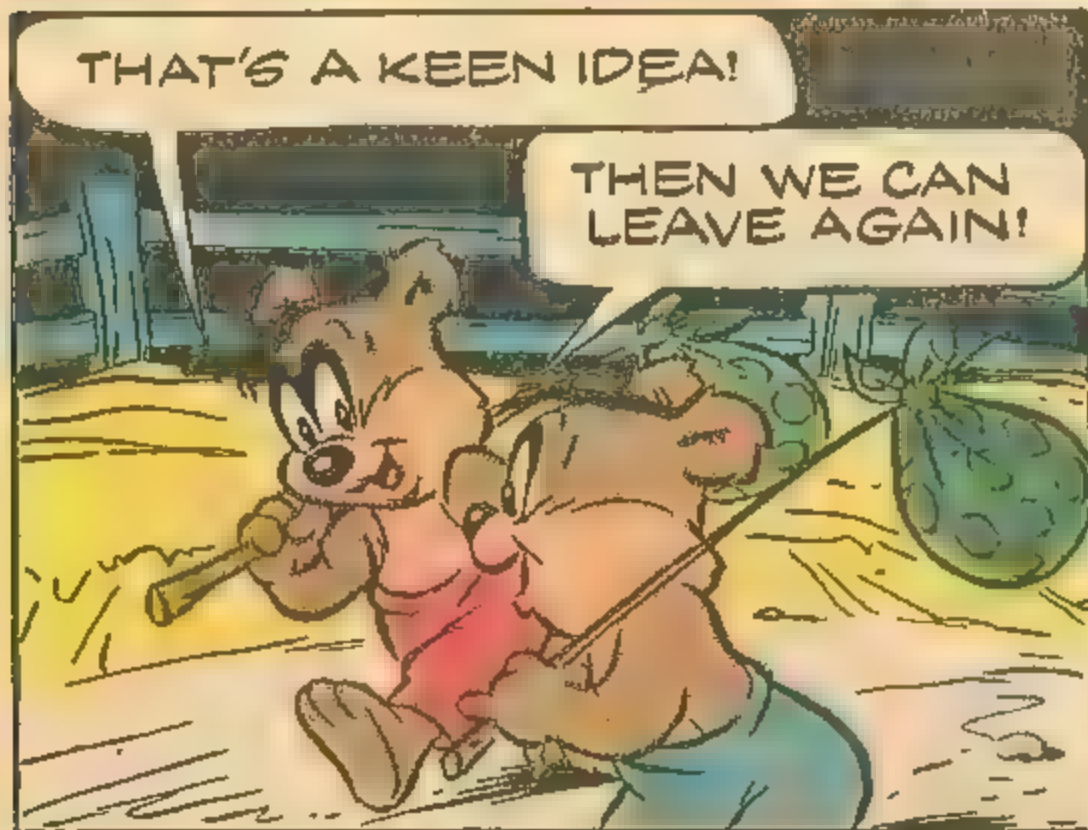
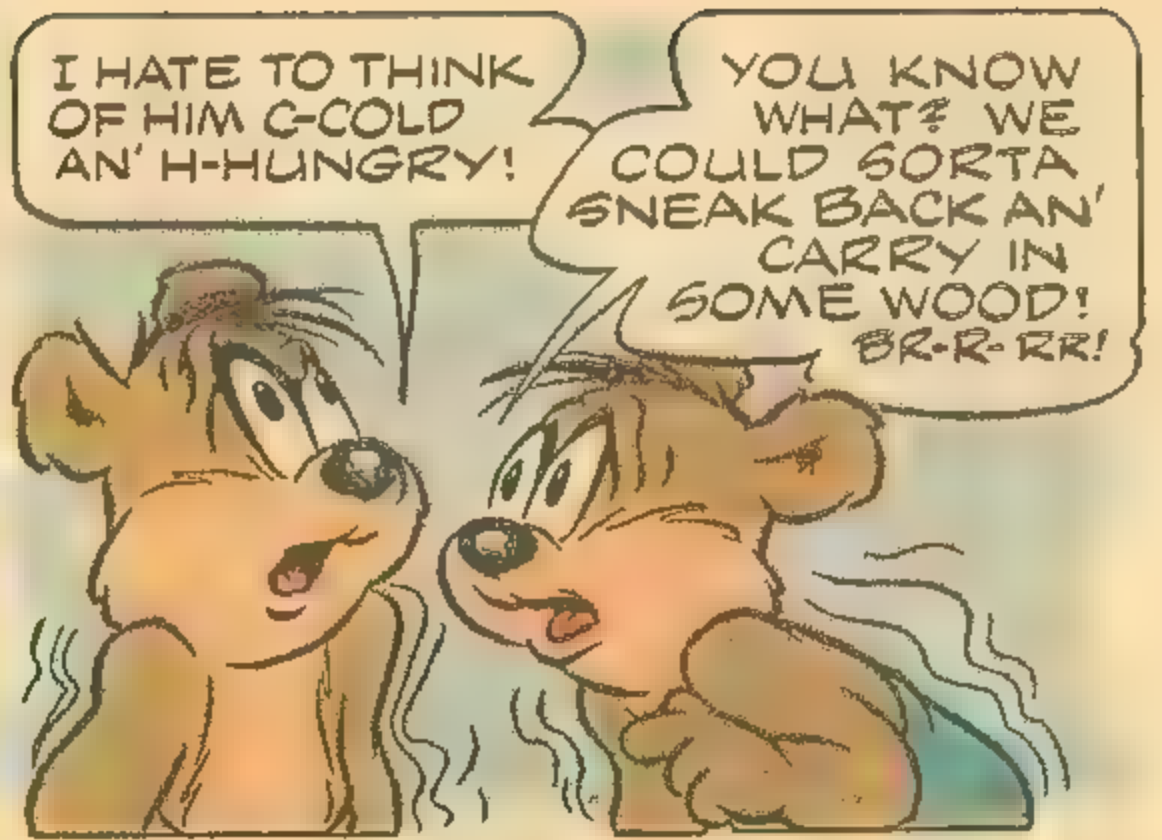
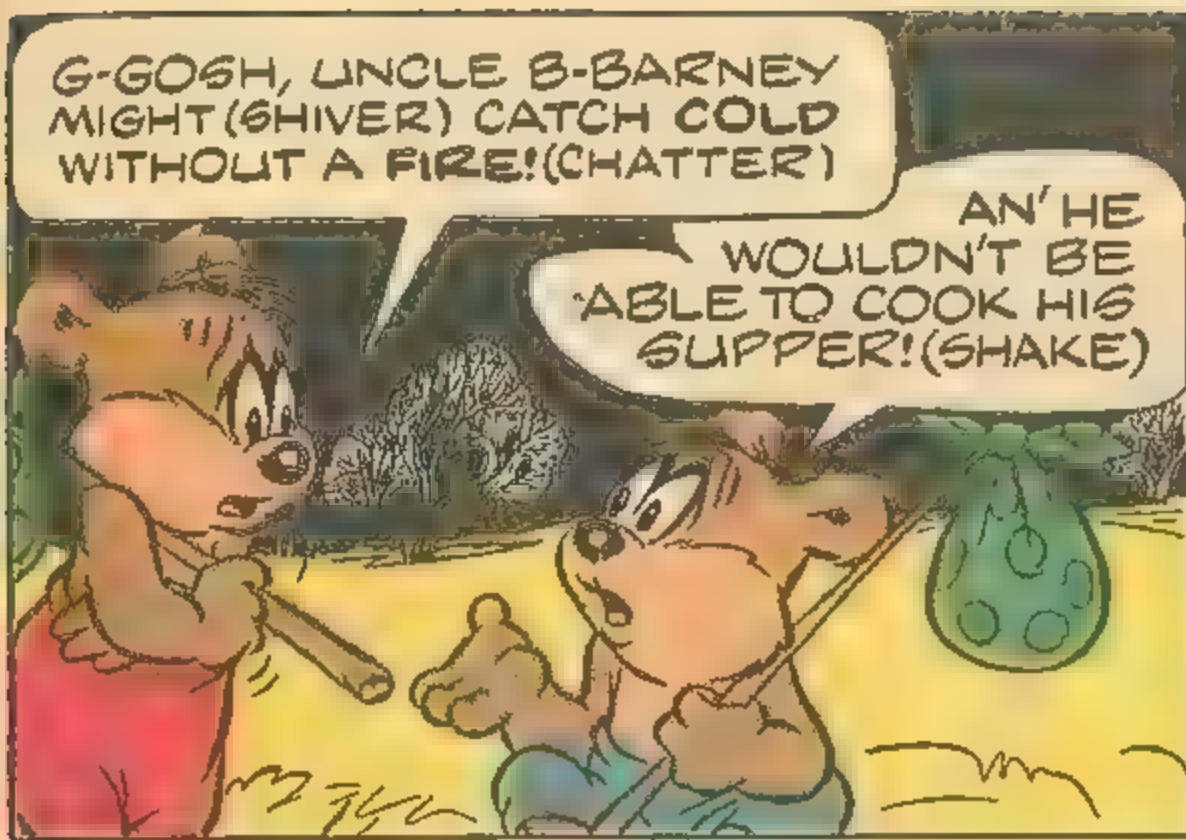


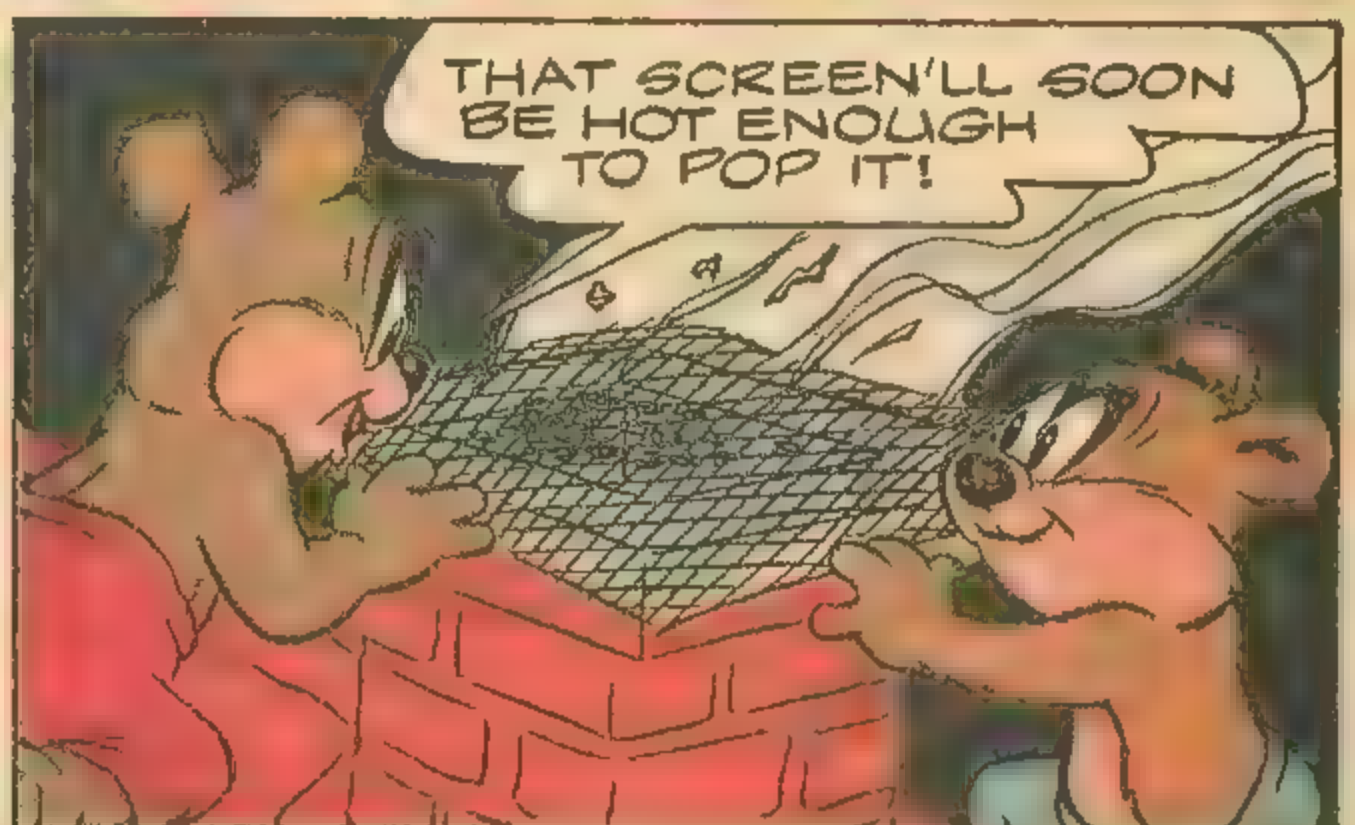
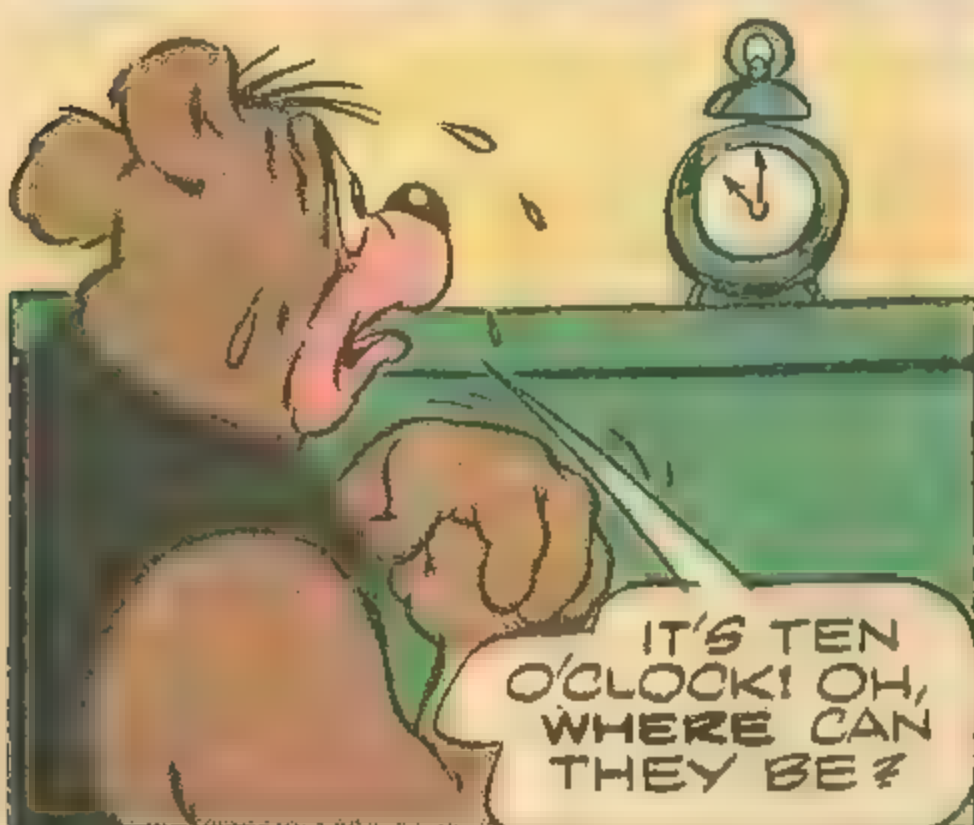
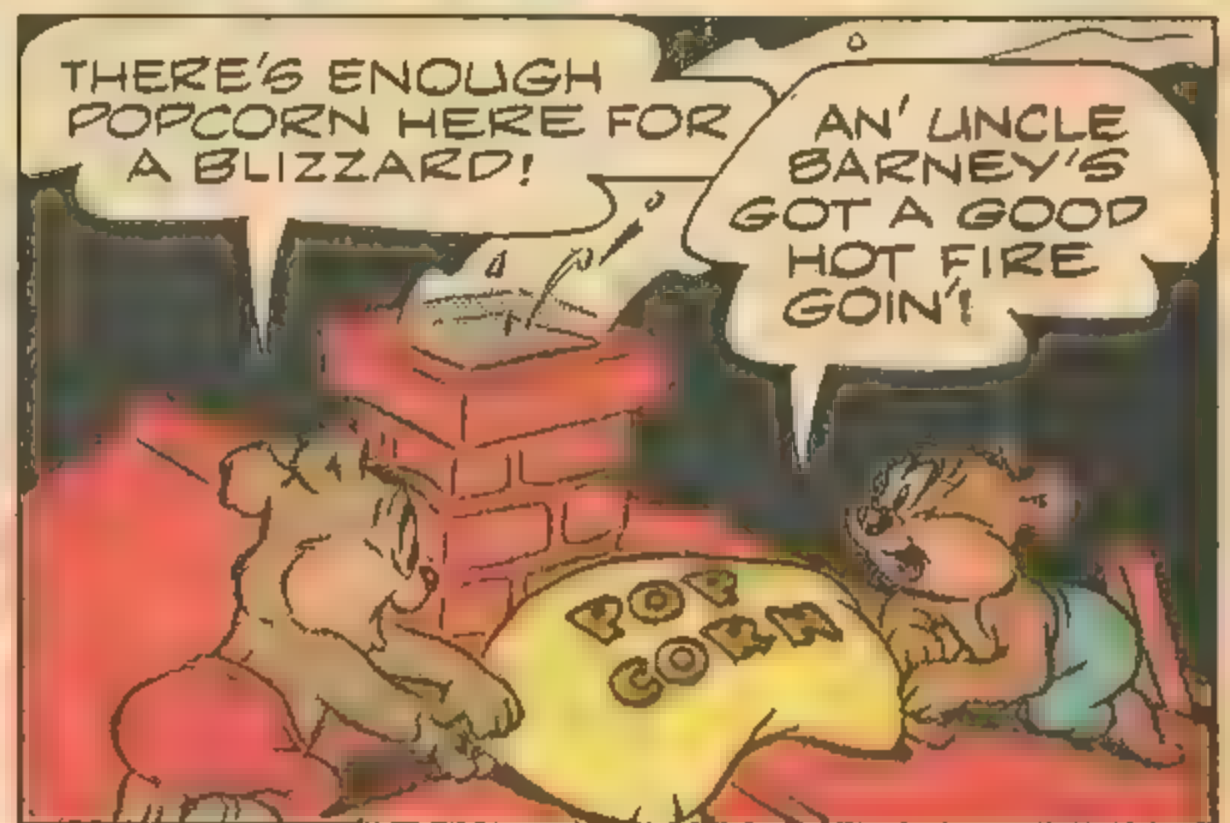


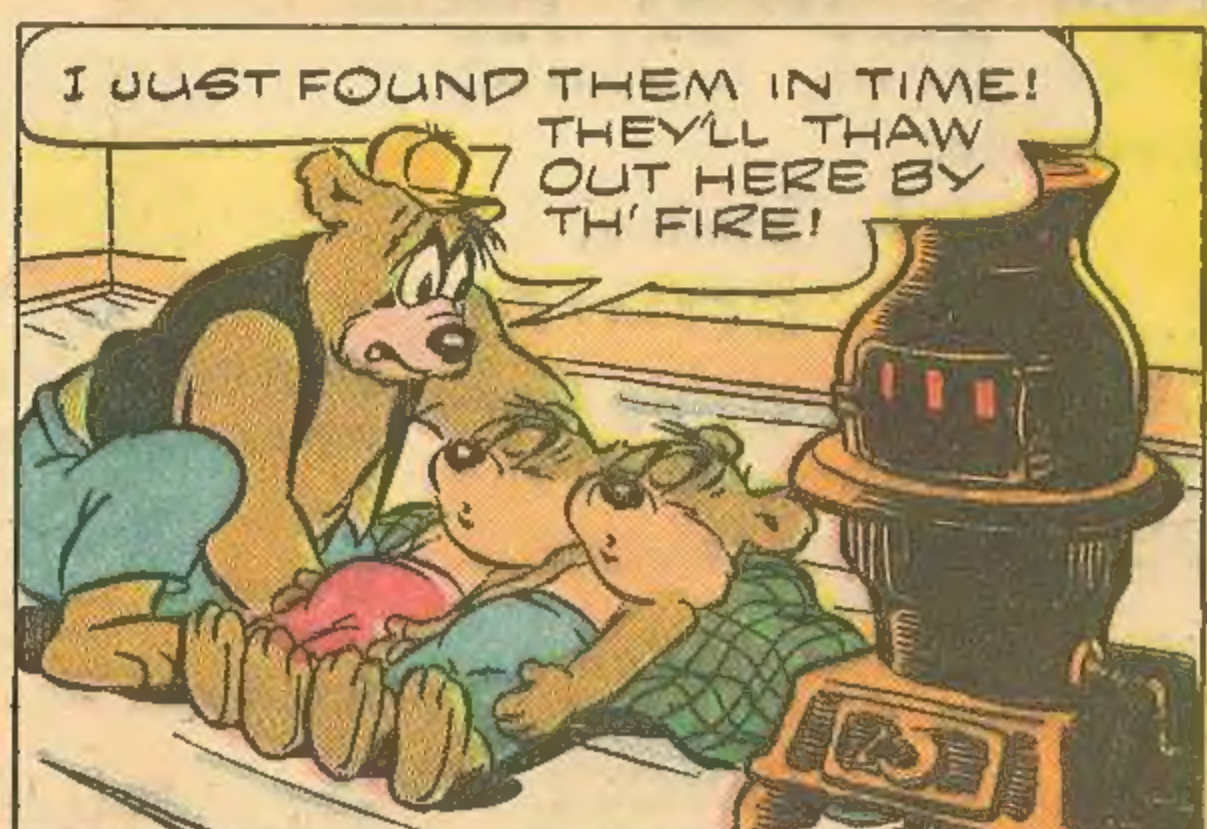
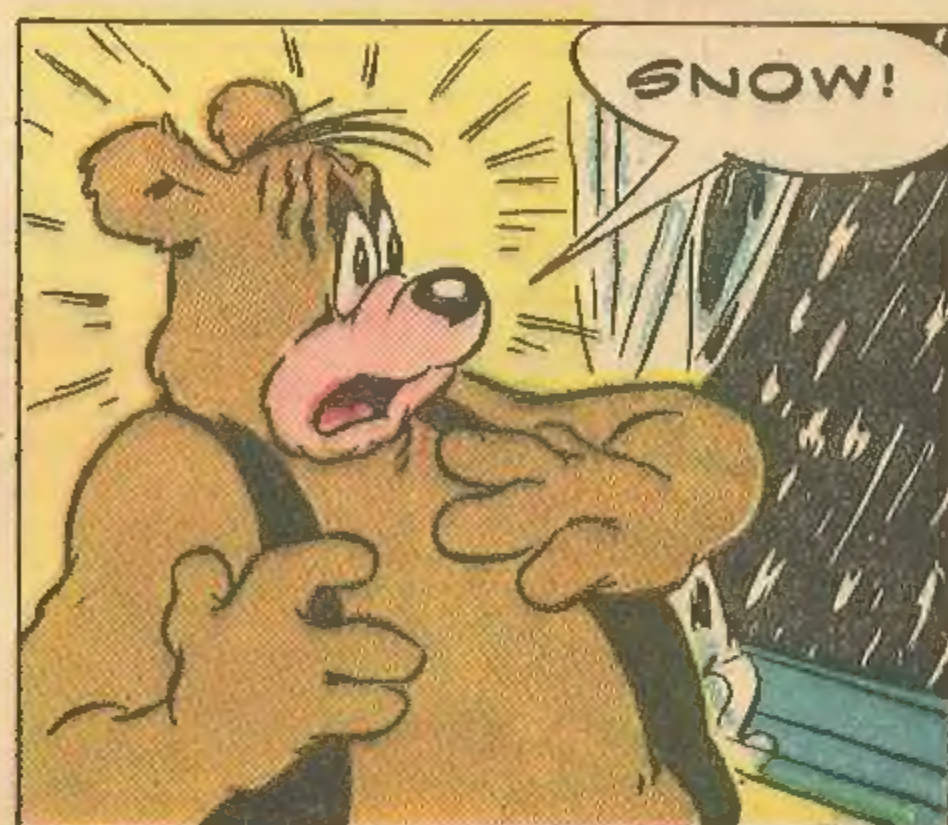
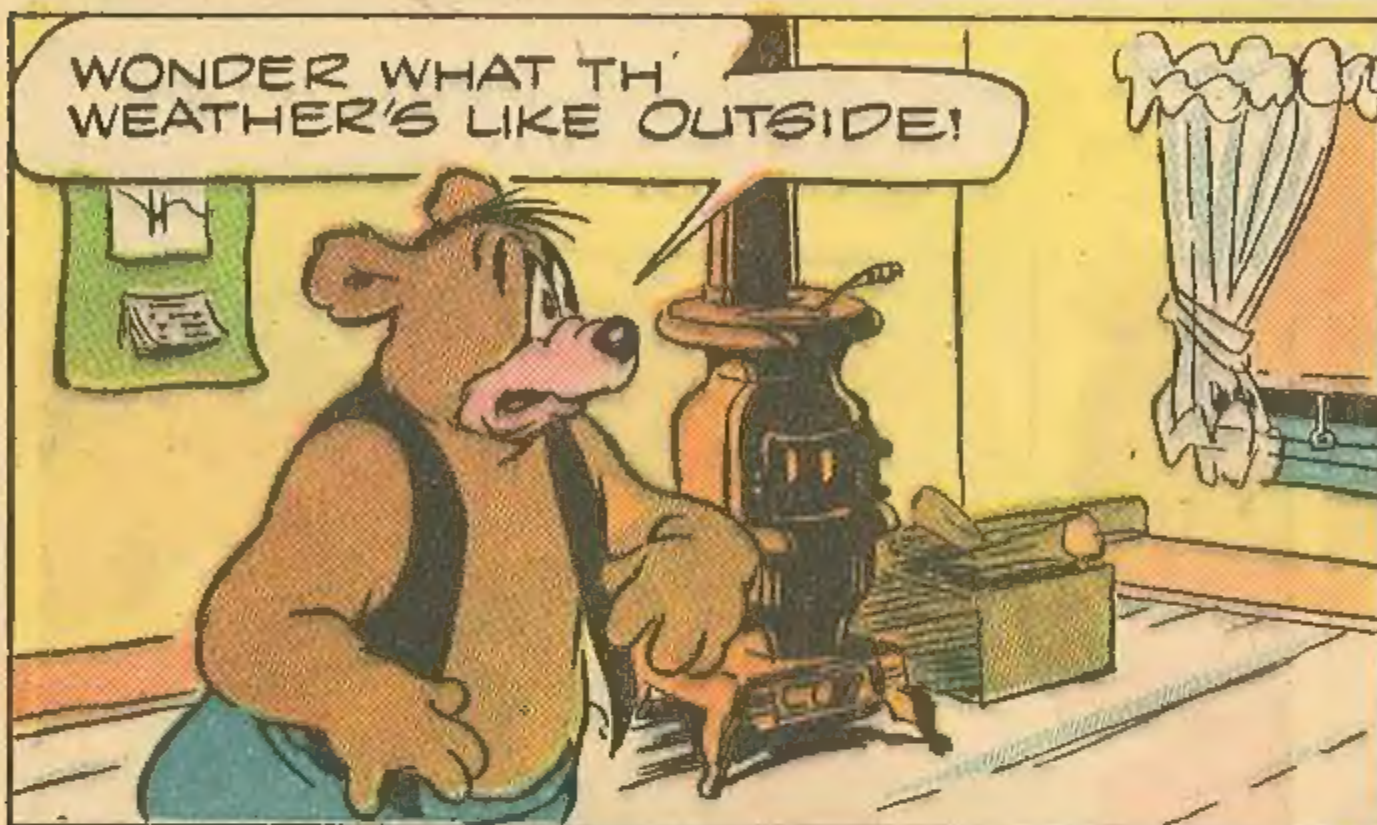
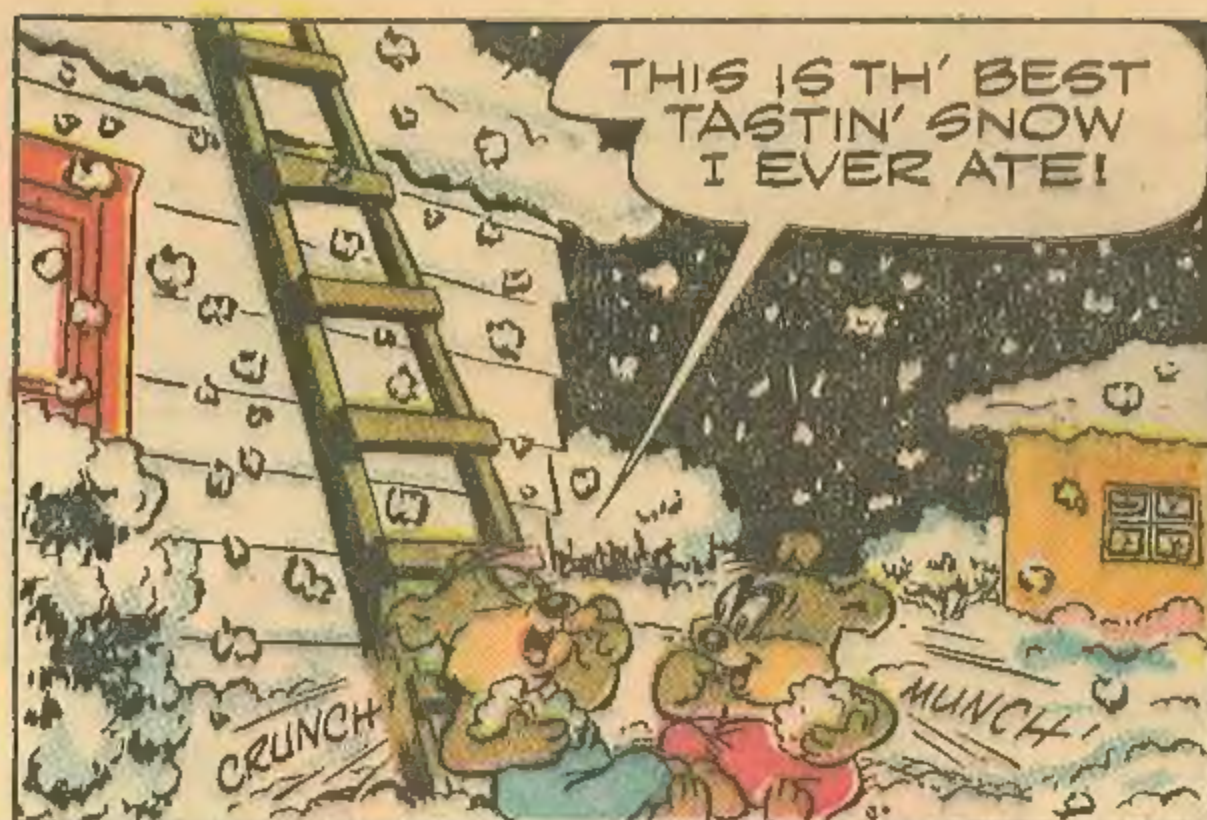


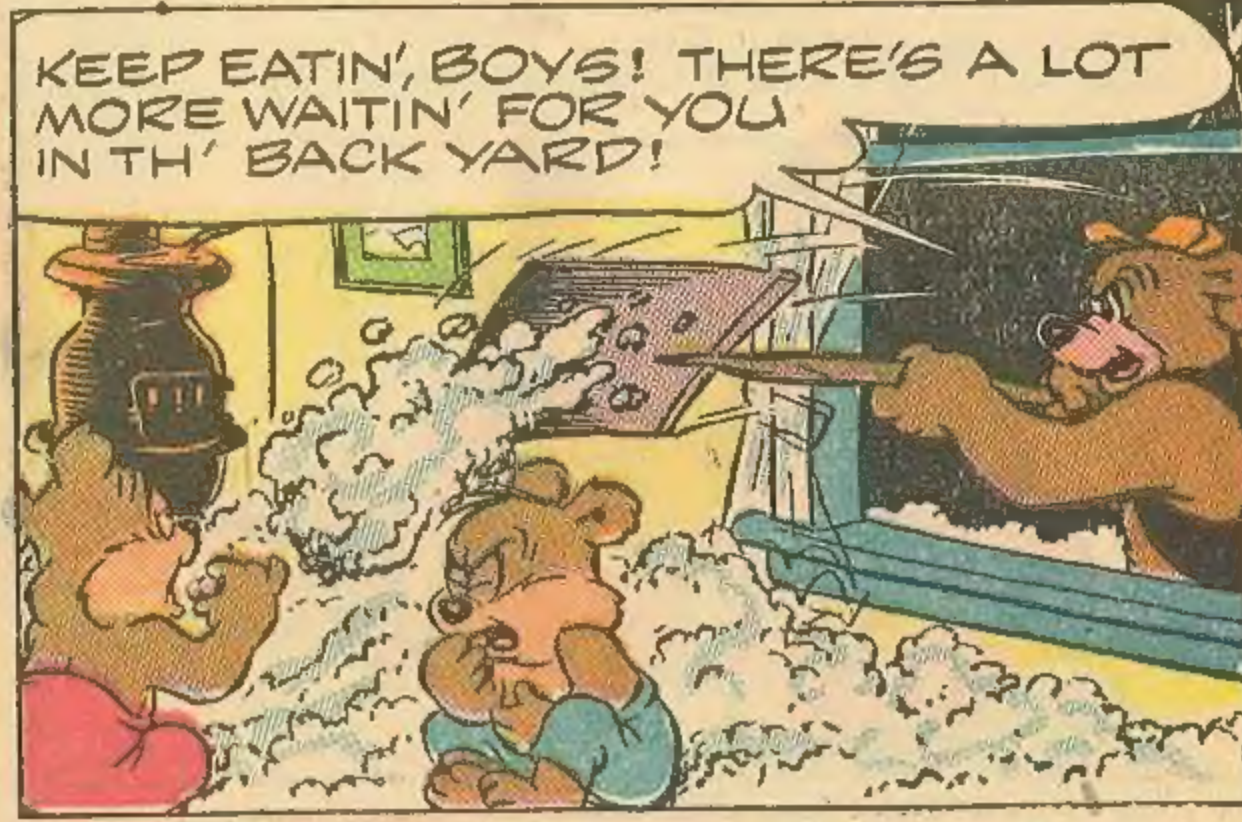












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